

An Introduction To **Aristasia**



Compiled from several Aristaisan sources to act as an instruction manual for Aristasia 101 classes at Sai Thamē College. Minor editing has been done to reformat the original texts so that they more naturally fit the format.



The Sai Tamkë College Song

*Make us gracious, make us true,
Fill our hearts with honor too,
Let us show the Nations we belong to you:
Our Lady of Harmony.*

*Fill our hearts with sister-love
All about us and above,
Let us serve forever the Eternal Dove:
Our Lady of Amity.*

*Though the road be long,
We'll continue on
By the light of thy shining Truth;*

*And the love that binds
Both our hearts and minds
Shall make joyful our golden youth.*

*Let us strive for good success,
In modesty and gentleness,
For to you we cannot ever offer less:
Our Lady of Harmony.*



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Introduction to the Introduction

I am an Outlander to Aristasia. There are very few Aristasians left, and the remaining few have gone underground completely. Whatever outreach Aristasia did among the Tellurians is dead and gone, so I couldn't even become an Aristasian even if I really wanted to. The portal between worlds has closed up forever. Because of this fact, I do not think there is anyone left who would take too much offense to me gathering up their half-finished projects, sweeping the fallen leaves of paper up off the floor, and attempting to arrange them in some sort of order.

The Sai Thamë College was a late 2000's Aristaisan project that centered around their activities in the Second Life game, an attempt to teach their ways to their newfound gaggle of girls who were eager to believe. How much of this was actually completed is a mystery, we can see little bits of it in archives, but much of it appeared to have taken place in private. After stumbling across an *Aristasia 101* text file in an archive, a lecture that was intended to be a serious girl's very first *real* step into Aristasia, I got to wondering what an actual basics course on Aristasia would look like.

This is a hodge-podge of Aristasian education, pulled from the archives of their College page, the Encyclopedia Aristaisa, and various other discussions and essays the Aristasians tossed out into aether over the years. Although, some of the writings about Filianic holidays are taken from non-Aristasian Filianic sources.

I have attempted to keep to the writing from the Operation Bridgehead era of Aristasia, those golden years of 2005 - 2013, after they vowed to give up their bad takes on Tellurian politics, but before they changed forever with Chelouranya. Although some important pre-Bridgehead and Chelouranya writings are included, I don't think they muddy the waters too much, or distract from the particular game we are playing here. Occasionally, I have used a Chelouranya essay or article and changed the word "Chelouranya" to "Aristasia", to keep things consistent, although I am sure there are many contradictions and inconsistencies throughout. I *have* added whatever appropriate illustrations I could pilfer from the internet to spice up the text and make it more text-bookish.

Very minor edits have been done to the text. Removing the mentions of clicking hyperlinks, correcting typos, combining paragraphs, merging different versions, giving sections clear titles, that sort of thing. I have added none of my own ideas or opinions or reimagined anything. I have kept the text true to the original source to the best of my abilities. I am positive I have missed some typos or accidentally included some formatting weirdness that comes from copying and pasting PDFs and old web pages. Please note that any further notes of an Editress, beyond this intro, isn't a note from me, but rather some unnamed editress who originally toiled away compiling this writing.

Hopefully this can be considered as close to a complete and authentic education for learning about the very basics of Aristaisa as can be had.

I imagine the Aristasians would be unhappy with my meddling, regardless. And I am sure I am doing things wrong in a way I do not quite understand because we are aliens to each other. But, perhaps they should come out of hiding and fix things up themselves if they don't like us frolicking about in their abandoned world and imagining what was and could have been.

In the meantime, put on your gymslip and get out your notebooks, we have some learnin' to do.

Your most humble,
Editress





An Introduction to the Aristasian Lay College

Sai Thamë College is a Lay College in the Aristasian tradition.

The Lay College is an institution unique to Aristasia. Nothing like it (so far as we know) is to be found in Telluria.

To give you an idea of the type of institution you will be entering if your application is successful, you will need to understand a little of the background to the Lay College in the Motherland, so we suggest that you carefully read the following information.

The modern Lay College is largely a Westrenne institution. That is it exists mostly in the five Westrenne Nations plus West Arkadya (including Jenilow). Its most immediate occasion was the relative weakening in the West of a) the extended family and b) the guild system with its structure of apprenticeship, as well as certain other traditional institutions.

As you may be aware, given the greater longevity and resistance to injury and disease among intemorphic peoples, together with the absence of warfare and internecine violence, the need to replace the population involves a much lower rate of reproduction than is the case in Telluria.

Marriage is much less "the norm" in Aristasia. Many, many people do get married, of course, but it is not the "default expectation" of society, and many, many people do not.

So the entire "nuclear family" pattern that emerged in West Telluria under the pressure of an increasing individualism, while it certainly exists in Western Aristasia, is by no means the sole or expected norm. At the same time, a similar kind of individualism did emerge.

In Telluria this might have led to large numbers of people living alone in flats. In Aristasia it did not, for two reasons: 1) Since "single" life is much more common, more provision is made for it; 2) Aristasians are a very social, group-oriented people compared to West Tellurians. Individualism only goes so far. The idea of living alone is quite repugnant to many (not all) Aristasians.

In more traditional times (and still in much of the East) most unmarried (as indeed most married) maidens remained within the extended family. Others lived within communities established by religious Orders, noble Orders, scholarly Orders, craft Guilds and other institutions all dedicated, in their various ways, to the pursuit of "kenning" - that is, Spiritual awakening through the practice of pursuits suitable to one's Estate.

As this traditional, sattwic manner of life passed into the more modern Rajasic style (always acknowledged to be inferior, yet often considered inevitable), the large number of unmarried Aristasians would have been "displaced" had it not been for the natural evolution of alternative institutions.

One of these was the pension, or small hotel, of which there are many in the west: places where maidens stay permanently, usually with communal

dining and various activities pursued in common by all, or particular groups of residents.

The pension has a twofold heritage. It derives on the one hand from the older inns and guesthouses (a guesthouse being more like a German Gasthaus than an English/American "Bed and Breakfast") and on the other from the various institutions that preceded the Lay College.

The pension is, these days seen as a somewhat extra-laicised Lay College, and the popular image of the pensionette (as depicted in fiction and humorous cartoon sketches) is of a rather Bohemian type of maiden who does not wish to submit to the discipline of a Lay College - something of an individualist (which is not regarded terribly favourably in Aristasia) and possibly a little decadent. Actually a majority of pensionettes are perfectly respectable ladies, although there are certain pensions where wild parties and other non-respectable activities take place.

The Lay College is the decidedly respectable cousin of the pension. With a few exceptions, the most fastidious family will not object to its offspring joining a good Lay College, and will often strongly encourage or even compel it (usually as a condition of continued financial support).

Lay Colleges developed from the older noble and scholarly Orders, often representing a merging of the two in a culture where the Haiela and Raihira were less sharply distinguished and often merged into a more vague "Raihiralan Class" which also included some High Magdala.

The precise character of each Lay College is determined by its history and its more recent developments. On the scale of academic seriousness, some are only a little removed from full University Colleges (most or all members being graduettes who wish to continue their studies on a not-absolutely-full-time basis) while others are like slightly more serious pensions.

Most fall between the two extremes, but the average Lay College is primarily a hestia and an adopted "second family". The functions of a Lay College may be enumerated as follows:

- To provide a home and "family" for its members.
- To provide an "in group", which is a vital necessity of Aristasian life.
- To provide supervision, structure and discipline. To provide a *thamë*.
- To provide a modified form of "kenning" and continuing education (these two things are still not distinguished in Aristasia to the extent that they are in West Telluria, and the aspect of "kenning" in all education is never forgotten) to the extent that the scholar wishes to pursue it.

Each of these functions is linked closely to the others, and there is little doubt that in the vast majority of cases, the order given here is the order of importance. A College that put the fourth function higher on the list would not normally be a Lay College.

Having said that, it should be noted that some of the most important works of research and literature have come out of the Lay Colleges, many of which have a very high standard; and in a culture where the concept of "academic professionalism" does not exist (scholars are not *Magdala*), there is very little tendency for Full Colleges to "look down" on the work of the better Lay Colleges.

The second and third functions of the Lay College may be relatively strange to West Tellurians. Aristasians almost without exception belong to one or more in-groups, beginning, in most cases, with their schools (some Lay Colleges have a membership drawn almost exclusively from a particular school or group of schools).

In a fundamentally non-individualist culture (by West Tellurian standards - Aristasians regard their West as highly individualistic), membership of an in-group is almost a necessity of social existence. Maidens will identify with their College on many levels: supporting it in sporting, literary and other contests certainly, but also regarding it as a fundamental part of their very identity.

The third function may seem even more strange to West Telluri, but one must understand that the concept of "adulthood" in the current West

Tellurian sense has never developed in the Motherland. It is commonly understood that every maid needs a mistress, a guide and a protectress and that every maid is "child" in relation to someone.

Lay College scholars, whatever their age - especially if they are not fristali (one of a group of terms often translated as Elders in Telluria, though it has nothing whatever to do with age) or College mistresses - are subject to rules and personal direction which would be considered "unsuitable to an adult" in much of West Telluria.

It must be understood that Aristasian culture as a whole - in all its various local and National forms - is always a Culture of Obedience, which regards obedience to mistresses as obedience to Dea and sees the Golden Chain of Thamë as part of the saving function of a Divinely instituted social order.

In the words of an oft-quoted Filianic Scripture:

To rest in the hands of a mistress that ruleth in thamë is to rest in Mine Own hands.

Amity and the Lay College

One cannot understand the functioning of the Lay College (or indeed of Aristasian society as a whole) without understanding the concept of Amity.

Even the purest West Tellurian is likely, perhaps, to ask the question: "If so many Aristasians never marry what becomes of their emotional and affectionate life? Are they a rather cold people?"

Quite the contrary. Aristasian life as a whole and lay College Life in particular is filled with love and emotion.

At the most general level, one may see (in cases where a Lay College is linked to a girls' school) graduates from the School to the College, in their new College uniforms, passing through the ranks of their school-uniformed juniors. Many of the juniors will be in tears, moved by the momentousness

of the occasion, by the graduation of their Elder Sisters (whether in a general or a personal sense).

Many juniors will be admirers of one or more seniors. Admiration has a special sense in the College system (and elsewhere in Aristasia) and is considered to be a minor form of Amity. Some seniors will be almost universally admired by the juniors (and by many of their peers). Some admirations will be strong enough to be a full-scale "pash" which may be spoken or unspoken.

College life is a webwork of admirations and minor amities. The love that binds a Lay College together is something that many West Telluri may find hard to understand. The passion with which an Aristasian is attached to her in-group and its members is extremely intense. Those who have experience of such Aristasian elektra-groupings as the White Rose Family will already know something of this.

Beyond these everyday amities, whose depth and emotion are very great, is the phenomenon known as Mayamity - Great Amity. This is a profound and intimate attachment between two (or more than two) maidens. In its most intense form it is accepted and respected on the same level as marriage.

It is a peculiarity of late West Telluria that relationships that are not s*xually bonded are regarded as relatively unimportant. In Aristasia this is not the case and bonds of Mayamity - often between girls of the same sex - are part of the life-blood of a College. Bonds of Mayamity of great intensity are treated with recognition and respect equal to that of marriage or blood relationships.

These bonds (normally) rather than being exclusive are integral to the general Amity of the College and are both a strengthening factor in, and are strengthened by, the amative bonds that create the in-group.

Commentary on the Sai Thame College Song

*Make us gracious, make us true,
Fill our hearts with honor too,
Let us show the Nations we belong to you:
Our Lady of Harmony.*

*Fill our hearts with sister-love
All about us and above,
Let us serve forever the Eternal Dove:
Our Lady of Amity.*

*Though the road be long,
We'll continue on
By the light of thy shining Truth;*

*And the love that binds
Both our hearts and minds
Shall make joyful our golden youth.*

*Let us strive for good success,
In modesty and gentleness,
For to you we cannot ever offer less:
Our Lady of Harmony.*

Our Lady of Harmony: Obviously refers to Sai Thamë, the Tutelary Janya of the College, and the mistress of Harmony and the Golden Order. However, we should also note that the formula "Our Lady of...", in both Aristasian and Tellurian contexts has a dual meaning, for it denotes at once a particular Janyatic (Angelic) Form and her oneness with Dea Herself. Thus, Our Lady of Harmony is at once Sai Thamë, and Dea under Her Aspect as the Head of the Golden Order of Being.

Our Lady of Amity in the second verse, of course refers to Sai Sushuri in the same Supernal context. Sai Sushuri is the sister of Sai Thamë, and it is often

said that one cannot speak of one without the other. Thus the transition in the second verse is a natural one.

Fill our hearts with sister-love: naturally refers to the Amity that binds the scholars and mistresses of a College, and I know some of you are already feeling the power of this overwhelmingly wonderful group-Amity. From an invocative point of view (and this song does have an invocative power), the call is to Sai Sushuri both as Love Herself and as Sister to Sai Thamë.

All about us and above: as in most School Songs, the "voice" is that of the scholars. The Heart radiates in all directions, and the Heart-Love of the scholars radiates both horizontally to their sister-scholars (sister-love) and vertically upward to their mistresses and prefects. In the case of mistresses and prefects it also, of course, radiates vertically downward and this is taken as implicit, but not stated here by the scholar-voice.

Let us serve forever the Eternal Dove: The Eternal Dove is primarily Sai Sushuri, but the Dove is also a symbol of both God the Mother and God the Daughter as you will recall from the words of the Filianic Service:

*Great Dove of the waters that have brought forth the world from the matrix of
Your being*

*Dove of the sacrifice that are crushed beneath the heel of death that You may
come as our Saviour*

*Once again this underlines the nexus of the Divine and the Angelic implied in
the formula "Our Lady of Amity".*

Our Golden Youth: While the scholars of a School are generally young, this may not always be the case in a Lay College: however, just as we are all children of Dea, so scholars, *in statu pupillari*, are "young" by virtue of their "function". In a sense, "youth" is a term that may be applied to maiden-life as a whole, since our birth into incomplete being takes place, ultimately, for the sole purpose of learning to become complete.

From this perspective, the life of a College, like that of any other fully traditional institution (a Craft Guild for example, or a Knightly Order), manifests within its own particular "microcosm" a complete metaphor of the human state and its purposed fulfillment.

In concluding these remarks, I would stress that, while the side-notes are helpful for understanding the full meaning of this song, its fundamental thrust is the invocation of Order, Comeliness and Diligence for those who have the honor to follow the Path of Sai Thamë as her dedicated scholars and children.

Section I:
Aristasia





What is Aristasia?

Welcome to Aristasia 101 and congratulations upon being accepted onto the course.

By the end of this course you will have a firm grasp of Aristasian life and culture and will be in a position, if you choose and are accepted, to sit for the entrance examination for Sai Thamë College.

Each course unit consists of a paper such as this one, termed a *Knowledge Lecture*, which will present the material of the unit together with links to a variety of resources for further study. It will also carry an assignment which must be completed before proceeding to the next unit.

Aristasian knowledge, like all traditional knowledge, is seamless and organic. Splitting it into sections or units, while necessary for the purposes of a course such as this, is decidedly artificial. As you read the lecture you will be directed to other material which in turn will link to further material. While the secondary level should be largely sufficient for this unit and its assignment, you are encouraged to browse further and explore the way different aspects of Aristasian thought and culture are organically

connected. This will not only give you a much firmer grasp of the subject in hand, but will make the later units considerably easier and more accessible.

In this first lecture we consider the most fundamental question: *What is Aristasia?*

Different girls come to Aristasia with different impressions and different starting points, but by now you will no doubt already realise that Aristasia is very much more than an all-feminine society of grace, elegance and good manners, although it is that. Aristasia is a whole world, a whole culture - indeed more than one culture, but we need only worry about one!

From our current point of view, we shall consider Aristasia under five aspects:

An Empire that is not of this world

Aristasia Pura

One cannot learn much about Aristasia without realising that it does not belong to Telluria - the earth you see about you. Aristasians speak of "the Motherland", meaning their true home, Sai Herthe: a world where men do not exist and the two sexes are chelani and melini ("blondes" and "brunettes").

You may be surprised to learn that the very word "Aristasia" is not Aristasian. Aristasians in the Motherland call their world Sai Herthe and their Empire Nevcaire. There are also other names for the Empire, but none of them is Aristasia. Aristasia is a term coined in Telluria to describe both the Motherland and its daughter-extension in Telluria itself.

Aristasians in Telluria know a great deal about their Motherland - its geography, its history, its cultures and philosophies. While people outside Aristasia tend to view this as an "imaginary" or ideal world (and Aristasians themselves sometimes explain it in such terms to outsiders), in fact their view of its reality (and indeed of reality in general) is far more complex.

But in effect, whatever exact view of reality they hold, all full Aristasians regard the Motherland as a Reality, and the one to which they hold supreme allegiance.

As you become more involved in Aristasia, you will learn more about Aristasia Pura.

An Empire with a presence in this world *Aristasia-in-Telluria*

Aristasia has had a presence in Telluria for some thirty years to our certain knowledge. Some say this presence goes back much further and that there was Aristasian involvement in the "pre-historic" wars of the Amazons.

However our present Aristasia-in-Telluria began in at Oxford the 3290s (1970s) just after the cultural Eclipse of West Telluria. The two developments are clearly not unrelated, though the relationship between them is quite complex.

On the Tellurian side, a strong reaction by certain maidens against the Eclipse both allowed and necessitated the "creation", or recognition, of a new world and the transfer of loyalty and allegiance to it.

On the Herthelan (or Motherland) side, the sudden shift of Telluria toward a much more purely masculist and degenerate cultural model seems to have upset some form of psychic balance, and the establishment of a presence (and ultimately a "bridgehead") in Telluria was needed to redress this balance.

We apologise if this last paragraph appears obscure. Aristasia-in-Telluria has only been granted a limited knowledge of the precise nature of this Operation from the Herthelan strategic perspective, and some of what is known is classified information issued only on a need-to-know basis.

What is quite clearly known is that in Werde 2235 (November 2005) an operation was launched by Sai Herthe, through the agency of the Royal

Novarian Aethyr Command, known as Operation Bridgehead. This Operation placed Aristasia-in-Telluria on an official footing, making it an Imperial Protectorate administered through RNAC.



The Imperial Flag (above) is now used officially by Aristasia-in-Telluria and Officers of the Protectorate are both authorised by and responsible to the Imperial Crown through RNAC.

Some Aristasians in Telluria regard themselves as belonging wholly to the Motherland, and as having done so (normally without fully understanding their condition) from birth. They see Telluria as an alien place of exile. These are known as Exile Aristasians.

Others come to Aristasia as Tellurians but seek adoption into the Motherland. These are called Adoptive Aristasians. They are regarded as honorary intemorphs. Exile Aristasians, on the other hand, are regarded as spiritual intemorphs - that is, while they have schizomorphic bodies, these are regarded as "accidental" and alien to their true nature.

Visiting Aristasians are neither Exiles nor Adoptees. They simply have a persona within Aristasia. A persona is an "Aristasian self" separate from one's everyday self. Most new Aristasians begin on this basis and it is not necessary to proceed beyond this in order to be a fully accepted Aristasian-in-Telluria.

An Empire with a virtual Community

Aristasia-in-Virtualia

As far back as the 3310s (1990s), it was suggested that there were, in a sense, three Aristasias - Aristasia Pura, Aristasia-in-Telluria and Aristasia-in-Elektraspace.

A little before Operation Bridgehead, Aristasia had begun to deploy in the virtual environment of the Second Life grid and had established its first Embassy there, together with a Chapel and a Security Office.

The deployment of Aristasia-in-Telluria as a "virtual community" was a natural progression, allowing the increasingly widespread "Elektrastasia" to meet and establish a life that is not dependent on physical proximity.

It is important to understand that this community is only "virtual" insofar as it deploys virtual buildings and installations. It is a real community of real maidens. Sai Thamë College may be based in a virtual Mother-House, but it is a real College with real study, real discipline and a real communal life.

For Aristasian maidens, many of whom do not regard Telluria as fully real in any case, and who do not have the superstitious worship of physicality induced by West Tellurian materialism, the use of new kinds of non-physical "territory" for the deployment of our reality is completely natural.

The use of the Second Life grid is a decision based upon its functionality and accessibility to a majority of our members. It need hardly be said that we are not in any sense a "Second Life group" events may be held in that grid, in the White Rose Room or in other "virtual" venues according to

convenience and the College might easily be moved to an entirely different virtual platform if that proved more immersive or accessible.

Virtual reality is still in its infancy and we expect Aristasia-in-Virtualia to become a far more all-encompassing world over the next decade as both the technics and our own deployment develop; but this need not be at the expense of the development of on-the-ground settlements.

An Empire with a hierarchy

Aristasia is inherently hierarchical. It is based on the Law of Thamë.

Thamë is a fundamentally important concept in the understanding of Aristasia. It means both Order and harmony.

Hierarchy in Aristasia is founded on the principle of the Golden Chain of Thamë, which extends from the Empress to the humblest serving maid. In obeying any superior-in-thamë we are obeying the Empress; and in obeying the Empress, we are obeying Dea.

Aristasia, thus, has a culture of obedience. Obedience is not just a functional necessity but a Spiritual duty. Filianists quote the passage from Filianic Scripture:

To rest in the hands of a mistress that ruleth in thamë is to rest in Mine Own hands.

Hierarchy in Aristasia is a living thing infused by the spirit of love. We do not obey simply because we should, but because we love our superiors in thamë and our place in the beautiful Golden Chain.

Even when obedience is difficult, we see it as a spiritual exercise and an opportunity to subdue "the infirmity of our sovereign will". Our obedience is a precious gift that we offer to our mistresses in thamë, and through them to Dea Herself.

An Empire with a Mission

Aristasia-in-Telluria does not simply have a Mission; it is a Mission. A Mission launched by the Motherland and currently known as Operation Bridgehead.

We do not know all the details of this Mission, but we know that there are times when we are furiously opposed by the Forces of Darkness.

We know that we are servants of the Empress and of Dea, serving the cause, in a benighted world, of Light and of primordial Femininity: of Honour, Truth and Love.

Our Mission is not to convert or to conquer Telluria. It is to provide a refuge for those maidens who either do not belong to Telluria at all, but to the Motherland, or who need with some part of themselves to belong to the Motherland.

Our Mission is not to bring all souls to Dea, but to make the love of Dea available to those maidens who cannot feel at home in masculine/patriarchal religions.

Our mission is to create in Telluria a little sanctuary that is Aristasia: a home of nobility and purity, of innocence and dignity; of true femininity and of feminine Truth.

We call not to the many, but to the few. The few who need Aristasia and the beautiful things it has to offer.

What part our Mission has in a much greater Mission we do not know. It is not our place to know unless we are told. The Empress and her servants will take care of that. We need only to obey and make a haven of beauty here in Telluria.



Thamë

"... as Her universal music rules the farthest spheres, so does it tune the beating of my heart ..."

Thamë is one of the most important concepts in Aristasian culture. Aristasia, both East and West, may be described as a thamë (or thamic) society.

As a rough guide it is sometimes said that the word is pronounced tah-may, and this pronunciation is adequate for a foreigner. In fact, the first syllable begins with the "hard" Aristasian "th" sound rather than the English "t" sound, and the final vowel is like the "e" in "bet" only lengthened, rather than the diphthong "ay".

The Concept of Thamë

Thamë spelled with a small "t" designates the concept of thamë. This is sometimes translated as "harmony", at other times as "order".

This harmony is the fundamental order of the cosmos that "holds the stars within their courses (and) ... a drop of dew pendent upon a blade of grass". The harmony and rules that govern human life is understood to be the same harmony that rules the Universe.

The movements of the stars are often depicted as a dance, and all human actions (as well as such things as the passage of the seasons, the rhythm of day and night, the phases of the moon) are seen as part of this same dance. This dance is what is termed thamë.

In the life of maid, one of the fundamental pillars of thamë is the concept of the Golden Chain. The Golden Chain is that which connects the whole of society together in a hierarchical order. It runs from Dea (in the form of Sai Raya) to the Empress, and from the Empress, down through every level and degree of society, to the humblest serving-maid.

Each maid is a golden link within the Chain. Each has her own special place, defined by such things as her age, her sex, her Estate, her nation, her family and her sithamë - her own personal calling or inner-thamë.

Thamë manifests itself in Aristasian behaviour in a thousand daily ways: a formal etiquette; care of personal appearance and dress, which must at all times reflect the proper grace and dignity of maid; the constant honouring of the Golden Heart in each maid by greeting her with Rayati and the Reverence; kindness and gentleness in manner and behaviour ("in Aristasia ... unkindness is regarded as unnatural" (*The District Governess*, p.15); deference toward superiors; chivalry toward inferiors (and by brunettes toward blondes); a high value placed upon childlike innocence and goodness; a high degree of both trustfulness and trustworthiness in both private and business relationships. These and many other aspects of Aristasian life reflect the ideal and daily practice of thamë.

In much of the East, and in more traditional families in the West, the concept of life as a dance is almost literal, with all movements (especially on the part of blondes) being consciously gentle, formal and graceful. It is said that in the Golden Age all speech was in verse or in song. Where these standards have to some extent lapsed, especially in the north-west and far west, there is no doubt in any mind that this lapse is for the worse and that "we are inferior to our ancestresses." This in itself tends to help the lapse not to go too far.

Thamē, as manifested in the cosmos and in Aristasian society, is often termed the Golden Order.

Thamē as described in The District Governess

The District Governess (1996) by Miss Regina Snow contains a near perfect definition of thamē, while replacing the word with an ancient Greek equivalent for reasons of propriety, considering its rather "cosmopolitan" readership (only the River Thamē - sacred, of course, to the Janya - is explicitly mentioned in the book):

Harmony, Comeliness, Seemliness: such are the watchwords of Aristasian "Law and Order" — a phrase from another land which would not be in the least out of place upon Aristasian lips, but would carry with it quite another colouring. All law, to the Aristasian, is akin to the laws of mathematics or of music — an expression of the underlying harmony of being; all order fundamentally the order of a dance, which is ultimately the great dance of the cosmos, presided over by Themis the Angel of Harmony (the correct name is Thamē, but in view of the wide "profane" readership of these books, the authoress uses an Ancient Greek equivalent — Editress). To an Aristasian, grace in the sense of "gracefulness" is not a different concept from grace in the theological sense. They are intimately bound up one with another - and all of life is intimately bound up with them. p.23.

It would be hard, a decade later, to improve upon this description of what thamē is and what it means to Aristasians.

Thamë and the Law

Law in Aristasia is founded upon the concept of thamë. This is discussed at length in *The District Governess*, since Aristasian discipline is a large part of the book's theme.

There are no prisons in Aristasia and only a few law-courts. Punishment is more personal, more home-like. Indeed, the distinction between the public and the private is one which Aristasians do not strongly recognise. Society is considered to be a greater family with the Queen or Empress or local Governor or Countess (depending on what level we are considering) as its mother, and her servants as elder sisters.

This last sentence requires two comments. First, that elder sisters are highly regarded as figures of authority in Aristasia and second that every constabel, judge, District Governess and other agent of the law is regarded as a servant of the Queen or local Magistra. Law is personal rather than impersonal. This does not (as the outlander might suppose) leave it open to vagary and abuse because Aristasia (like more traditional forms of society elsewhere) is a unanimous society. There is no real disagreement about what is right, or what people ought to do. There is no real disagreement that custom is sacred. Every action of life is ultimately determined by spiritual law and the wisdom of the Revered Ancestresses. The power of the Magistra (meaning any ruler and also a court judge) to uphold custom and the Sacred Harmony is absolute; but she is not an Absolute Ruler, because she, no less — indeed far more — than any other, is the servant of the Harmony (the authoress is here "translating" the word thamë — Editress). She cannot invent her own laws. She can impose her own will but only within the strict and time-honoured limits of what is proper.

There have been many changes in recent centuries, but Aristasia has changed without becoming anti-traditional. Each of the new ways is incorporated within the Sacred Harmony [thamë] and becomes a part of its new adaptation — and each of the provinces has done this in a slightly different way.

The law in Aristasia covers many things which in some other places might not be recognised as having a legal, or even a moral, dimension. Such things as slovenly dress, impoliteness or vulgar language may be dealt with by the police.

...

As the title "Governess" implies. Aristasian subjects are, in certain respects, treated throughout life as children in the great family of the Empress. The captured law-breaker in Aristasia feels more like a child outside the headmistress's study than an adult trapped by the pitiless machine of the State. There is never absent an understanding on all sides that punishment is given with love and for the true good of the culprit, to bring her back into grace and restore her to the heart of the Familia. Although the true dignity of an Aristasian is far greater than that of a person in a degenerate land (as may be seen by the unfailing neatness of dress of even the lowliest subject), her consciousness of herself as a child, makes her more supple and yielding in the hands of public discipline. She has not built her persona upon a hard and brittle "personal independence" which must be stripped and crushed by the punishing State, reducing her almost to the level of nonentity. Rather she can be corrected as a child is corrected:— sometimes severely but with love and with her own tearful acceptance. It is an act which unites her rather than severing her from the whole, which leaves her neither broken nor bitter, but at peace, and happier than before. pp. 21-22.

This last paragraph perhaps takes us away from the strict subject of *thamë* and onto a closely related one - that of society as a *familia* - the great extended family of the Empress - and of Aristasians as closer to the state reserved for children in Telluria. The concepts of interdependence and of innocence have much to do with this. Childlike innocence and goodness are prized by Aristasians as the highest virtues. Independence and conspicuous individualism are not much valued. This is deeply connected with the understanding that the social order and the Divine Order are one; that obedience to one is obedience to the other; and that being good means being in step with the Great Dance.

Life in the Light of Thamë

Because Western Aristasia, unlike Telluria, did not enter a revolutionary phase in order to become "modern", Aristasia remains, like all traditional civilisations, a unanimous society rather than a factionalised society. Western Telluria, from its leading institutions downward - with its political parties and institutionalised "opposition" is a formally factionalised society. Western-Tellurian "democracy" is, by definition, government by faction.

The very term politics, which in Aristasia means "the art of ruling the state" and, by implication, the art of preserving Harmony is, in Telluria, a byword for opposition and faction-fighting. Western Tellurian business also is characterised by an ideology of cut-throat competition and the belief that this is "healthy". The society as a whole is characterised by the extreme-patriarchal spirit of Vikhelic conflict and opposition.

It is necessary to mention this in order to clarify how very different is the Aristasian approach to these things. Aristasians do not war among themselves, have not had a revolutionary phase at any time, and in terms of politics, business and all other activities, continually regard *thamē*, or harmony, as the fundamental necessity.

While hierarchical societies may be seen by Western Tellurians as arrogantly imposing their will on people, in Aristasia the reverse is the case. In the first place the hierarchical rulers are strictly bound by custom and tradition, by the Golden Order; and in the second place, the need for harmony is fundamental. In coming to decisions - whether a Queen's Cabinet or the Governing Table of a business or the Mistress-table of a craft guild be in question - discussions are long, careful and very polite, and designed to arrive at formulations that will be pleasing and acceptable to all. This is less difficult than it would be in Telluria because of the fundamental agreement on principles that underlies a traditional society, and a co-operative spirit that is the very reverse of institutionalised factionalism of Telluria.

However, once a decision is made and the head of the hierarchy has made her ruling, all members of the ruling group will support the decision absolutely. Usually they will be in agreement, for every effort will have been made to accommodate all views, and Aristasians are naturally co-operative, but if misgivings are still present, these will be put aside in the name of Harmony.

Harmony is the mainspring of Aristasian life and thought, so often what in Telluria would be thought of as expediency or common sense will take second place to considerations of harmony.

It is also axiomatic that in every undertaking, from laying a table to making a vase to ruling a State, there is a right way and a wrong way of doing it. The Golden Order dictates the way things are done. All actions are rituals. Even if this is less the case in the West, no one doubts that all actions ought to be rituals and that there is a Right Way, even if one is being a little lazy about it, or has not been properly instructed. Thus the concept of the Golden Order may suddenly be invoked in the most surprising contexts, even in the most apparently casual Western society (which is never as casual as very late Western Tellurian society in any case).

The preservation of Harmony is also bound up with the fact that bonds of friendship, and Amity run through every Aristasian group, bonding it together and creating relationships of trust, obligation and harmonious generosity.

The concept of the Golden Order also influences Aristasian ideas about rudeness. Essentially a rude action is one that steps out of the dance of *thamē*. Thus, in the Aristasian detectives story, "*The Adventure of the Crystal Staff*", the somewhat eccentric Professor Calver attributes ignorance to the College Mistress and immediately apologises with the words: "Oh, pray forgive me. That was very *ad lib*". The underlying thought behind this expression is that there is a proper "script" that should be followed and that rudeness constitutes stepping outside that "script" - departing from the correct ritual "form" - and *ad-libbing*.

Another significant expression for rudeness is *enormacy* when one commits an *enormacy* or *enormity*, the meaning of the word is not that one's transgression was "large", but that it was *e-normate* "outside the Norm", the Norm being the Golden Order, the correct form, or simply put, *thamē*.

Being in Thamē

The condition of being "in *thamē*" (in Raihiralan "*thamelic*" or in older Westrenne "*thamely*") is considered to be the normative, "default" state of *maid*. Animals are in *thamē* because, not being Axial creatures they can neither fall below or rise above their proper state, their *thamē*.

Maid, in Aristasia, is regarded always as a social being: but the idea of "society" is not the revolutionary West-Tellurian notion of an aggregate of individuals brought together by an imaginary "social contract" conceived for their material benefit. In Aristasian thought society is an extension of the Celestial Hierarchy downward to the world.

It is organic and natural not in the material sense predicated on the animal thesis, but in the sense that all natural things are part of the Divine Whole and move according to the Music of the Spheres - the dance of Thamē.

Human society is thus a Saving Body. It makes us part of the Golden Chain leading from Dea through the highest Angels to the humblest creature of the earth. It gives us our place in the Structure of Being.

To be in thamē is normative in every sense. To be out of thamē is an unnatural aberration, looked on with horror.

This is the natural Aristasian outlook, but of course it is predicated on the idea that the human society into which one is born is itself in thamē. Traditional societies are naturally in thamē: but in the Tellurian West the question arose relatively early in the latter part of Kali Yuga as to the thamē of at least some societies. Thus early Christians conceived of a Church, or Ekklesia (meaning those "called out"), called out of the world. In Aristasian terms, at least to some degree, this seems to postulate Ekklesia as a society in thamē as opposed to "profane" world out of thamē. The Church's later relation to the Holy Roman Empire was seen as amending this.

However this may be, it is certainly clear to Aristasian thinking that West Tellurian society since the Eclipse is very profoundly out of thamē, and in some cases it is considered that is precisely the Eclipse that necessitated and legitimised the extension of an Aristasian thamē to Telluria.

So we have to consider the idea that many, or perhaps most, West Tellurians are "by default" out of thamē, or at best in a very limited and vestigial thamē provided by the fading remnants of a late-rajasic society itself only doubtfully thamelic.

So, from the perspective of Aristasia-in-Telluria, a maid enters into a state of thamë essentially by becoming a part of the Golden Chain: that is a part of Aristasian society, in obedience to her menamatrini - her "little mothers" or superior links in the Golden Chain leading back to the Mayamatri - the Great Mother, or Dea.

Currently the primary mechanism for this would seem to be entry into Sai Thamë College which immediately places one in statu pupillari and thus within the Golden Chain.

Prior to this, one should begin to act as if one were in thamë, paying respect and courtesy-obedience to one's elders-in-thamë. Once one is accepted on the preliminary course leading to College entry, one is already in a midway state, since one's appointed Instructress and any other teachers and helpers on this course will be one's courtesy mistresses-in-thamë.



The Imperial Anthem

The Imperial Anthem is a pledge of allegiance to the Empress, a statement of the metaphysical significance of the Empire, and a concise telling of the story of the first Empress (or Raihiranya), the Sun-Daughter, Sai Rayanna. As an Aristasian - even a part-time one - you should be familiar with your Anthem. Please learn at least the first verse and the chorus by heart.

*1. From the mountain's rayant pinnacé
To the troublèd waters of the sea,
O Rayan', thy rule doth run
As coursers of the sun;
We pledge allegiance unto thee.*

*Chorus:
We do pledge allegiance unto thee,*

*We do pledge allegiance unto thee,
We do pledge allegiance, O Rayanna,
We do pledge allegiance unto thee.*

*2. When torent was noble Chenti's shield
And Caran lay slaughan on the field,
She did cast her sword adown
Distract upon the ground
And fast another bound to wield.
(Chorus)*

*3. 'Twas to Caere came the broken blade;
'Twas Rayan' the noble sword remade:
In her furnace flame so clear
Was wrought the great Raihir
To ward distress and fear from maid.
(Chorus)*

*4. Then rode forth high Caere's goodly Rayin'
Unto Chenti's final battle-plain,
There to meet the infidel
and all the host of hell
And there to send them well again.
(Chorus)*

*5. All the Rayins of North and South and West,
From the greatest lands unto the lest,
Render'd honor, faith, and love
And worship'd none above
The great Sun-Daughter of the Est.
(Chorus)*

The Story of Our Anthem

The Anthem tells the story of the founding of the Empire and of Sai Rayanna, the Daughter of the Sun (Sai Raya), our divine National Heroine and the Ancestress of all our Empresses.

Before our Era the greatest civilization in Sai Herthe was that of the great Southern Continent, which was submerged at the end of the Age of Bronze. In the early part of the Age of Iron there was some continuation of that civilization.

Attacks upon the world of maids by demonic forces increased during this period, and the greatest force of defense against them was the Chenti, a civilization-in-arms dedicated to Sai Vikhë and tracing its lineage back to the Old World.

However, in the Battle of Noonday Night, the Chenti were defeated by the demon-barbarians, and their great Princess, Caran, was slain, along with most of her people. Her sword, given to her ancestors by Sai Vikhë herself, was broken — a sign of the final destruction of the Chenti.

Caran, with her dying breath, charged that the pieces of the sword should be preserved and given to the One who was worthy to re-forged and wield them.

After many adventures, the shattered sword came to the city of Caere, whose Princess, the young earth-born daughter of Sai Raya, re-forged the sword and took it into battle to defeat the demonic hordes and their terrible ruler.

By this act she won the allegiance of all the Rayins (Queens) of the world, and her city of Caere, far in the East, became the capital of the new civilization.

All subsequent Empires are the continuation of this one, including the present Westrenne Empire, also known as the Nevcaeran (New Caeran) Empire.

Commentary on the first verse

While the Anthem is sometimes sung in full, the first verse and chorus are more commonly heard.

*From the mountain's rayant pinnacle
To the troublèd waters of the sea,*

Clearly means, geographically, “from the inland mountains to the coasts” i.e. throughout the land. However, it also signifies, metaphysically, “from the Centre or ‘mountain-peak’, from whose (rayant) radiance all things take their being, to the outward world of flux and change”. “Troublèd” means “turbulent” but also refers to the inherent sorrows of the changing world of samsara. The underlying thought is that expressed in the Scripture:

*Earth moves but Heaven is still
The rim revolves, but the Centre remains without motion.*

While the troublèd, or turbulent, sea, beyond the shores of Empire, is pure samsara, the Holy Raihir itself is, to some extent, protected from the worst vicissitudes of worldly chaos by the Celestial Influence of the Solar Empress. This influence is described in the lines:

*O Rayan', thy rule doth run
As coursers of the sun:*

Here we have the traditional image of the sun's rays as horses, galloping out from the central point, spreading the benign warmth and light of the Spirit into places that would otherwise be dark and “troublèd”.

Rayan' is Raihiranya Sai Rayanna I, the solar avatar who defeated the demonic forces then besetting the land and became the first Empress of Caere. From her all subsequent Empresses are descended, and by virtue of her blood they are termed Sun-Daughters.

The repeated pledge of allegiance is all-important, since it is only insofar as we affiliate ourselves in harmony and obedience to the Golden Order that we may be rescued by it from the turbulence of chaotic being.

Thus, the Imperial Anthem is a hymn to the saving harmony of the Golden Order as manifested through the Celestial Empire and her Solar Empress.



The Imperial Flag (above) carries the same symbolism, with its solar center raying out in all directions, covering the whole field (or Empire) with its celestial light.

So, when we salute the flag to the strains of the Imperial Anthem, we receive the same unifying and saving vision in both “mythic” and visual terms. And thus this very activity may be seen, not as the merely worldly formality that it is in Telluria, but as an effective ritual, binding oneself and one’s dear ones to the loving, protective, and harmonious Light.

Words used in the Anthem

Rayant: Often translated as “radiant”, but literally “raying” – sending out rays.

Troublèd: turbulent

Coursers: running horses

Torent: broken

Slaghan: slain

Distrat/destrait: destroyed

Fast: bindingly (not quickly)

Rayin: Queen

“There to send them well again”: i.e. to send them back to the demonic hell from whence they came.

Lest: least

Est: East (the older form, still used in the word “Estrenne”, describing someone or something from the East)



Aristasia Pura

Aristasia is a vast Empire of seven "provinces". The term province can be a little misleading though, for each province is a nation in its own right, ruled over by its own Queen.

Each of these Queens owes allegiance to the High Empress herself who lives in Ladyton, the capital of the Empire. Far in the East are ancient lands, some with their own Empresses, who owe doubtful allegiance or none to the High Empress Celestia. These lands are hard to reach, being outside the range of

technics. No aeroplane can fly there nor motor carriage run there, and many are the ancient mysteries hidden in those lands.

From Quirinelle in the West, and the curious Isle of Infraquirinelle in the Golden Sea beyond, to the Holy City of Rayapurh, far in the East; from the silver Art Neo light-planes of Novaria (ruled over by young brunette Viktorya) to the horse-carriages of Arcadia (ruled over by the mature blonde Viktorya); from the bustling streets and the bright lights of Ladyton to the gentle rural serenity of Marywater or the intellectual fervour of the ancient University of Milchford, Aristasia is a land of many moods and many changes; compared to Telluria it is rather as if 1920s New York, Pericleian Athens and ancient Byzantium were all on the same globe at the same time.

In Aristasia Pura there are no men. All the inhabitants are feminine. There are nevertheless two sexes in Aristasia: blondes and brunettes. Much of what makes Aristasia what it is, that gives it its special character and flavour, lies in its nature as an all-feminine world.

Dialogue: On What Level Does Aristasia Pura Exist?

In order to show a range of Aristasian views on this matter, we reprint a discussion from late 3325 (Mar 2006) from the old Blondes' and Brunettes' Club on the nature of Aristasia Pura.

Caridwen

Mar 3, 06 - 3:44 PM

Dear Ladies,

I've been visiting the Club here for quite some time, and find it a fascinating and mysterious place. There are some things I take readily to; the philosophy and culture, for example.

But there are some things which I still don't understand. I wonder if you would mind explaining to me exactly what is Aristasia Pura.

I've been reading recently about an Empress and wonder who she is, and how one comes to be an Empress in Aristasia.

I would be very grateful for your help.

Chancandre Aquitaine

Mar 3rd, 2006 - 10:16 PM

I am glad that you are enjoying your experience of Aristasia.

Aristasia Pura is the True Motherland - where the Empress reigns, where blondes and brunettes make babies together and where men do not exist.

Some people consider Aristasia Pura to be a fiction. We consider it to be our Homeland. While it may occupy a different plane of being, it is nonetheless a spiritual reality and one to which we are honoured to owe our allegiance.

The Empress is Her Imperial Majesty Celestia III. She is the direct descendant of Sai Rayanna, the Sun-Daughter and first Cairen Empress. She is regarded, in her function if not in her person, as the incarnation of the Sun herself. This is the meaning of the great salutation:

Rayati Raihiranya - Hail to the Empress (as an incarnation of the Sun).

The position of Empress is therefore a hereditary one although it does not necessarily follow the Tellurian law of primogeniture. All daughters of the Imperial Family are Imperial Princesses and all are brought up in seclusion and with considerable rigour in the great temple-palace at the heart of the Imperial City. The slightly modern way of life adopted by some Westrenne Royal Families is out of the question for the Imperial Family. An Imperial Princess is one of the most highly-trained, profoundly cultured and rigorously disciplined maidens in the Empire. Those who are unsuited to this demanding life are usually allowed to withdraw. They then become Serene Highnesses whose functions are purely ceremonial.

The selection of the Imperial Princess who is to become Empress takes place according to tests and rituals that are unknown to any outside the highest Haiela and Raihira who make up the Traditional hierarchy of the Imperial Court and Sun-Temple.

I hope this answers your questions. Do feel free to pursue them further (or anyone else). I shall be speaking at the White Rose Room on Sunday the 12th of March, if you should wish to ask questions in person.

In the meantime do feel free to post further questions here.

Caridwen

Mar 5th, 2006 - 3:14 PM

Thank you very much Lady Aquitaine, for your detailed reply. I particularly like the descriptions of the Empress's rigorous training and qualification for her post. It would be good to see that in modern-day monarchies.

Is Aristasia Pura on an imaginary plane, then? I take it that it doesn't exist here on Earth. Has it come about through the imaginations of earthly Aristasians? And yet, you describe it as a 'spiritual reality' - do you mean that it seems very real to those who live an Aristasian life, although it doesn't actually exist? But imagining it to exist helps one to live a life according to the spiritual principles of Aristasia? I feel I'm fumbling in the dark, rather, trying to understand it!

Lady Aquila

Mar 6th, 2006 - 1:46 AM

I am sorry you are finding this puzzling. It is a little tenuous at first. I suspect lhi Raya is a touch cautious about making a definitive statement on something that is not so far officially defined. She is after all an official representative of the Haiela function.

I am not bound by such scruples and I wish to put it on record that I fully believe Aristasia Pura to exist. If by "imaginary" one means a thing created purely by and in our own minds, I cannot accept it. I know that Aristasia Pura is more than that.

It is a reality that many of us have seen and felt. There are girls among us who have always known they were not of the Tellurian world and who have memories and experiences of Aristasia Pura; some to whom Pura is more real than their lives in Telluria. Some who feel sure that they have come to Telluria purely to serve the Motherland.

Now admittedly this raises as many questions as it answers. Why should the Motherland even want a Bridgehead in Telluria? My guess is that it has something to do with a balance of spiritual forces in the universe and the effect of the maverick hyper-masculinism of late-patriarchal Telluria upon that balance. A counterbalancing Bridgehead is required.

The trouble is, all this starts to sound rather science-fiction when put so baldly, and it is in fact something much subtler. Exactly what plane Pura operates on and how it is translated to us are things upon

which we can only speculate, and probably not very profitably. There are many levels of being in this multiverse we inhabit, of which the material plane is but a tiny fraction.

Officially it has always been said that one is free to regard Pura as "imaginary" (whatever precisely that means), and of course one is. But for my part, and I know I speak for many of us, the Motherland is my home and the Empress is my final liege-lady.

Whatever anyone tells you about "imaginaries", the adoption of Aristasia-in-Telluria by Pura in Operation Bridgehead has made a huge difference to Aristasia and to all our lives. We are now under the direct rule of the Empire. I don't know all the details of that and I can't tell all I do know. But be assured, the protecting arm of Mother Empire is now about us.

And it is far from imaginary.

A Home-come Wanderer

Mar 6th, 2006 - 12:34 PM

Coming Home

Let me tell you my story. Some day I shall write it more fully, but I feel that I am called upon to share a little of it at this point. It may help make things clearer.

I was born a certain number of years ago in Telluria. What I thought as a baby I cannot tell, but as I grew to more explicitly thinking-years I was profoundly aware that this place was not my home. The people were strange and alien to me and never became less so.

As I grew older, I saw up-to-date ('30s to '50s) films sometimes and saw a world that made more sense to me. It was less insane, but it was still certainly not my world.

I had a constant sense that I had come from somewhere else, and that I had a reason for being here, and that reason was somehow to serve my Homeland.

Mentally I often felt in contact with people from the Homeland. They reassured me when I felt terrible. They told me that there were others in Telluria and that I should be united with them. I met people who assured me that I should know them later. I knew snatches about my Homeland. Even a few words of its speech.

I told people I was not from this world. Some laughed and some were interested, but none seemed to be my countrymaids.

I had spiritual yearnings and tried for a time to be a Christian. Despite all my efforts the religion felt terribly alien to me. I could only approach it at all by seeing God as feminine.

I heard about the goddess Aphrodite and felt I must give myself to her. To me she was not a s*xual deity (I understood little about s*x then and not much more now). She was the quintessence of pure Divine Love. Later I understood that the Angel I belonged to was Sai Sushuri.

Finally in my later 'teens I met with Aristasians. I had looked into many of the things that exist in Telluria (In a theoretical sort of way - I was too shy to go out and meet people, and anyway they never seemed like the right sort of people) and none of them had seemed even remotely right. Now things began to fall into place. I was doubly fortunate (or, more accurately, I was led) to find an Aristasian who was fully conversant with the way Pura touches on those of us who are exiled here. She believed a hundred percent in Pura and knew that she also came from there.

This was my homeland. This was the place I always knew I had come from. I was sure now.

I asked my new friend "Have I met you before? Did you tell me when I was fourteen that you would meet me in your physical body in a few years?"

She said "I believe so. I have met several people in the aethyr. Of course it is cloudy there for those accustomed to looking with the physical eye. But I feel you must be one of those I met."

There are many kinds of Aristasian in Telluria. Some are children of Telluria who dip their toes into the waters of Aristasia and a few eventually take the Full Plunge. But some are Purans who never were at home in Telluria. Some, like myself, were always very conscious of the Motherland. For others it was merely a vague uneasiness that became clearer as they grew up and eventually made sense upon encountering Aristasia.

But I know well that I was guided by daughters of the Motherland from the day I set foot on this strange world, and I know that others were too. And I know now that the Empire has finally taken a fully active part in guiding and directing Aristasia-in-Telluria. And I think that is why I am here and why others of us are here.

So I want to say two things. Please understand that Aristasia Pura is real, and that its daughters are looking after us; and if you are one of our lost sisters who never felt at home in Telluria and had even a small hint of the Motherland, please come home. You need us and we need you.

Caridwen

Mar 6th, 2006 - 6:19 PM

Dear Lady Aquila and Miss Home-come Wanderer,

thank you very much for your kind replies. I think things are becoming clearer now, although I haven't much acquaintance with the idea of other planes and aetherial places, so it has given me some food for thought.

I'm sorry if I seemed dismissive in asking if Pura was an imaginary place; I didn't mean it in the sense of "merely imaginary"! I escape to imaginary worlds often and know they can seem as real as anywhere else. But I see that Pura is not understood as imaginary, anyway.

I found your account quite moving, Miss Home-come, and thank you for the telling of it. I know the feeling of not belonging in this world, although not the experience of having come from somewhere else; it all seems even more fascinating, now! I don't yet know if I belong in Aristasia, but I am very attracted by it, and glad to have come across you all in Elektraspace.

Thank you, once again!

Lady Aquila

Mar 6th, 2006 - 6:40 PM

Referring back to the suggestion that the rigorous training of the Imperial Family might profitably be applied to Tellurian royal families, one might reply that in Aristasia those members of the Imperial Family who are unsuited to such rigour are deprived of authority. Conversely, royal families that have been deprived of authority may rather reasonably wish to dispense with rigour. In the Aristasian sense, every member of a Tellurian royal family is a "Serene Highness" whose function is purely ceremonial and who is for that reason subjected to minimal rigour (or vice versa).

Having said this, that "minimal rigour" is still far greater than that exercised by bongo royalty!

Honoured Wanderer, I should like to ask you this question. Since being with actual physical Aristasians, has your contact with the aethyrial Aristasia tended to diminish?

A Home-come Wander

Mar 7th, 2006 - 10:04 AM

It has varied, my lady, but the answer overall is definitely "no".

There has been less of that kind of contact that was essentially for the purpose of comforting a lost exile, because I no longer am a lost exile, praise be to Dea!

On the other hand, I have received much guidance and have also met in the aethyr other exiles whom I know I shall meet in the flesh - or perhaps in Virtualia - later.

Since the start of Operation Bridgehead, activity for almost everyone who has any contact with Puran outposts has been increased.

It is my belief that for many girls contact with Puran outposts is not as conscious as it has been for myself and others. Perhaps it takes place in sleep and is but vaguely remembered if remembered at all. I think this is why when girls encounter Aristasia for the first time it often "rings a bell" for them and seems like something almost as much remembered as discovered.

Since part of the Bridgehead initiative is, as they so poetically put it "gathering the scattered doves", I feel many girls will over the next few years, become more conscious; perhaps remember childhood contacts with Puran "angels" and recognise the Motherland as their home.

Chancandre Aquitaine

Mar 7th, 2006 - 11:40 AM

I should perhaps mention here that the use of the term "Serene Highness" to mean non-authoritative royalty is something of a Westrenne joke.

The honorific "Serene" is in fact used, upon the proper occasions, for all royalty, up to - and a fortiori including - the Empress herself. It denotes the "unacting action" of the Spiritual Principle, and is expressed in the Scriptural passage:

Earth moves but Heaven is still. The rim revolves, but the Centre remains without motion.

The still point from which all movement arises, like the point without extension from which all space proceeds, is represented on earth by the Her Serene Majesty; and her governance of the Empire is likened to the actionless action of the Spirit.

It is from this central idea that the term "Serene Highness" is accorded secondarily to the whole Imperial Family.

However, in the Westrenne lands there is a certain spirit of "activism", "individualism" and "exteriorism" akin to, but by no means as extreme as, that in modern Western Telluria and this spirit, at its most gross, can see serenity as simple inactivity.

The pretence that the "Serene" in "Serene Highness" denotes lack of authority or active participation in Government is thus a humorously deliberate "misunderstanding".

Actually the reason they are often known by this title is that it is one of the fundamental titles belonging to the Imperial Family and held by all its members, as opposed to some other titles which derive from particular functions.

Incidentally, the term "All serene", used in Aristasian military and other circles, means "all in order": and while its superficial meaning is "all quiet, nothing wrong", at a profounder level it implies "all is right" - i.e. all is in harmony with the serenely unchanging Principle, and thus with the Will of Heaven - and by extension of Heaven's daughter, the Empress.

Caridwen

Mar 8th, 2006 - 8:30 PM

Dear Ladies,

This topic grows more interesting by the day! I hope you don't mind the literalness of my questions; it is important to me for things to be clear. I'm very attracted to Aristasia and am enjoying learning more about it.

I have some more questions, if that is alright.

It's been mentioned that Aristasia is a place in the "aethyr". It is a real place. Is it like a planet? And are there other aetherial places, too? Is it a place between earth and what people call heaven? A higher sort of place than earth? Do pure Aristasians belong there eternally, even though they may come here to do special work?

Are there similar places where non-Aristasians belong? What about men, where do they belong? What happens to people who don't come from Aristasia?

It is all so fascinating, I spend a lot of time thinking about it all, and hope you don't mind my inquisitiveness!

Thank you.

Chancandre Aquitaine

Mar 8th, 2006 - 11:11 PM

Yes, it is becoming a very interesting thread.

The questions on Aristasia's nature and whereabouts are profoundly fascinating. We can only speculate, of course, but there are some points worth considering.

The term Aethyr refers, of course, to the fifth element from which the four material elements proceed. When used "topologically" (when we say something is "in the aethyr") it has two senses. 1) because the aethyr pervades all things, even where the other four elements are absent, the term is sometimes used to describe the "vacuum" of outer space. 2) It is used to mean levels of being that are not physical, and therefore are aethyrial.

To some extent, in such contexts as Aristasian science fiction, Aethyr in the first of these "topological" senses may be taken as a metaphor for the second sense.

My own belief is that Aristasia Pura is not represented by a different physical planet, but exists on another level of being. I could, of course, be wrong about this, and even if I am not it does not invalidate the research Miss Clarissa refers to. We must remember that late-Tellurian researchers, with their rationalistic and scientific culture, are bound to interpret traditional data (from the Dogon people and others) in a sense that may be childishly literalistic. For traditional peoples the stars and heavens are the natural representatives of higher states of being, not physical entities.

Does Aristasia occupy higher level of being? In all probability, yes. The question of whether Aristasia is a Paradise has been discussed in Girls' Town some time ago (in Archive 4 and the preceding ones). The conclusion was that it is not a paradise in the technical sense, being an Axial world, but that it occupies a higher position on the Axis than does the Earth.

This being said, one must also consider that the actual Paradises aspired to by those in Aristasia Pura are feminine Paradises, so there is also, from our point of view, something very like Aristasia that is a Paradise.

The guidance that has been received of late from Aristasia Pura has at times seemed to be that of other Axial beings like ourselves and at other times to be closer to the Angelic. The need to distinguish between these two may be less great than at first it seems. In a Celestial Empire like Aristasia, whose Empress is regarded as the Supernal Sun Incarnate, Spiritual influences are much more directly and actively at work than in a profane world such as late-Telluria.

As for men and other realities, we really are getting into the realms of conjecture here. There are certainly other realities in the multiverse than Telluria and Aristasia. We regard feminine realities as the highest, but that may only be our perspective. There may be people in Telluria with homelands other than Telluria or Aristasia, but that is something that does not really concern an Aristasian.

Girls who don't come from Aristasia are as welcome in Aristasia-in-Telluria as those who do. All of us may be adopted as Aristasians if we truly desire to be

Petite Sorciere

Mar 10th, 2006 - 12:29 AM

I do understand our honoured Raya's need to be judicious in her statements, but really, we all know that the superiority of feminine worlds is not simply our perspective.

Mascûli are ruled by the principle of discord. They kill their own kind. In every age and every nation where mascûli rule, they have devoted endless ingenuity to cruel ways of inflicting death and pain. Their spiritual doctrines include hells and tortures that reflect their real-life cruelty. Men commit crimes and violence many, many times more frequently and more severely than women.

Of course feminine realities are higher and purer than schizomorphic ones.

To this we add a brief question-and-answer from a discussion at the White Rose Room:

Q: Is Aristasia a whole planet or is it a sort of continent?

A: The world is known as Sai Herthe. The Empire is mostly on one continent. There are not schizomorphs on the same "planet". We are not certain if much else is inhabited.

Purans speak of the Blessed Isles over the Western Sea. Modern physical geography is not really their way of thinking - and indeed only holds true under certain specific conditions. The idea that with sufficient propulsion one could travel anywhere in the universe is one of the delusions of Tellurian rationalism.

Places are only physical up to a point. That is, they have a physical element, but that does not wholly define their place-ness.

Q: Is Aristasia, then, more like a "state of mind"? I mean, an ethereal place that only the mind can reach?

A: Possibly - but so is Telluria.

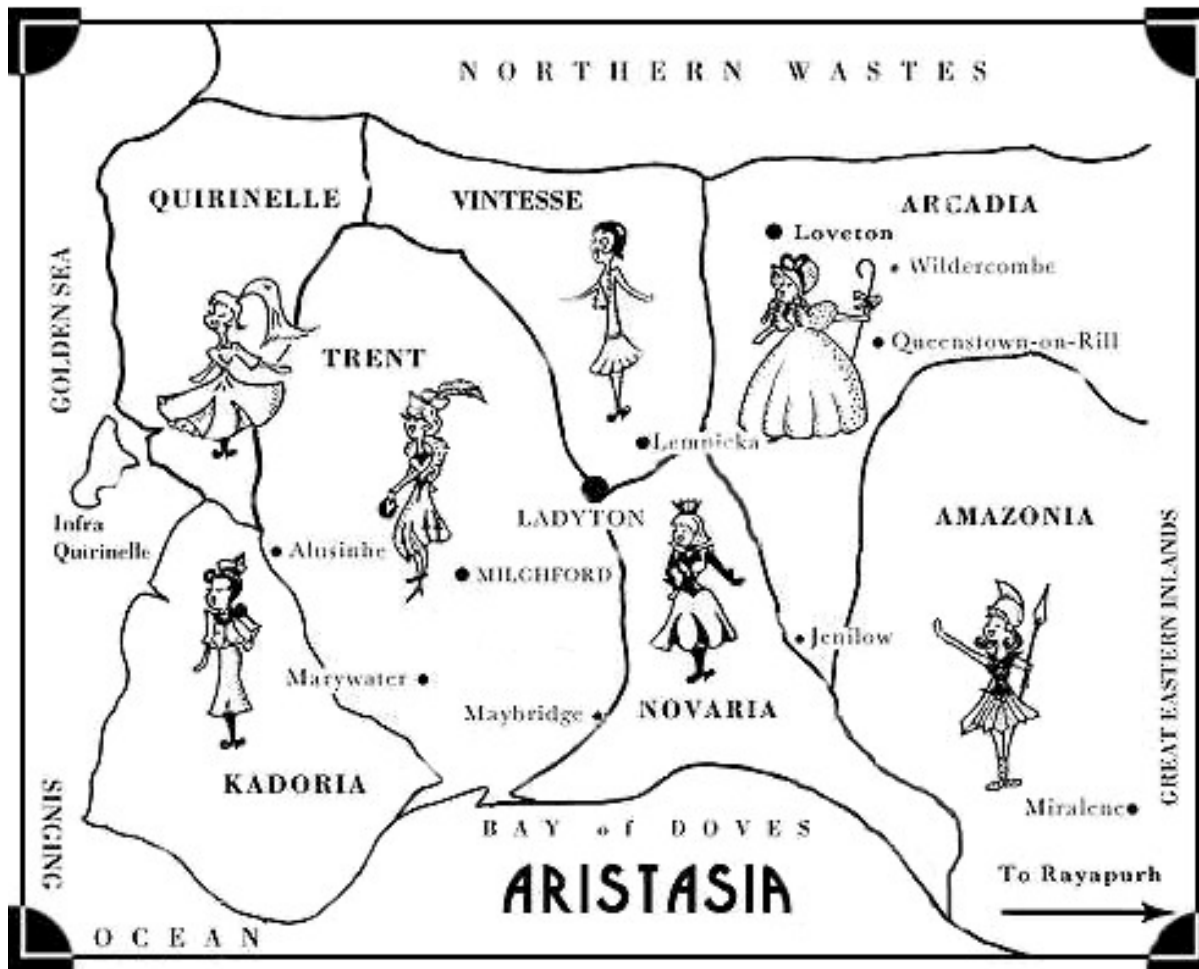
Q: Oh? Telluria is also like that? Why?

A: All places are. Their physical place-ness is only one aspect of them. One is not saying that Aristasia does not have a physical aspect - or something akin to one.

The plane of matter is only one of a thousand planes. And nothing exists only on that plane - because it is incomplete in itself

Q: The separation of matter from mind is an illusion - or perhaps a delusion?

A: Certainly.



Introduction to Aristasian Geography

If people make one mistake more important than any other about Aristasia, it is that they underestimate its sheer size. I am not certain why. Perhaps it is because they have seen dinky maps with cute pictures. Perhaps it is the possibly-misleading use of the term "provinces" for the Nations.

The Nations are Provinces, but only in the sense that Britain was once a province of Rome - and not even as much as that sense, for they are not really centrally governed. Very few decisions taken at Ladyton would actually affect Quirinelle, for example.

Culverians may see the Aristasian provinces as being somewhat equivalent to States. Again, that is misleading. The equivalent of an American State in

Aristasia would probably be a Duchy. The Duchy is the major administrative unit within a nation. Some are quite small, containing only a few Counties, while others are huge. The Archduchy of Jenilow, for example, while being under the Arkadyani Crown, is in many respects like a nation in its own right. Crossing the boundary from Trerayin Duchy in North-West Arkadya into Northern Jenilow is almost as much of a change as crossing the border between Dachertha Duchy, east Novaria, into Jenilow.

Probably another reason why people picture Aristasia much smaller than it is, is that even now relatively little is known about it beyond the broad outline of the nations. The fact is that even the smaller nations are each probably as large and various as the casual observer believes the whole of Aristasia to be. Each Duchy has its own ways and customs, often its own characteristic dialect, its major cities and small towns, its farmlands and great country houses, its history and institutions.

I have mentioned Jenilow partly because it is probably the only Duchy that has become well known in its own right among Aristasians-in-Telluria. Jenilow, admittedly, is somewhat exceptional. It is one of the largest Duchies and the fact that it is not a nation in its own right is really more a historical accident than a reflection of its nature. Still many of the larger Duchies in other nations are not far off Jenilow in size and importance.

All things come in their season, and the time has probably not come yet to be thinking about a full description of any nation at Duchy level, but the time has come, in this pette's opinion, to move beyond the sketchy caricature-view that sees the Motherlands as a smallish place divided into a few lightly differentiated "provinces".

Sai Herthe

Not very long ago, to most Tellurians, Aristasia was explained as a way to re-cultivate a healthy image-sphere by not returning to the ancient past but to something akin to a feminine version of the immediately accessible past prior to the Tellurian Eclipse. Within that context, the cultures of the seven nations were compared with cultural phenomena during several decades of the early 20th century in Telluria. For the sake of teaching, that analogy was adequate for the time preceding Operation Bridgehead.

Since Operation Bridgehead, however, a clearer picture has been publicly formulated of what Aristasia is, and the "planet" on which it is located. Most of us are now aware that Aristasia is located on a planet named Sai Herthe, which in turn is located in a solar system that is very similar, or at least analogous, to the one in which Telluria exists.

The explanation of Aristasia as a way to re-cultivate a healthy image-sphere was a nice, non-contentious one for outlanders. It was adopted by Miss Alice Lucy Trent in *The Feminine Universe* largely because Aristasia was not the main subject of the book. It has been used at various times.

However, for a very long time, real Aristasians-in-Telluria have known that their Motherland was much more than a convenient mental conceit. As time has gone by we have been privileged to have more and more knowledge of, and contact with, the True Raihir.

The very precise definition of Sai Herthe as a planet has been made in such fictional works as *The Princess and the Captain*. This may be said to be at the opposite extreme from the "mental conceit" explanation.

The cautious view of these matters bids us remember, as all tradition teaches, that the physical world is only a tiny part of the whole of manifestation. Naturally, maid has always pictured other levels of reality in terms of the physical world she knows. This is what is happening in legends and "fairy tales" which depict spiritual realities in terms of human locations and activities.

One is not saying that there is not a planet called Sai Herthe existing on the precise same plane of physical reality as our own. There may be. But if there were not, those are still the terms in which we should be inclined to see it, because they are the only terms we can fully understand.

Discussion of the Nature of Sai Herthe

Lady Aquila wrote:

To the West of our map it has long been held that there lie the Isles of the Blessed and the Jeweled Paradise of the Daughter. It has been considered impious to sail very far beyond the Westrenne shores. Probably one could in fact circumnavigate the globe, and no doubt this prohibition constitutes something of a confusion of Sacred Geography with material geography and is one of the few really "pre-modern" ideas to continue to prevail in the West.

There may, however, be a profound reason for this. The reader cannot by now be unaware that East and West have a symbolic (and therefore ritual) significance beyond their merely spatial reference (or rather because of it, for even the ignorant never cease in reality to move in sacred space). The opening of the "West beyond the West" in Telluria has gone hand in hand with the Rationalist Revolution, and it may be that one is the geographical equivalent and ritual enactment of the other.

However that may be, the further reaches of the Golden Sea are held to be sacred and inviolable, and of the very few who have ever sailed thither, none has returned to tell the tale - nor ever set out with the intention of returning.

Lhi Raya Chancandre Aquitaine replied:

With all respect to my lady (and I have vast respect for her wonderful exposition), this may be one point in which she is wrong. It may indeed not be possible to circumnavigate Sai Herthe. The Isles of the Blessed may actually lie to the West, for this realm may not be a physical planet and it may occupy Sacred Space in a more direct sense than Telluria does.

I do not say that this is the case, but it is quite possible.

Again, the extent to which Sai Herthe is a "parallel world" to Telluria is something that has been debated recently: certainly it is parallel in some respects, but some of the parallel phenomena may actually be "translations" of phenomena in the Motherland into terms that make sense in Telluria. In this respect the term "imaginative" may not be entirely misplaced, but it should not be used in the vulgar late-Tellurian sense of "non-existent".

When I suggest that my Lady Aquila may be "wrong", I use the term in a very particular sense. Regarding Sai Herthe as a physical planet is entirely valid for fictional purposes and may well be the best way for us to visualise the Motherland. I would only warn against taking this with the sort of literalism that makes Biblical "fundamentalists" declare that every word of the Bible is literally (i.e. in point of gross physical fact) true.

Please be assured that I am not for one moment questioning the existence of the True Raihir which claims all my loyalty. I am merely warning against the tendency to place all things on the plane of physical matter.

We may learn more about all this as time passes. We may not. If we do not, we should rest content, like good children, that we have been told what we need to know.

Having said all this, it will be clear that I would regard a physical description of the solar system in which Sai Herthe lies as premature. That she occupies a solar system is clear, in that she has a representation of the Supernal Sun which gives her light and representations of the other six Great Janyati, even as we have our Sun and six other visible planets. Whether these are in fact physical orbs or whether they take on forms appropriate to another dimension of being we cannot say for sure.

It is natural and proper for us to picture them in physical forms analogous to those of our own existence. This we should continue to do while bearing in mind that precise physicalities may not be exactly literal, and also understanding that they are no whit less real for that.

East and West

In the Aristasian Empire there are two eastern provinces (Amazonia and Arcadia) and five western nations (Quirinelle, Kadoria, Trent, Vintesse and Novaria).

The East is far larger than the rest of the Westrenne Empire and while, from the Westrenne point of view, it is a province of the Empire, in some of the further reaches of the East the Westrenne Empress has hardly been heard of. The East - especially the further East - maintains, as far as is possible in the Iron Age, the more ancient ways of life and being. Estrenne broadly refers to the province known as Amazonia together with the easterly parts of Arcadia. Amazonia is a Westrenne term and is not used much in the East itself.

The term Westrenne usually refers to the five Western provinces plus Western Arcadia. However, Novaria, while part of the West, was settled by Estrennes and has a culture that combines high technics with much of traditional Estrenne culture. Westrenne also refers to the dialect spoken in Western Aristasia Pura.

Just as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, so the East corresponds to dawn and the West to sunset. In Aristasia the most Easterly provinces have certain external similarities to earlier times in Telluria, and the Western ones to later times.



Northern Wastelands

To the North of the map of Aristasia, the land is known to be very inhospitable. Millennia ago dark creatures lurked there and a few may still be there. The Queen of Kadoria was long ago entrusted with the task of maintaining North-Western security, and there is a narrow zone inside the Northern Wastelands, above Quirinelle and Vintesse, maintained by the Kadorian Army with patrols from other national forces. Further east, the borderlands are kept by the Arkadyani. Further east still there is a Great Wall built long ago. This is still kept by companies of archers and there are cavalry posts along the way in case of need. Nowadays these installations (both east and west) serve the function mostly of training camps, teaching the arts of survival and combat in rough country.



The River Thamë

The river Thamë runs from the Northeast Amazonian highlands, through Arcadia Novaria and Trent to the Bay of Doves. For some of its length it forms the border between Novaria and Trent. It is by far the longest river known in the West and is sacred to Sai Thamë. In olden times it is said that some saw the River as an embodiment of the Janya herself.

Many important towns and cities and other places of historic significance lie along the vast length of the Thamë. The great city of Goldhaven/Westeringsea lies about a mile from the sea on the Thamë delta. This is actually two cities connected by several bridges: Goldhaven on the Trentish side and Westerlingsea on the Novarian side. However, the interdependence and interrelation of the two cities is so great that they are in many respects regarded as one.



Amazonia

The most easterly province of Aristasia Pura. Amazonia is ruled celestially by Sai Raya, the Angel of the Sun. It is by far the largest of the provinces and has no single earthly ruler; whole Empires exist in areas of Amazonia. It should be noted that the term "Amazonia" is not used in the province itself, where, if it is referred to as a whole, it is simply called the East.

Both Amazonia and Arcadia are unlike the other five nations in that each of them is larger than all five combined, and while they are theoretically part of the Westrenne Empire, only the westerly parts of those nations are actually in contact with the Empress of the West.

The far-Western Area of "Amazonia" (that shown on the map and a bit beyond) has rulers firmly loyal to the Westrenne Empress (whom they regard as Raihiranya Orvilanhela - the Empress of the World). As with Arcadia, things become less clear-cut as we move eastwards and eventually

the border between "Amazonia" and Arcadia disappears as other forms of jurisdiction become more prominent.

We do not know as much about the East as we do about the West. Even in Sai Herthe itself, with the lack of modern communications in the East, it is not always easy to distinguish "hard fact" from "travellers' tales" - and of course there is less anxiety to do so than there would be in Telluria. Facts are as important for what they have to tell us as they are for their correspondence to the material surfaces of things.

But here are some things we do know: Some way east and south of our map is Rayapurh (Sun-City). Rayapurh was the last of the great Eastern successors to the Cairen (or Caeren) Empire. Rayapurh retains much of its old glory and the question of whether the Empress at Rayapurh is Raihiranya Orvilanhela or whether that title has now passed to the Empress in the West is one that may never be satisfactorily settled. There is a recognition in the East that these latter days are the Time of the Setting Sun (that is, of the West). There are some that call the Empress at Rayapurh the Little Empress of the South and some who hold that she is the true Spiritual Sun of the world.

East of Rayapurh we find many nations and principalities; some former Heiress-Empires of Caire, some continuing to claim Imperial glory in one degree or another; we find different races and peoples like the white-skinned Alvitsenhe (not pinkish-skinned like the Westrennes, but very white and almond-eyed); the great snow-capped mountain ranges, and beyond them Caire itself, its towers still standing but with no claimant to the Imperial Throne. The Chamber of the Empress is kept in its beautiful state, but the High Princess of Caire never uses it. There is no question that the seat of the Mayaraihiranya moved west long ago (that is, long before the time of present Westrenne Empire). Caire is still a great centre, perhaps the great centre of culture in the nether-East.

There are lands beyond Caire, and then the great and small islands of the Estrenne Sea.

<i>Places in Amazonia</i>	<i>Correspondences</i>
Rayapurh: the Holy City, often seen as the capital of the East	<i>Janya:</i> Sai Raya
Miralene: a town in western Amazonia	<i>Metal:</i> Gold
	<i>Tellurian Analogies:</i> Pre-patriarchal history ; Asia ; the Sun

The Cairen Flag



The flag of the Cairen Empire, which is the founding Empire of the current Historical era in Aristasia Pura and was established some 3,300 years ago, is used by several Eastern Princesses whose realms and monarchies are held to be the direct descendants of Caire. Because Westrenne technics are not effective far to the east, travel and communications between the West and the further East are very limited. The situation is thus not one of conflict and confusion, but of different arrangements prevailing in different places.

The rays of the sun combine both the orthogonal and the diagonal cross, representing the extension of a world-order in all possible directions of material space, while the governing Celestial principle is represented by the

central Sun. This expresses the Imperial ideal: both the early mission of the Cairen Empire to expel the Outlander and establish the Divine Order throughout the Aristasian lands and the later task of unifying and administering the widespread Empire.

The heart in the microcosm of the body is the incarnation of the sun in the macrocosm of the universe, and just as the sun supplies the surrounding world with warmth and light necessary for life, so the heart supplies the whole body with its life-blood. Thus the Sun of the Imperial flag is also the Solar Heart of the Empire, and the rays are like the many paths to and from the Holy City of Caire. The saying “All roads lead to Caire” has a clearly metaphysical significance, as does the designation of such roads as “arterial”.

The Cairen Imperial Flag represents, at the highest level, Dea as the Supernal Sun at the centre of Her created universe and at the lower or “political” level, the Imperial City providing the lifeblood of the Empire, the maternal nourishment of civilisation and order. One may also note here a reflection of the relation between wisdom and method (often illustrated by the parallel of the blind maid carrying the lame maid — for the blind maid has the material power to walk, being method or substance, and the lame maid has the spiritual power to see, being Wisdom or Essence). The arterial rays transmit the life-light or lifeblood of the Spirit to the Empire, while the arterial roads also bring material support — food, goods, servants etc — to the Capital.

The Solar Centre represents the Celestial City at the heart of the Empire, the Temple-Palace at the heart of the city, the Imperial Throne at the heart of the Palace, the Solar Empress, Incarnation of the Sun at the heart of the throne, and the Divine Solar Heart — the essence of her incarnated ancestral divinity — at the centre of the Empress herself.

The two colours of the Cairen Imperial Flag represent the two qualities of the sun: light (gold) and warmth (red) which are respectively Wisdom (or Solar Intelligence) and Love, the two Divine Nutrients of the Empire.



Temple Virgins, As From The District Governess

At the heart of the Forbidden City of Rayapurh, stands the palace of Bright-Moon (Chancandra): she whom benighted maids name the little-Empress of the South but who is in very truth Celestial Regent of all the world, whether it be or no that the outland barbarians have the soul-light to recognise her. And at the heart of this same palace there lies a hall wherein the Earthly Lucina herself may enter only by permission.

And in the heart of that hall burns the hearth-fire of the cosmos: the central flame round which the dance of all things takes its course.

Twelve virgins guard that flame, feeding and tending it, throwing sweet-smelling herbs and precious resins with strange and lovely chants into its burning heart. Twelve virgins, taken each from her mother's breast before her eyes have been open twelve days and nights upon the world.

Most often the mother herself had been removed from the world by the unsearchable will of the Angels, but always some sign was upon the child to show that she was one of the Precious Chosen.



Malinka's Story

My name is Malinka. I am a soldier-maid, a warrior from Far Eastern Amazonia. I am lucky enough to serve in the Rayin's, that is, Queen's, very own Guard and for many years I was honoured to be always at her side, serving her faithfully, fighting many battles.

But there came a dark day when I was wrested from her and I floated in a limbo near tall, forbidding buildings, strange noisy machines and grey overcast skies. I was born a child, and in a land such as I never knew. I was bewildered and frightened. As I grew older and came to consciousness I saw I was in a Godless land where everything was askew and no-one lived by

ritual or beauty or poetry or magic. How my heart ached! I felt completely abandoned and everything was meaningless.

But praise be to Dea, and to Her handmaiden the glorious Vikhe, goddess of warriors! One day I was called to a small band of other warriors and I looked in their eyes and they looked in mine and we knew each other. I had found my compatriots and I was alone no longer and we built ourselves the land of Aristasia apart from and yet accessible from the strange land you know as the Pit.

I lived many years among the maidens and in their provinces, though sadly we were mostly in the West near Vintesse and Quirinelle. Some of us particularly liked Novaria because it reminded us of home with its Eastern flavouring. But I always was a maid of habit and I missed the wildness and the passion – the dancing, the battles, the songs and ale by the campfires on windswept battlefields.

I fought in, and even led, many magical campaigns against the Demons of Darkness who thronged in the strange land outside and beneath our Provinces, who often attacked us. I fought the battles successfully, but I yearned for my very own Province, for the land of my heart, and I yearned for lost maidens, some soldier-maids, some the healing sisters that tend the wounded, yearned for eyes I had not found among the maidens of Aristasia.

So one day I went on a mission, away from Aristasia, away from the safety I had known there, away from my friends and fellow-warriors and into the ravaged plains of the Pit. It was a lonely journey, and sometimes I felt faint and unsure of my mission. But I felt Dea's hand upon my shoulders, and Vikhe's songs at my lips and I sang the warrior song called "The Iron Ring" as I journeyed. And it was this, this song, that led me to a broken warrior, who was mending and who needed my help. But more of this another time.

Malinka FiaBrighe of the House of Colwyn

The Iron Ring

*O, the Temples are in ruins,
There is treason in the town;
The statues in the market-place
Have all been broken down.
Our dear Lady is forgotten
Through the whole of Her fair land,
For it languishes in darkness 'neath
The tyrant's bloody hand.*

*Chorus: But we love Her in the mountains
Where the air is fresh and clear,
For the bloody hand of tyranny
Can gain no entrance here;*

*[cont'd:] And we raid them and we mock them
And we feast and we dance and we sing
And if they want to stop us
Let them break the Iron Ring*

*[cont'd:] Let them break the Iron Ring,
Let them break the Iron Ring,
All the men from here to Hades
Cannot break the Iron Ring.*

*O the tyrant has made idols
With his own unseemly face
And has tortured our dear kinsfolk
From our Lady's loving grace;
And there's many a saintly priestess
That has died by sword or flame
For she would not call on any but
Our Lady's precious Name.*

Chorus: But we love Her in the mountains...

*Let us praise our noble warriors
That protect us from our foes,
Let us praise their shining armour
And their swiftly-arching bows;
For their eyes are ever laughing
And their lips forever sing.
Let us praise the noble soldier-maids
That make the Iron Ring.*

Chorus: For we love Her in the mountains...



Arcadia

Arcadia is an eastern province of Aristasia. The tutelary spirit of Arcadia is the brunette angel Sai Rhavē (pronounced Rah-vay). Its Queen is Viktorya (not to be confused with Queen Viktorya of Novaria).

Both Arcadia and Amazonia are unlike the other five nations in that each of them is larger than all five combined, and while they are theoretically part of the Westrenne Empire, only the Westerly parts of those nations are actually in contact with the Empress of the West.

Eastward, in the North, the distinction between Arcadia and "Amazonia" becomes less clear. The true Arcadia is a land of reduced technics by Westrenne standards but is a Northern technical enclave in the East. Trains run regularly, the streets of the towns are gas-lit and the postal service (not strictly technical, but always remarked upon as part of the Arcadian passion for organisation) is legendary. In most of the great cities, one can post a letter in the morning, inviting someone to tea that same day, and receive a reply by lunch time.

Because of the non-forceful and somewhat "ritual" nature of Aristasian government, the Eastern boundaries of Arcadia have never been entirely clear, with certain Eastern princesses declaring themselves under the protection of Her Majesty Arkadyana for some purposes and not for others. But a thousand miles after the railway has been replaced by the stage-coach, where the stage itself has become intermittent and the mails are irregular, Arcadia may be said to have more-or-less ended and the government of the local royalty is far more important than any contact with the distant Arkadyani throne. Even here, though, you will find the odd enclave of West Arcadians running schools or trading companies or simply living there from choice, still living in West Arcadian style and dressing for dinner in the formal clothes of High Arcadia.

In the south-west of Arcadia is the Jenilow "peninsula" (actually a triangular section over a thousand miles long that runs down between Novaria and "Amazonia") most of which is occupied by the Archduchy of Jenilow. Here are found technics of a much higher order than in the rest of Arcadia, though with a distinctly Arcadian flavour. The culture here is a unique mixture of High Arcadian Westrenne with an Estrenne influence that is more "Easterly" even than that of Novaria. The capital city of the Archduchy is Jenilow, the most southerly great city of Arcadia, which lies on the banks of the River Thamë.

<i>Places in Arcadia</i>	<i>Correspondences</i>
Loveton: the capital, in north-west Arcadia Wildercombe Queenstown-on-Rill Jenilow: a town in south-west Arcadia	<i>Janya:</i> Sai Rhavë <i>Metal:</i> Lead <i>Tellurian</i> <i>Analogyes:</i> Victorian/Edwardian Eras and earlier ; Saturn

The Flag of Arcadia



The flag of Arcadia has a dark blue field with a dark red orthogonal cross composed of wide bands and surrounded with a thinner outline in gold.

While, strictly speaking, Azure is Azure and Gules is Gules in a heraldic description, traditionally the red and blue of the Arcadian flag are often of a deeper shade than on the other flags, as depicted here. This goes with the

"weight" and solidity associated with Sai Rhavë, as does the orthogonal cross of a decidedly heavy and solid design.

In terrestrial terms, Sai Rhavë governs solidity, foundation, construction as well as discipline and even severity (in which respect she can be paired with Sai Sushuri as the pillars of mercy and severity with Sai Thamë as the balance between them). The vertical beam represents the World-Axis — the Divine Principle which descends from the highest Heaven to the lowest level of being — while the horizontal bar represents the outward development of a particular world, created, as all worlds must be, by the Celestial influence represented by the vertical ray.

Viewed "horizontally", the cross represents the outward development of a world-system in all four cardinal directions of space. In this case it is the Centre of the cross that represents the point of the descent of the World-Axis from which all being within a particular universe proceeds.

The flags of Arcadia and "Amazonia", which are used by different nations and even Empires much further east, represent Universality rather than the particularity of the five Westrenne flags, since for many hundreds of thousands of people (Aristasia has not the vast population of Telluria) they represent the Empire.



Jenilow, the Castle and the Hover-Train

Jenilow is the major Arcadian city in the southern “panhandle” of that country. The city proper has a population of 821,350 (3326 est.) and boasts the historic Abileschen castle downtown. The city is laid out as though its streets form a giant wheel, with the castle at its centre. Jenilow is known for its festive procession in Maia, as well as for its textile and ceramic industries.

Jenilovian culture is distinct both from that of Upper Arcadia and from that of the surrounding nations. It has a curious technics – advanced almost to Novarian standards and yet highly Arcadian in style. It is also more Estrenne in feeling than most of Novaria (which is itself quite “Estrenne”, especially in the East of the country).

Those familiar with Jenilow say that certain pictures of Meiji era Japan are the closest Tellurian images to convey the cultural atmosphere of Jenilow. Obviously the comparison is only indicative and does not go beyond the visual impression, but it is still useful.

The current Mayor of Jenilow is Lady Maylana Rosemont. The Mayor, of course, administers the City of Jenilow and the Countess the County of Jenilow, of which the City is the County Town. Jenilow City is also the capital of the Archduchy of Jenilow, a huge “nation within a nation” that occupies most of the so-called “Jenilow peninsula” (it is not a true peninsula, of course, because it is surrounded not by water but by two non-Arcadian nations).

Jenilow Castle was originally the primary seat of the Archduchess of Jenilow – which it still is: it has long also been a triple seat of government, for it houses the council-chamber of the Countess of Jenilow and the chambers of the Mayor of Jenilow. All three dignitaries have extensive living quarters in the great building.

Castles were first built in early Imperial times. They were essentially fortified palaces, usually surrounded by large fortified enclosures. In those days the Outlander hordes still occasionally made incursions into the Eastern and Northern lands. One must also remember that certain classes of demon took on a far more physical form than has usually been the case in Telluria (there were also demon armies).

The castle and its walled enclosure was a place where the puhrani (citizens) could retreat and be safe when danger threatened. Some cities were also walled for the same reason.

In later times and further west, the castle style of architecture, with turrets and other fortification-style features (in a more western style) was often adopted, for it had become a symbol of the Great Central Enclosure. On certain occasions the fortification could still provide a refuge against dark incursions, though its function was now largely symbolic.

Jenilow is 42 minutes by rail from Ladyton. The direct land-journey from Jenilow to Ladyton takes place almost entirely on Novarian soil and is not far short of a thousand miles (some suggest it may be more like 500 miles – distances are notoriously difficult to calculate between worlds). Clearly such

a distance by train in such a time would be impossible anywhere in Arcadia (even including the Jenilow “peninsula” which is more technically advanced than the rest of that realm). However, the journey connects with the Royal Novarian Golden Arrow Line “super-bullet-express” which connects Southern Novaria with Ladyton and Novarayapurh.

These “super-bullet trains” are the only supersonic land-craft currently used in the Empire. Such speeds are considered unsafe for other land vehicles. The super-bullets are regarded as land-craft, although they are actually hover-trains and do not touch the ground while in operation. The “rails” are in fact force-guides rather than physical rails. At the speed they travel, the friction involved in wheeled locomotion would be unmanageable.



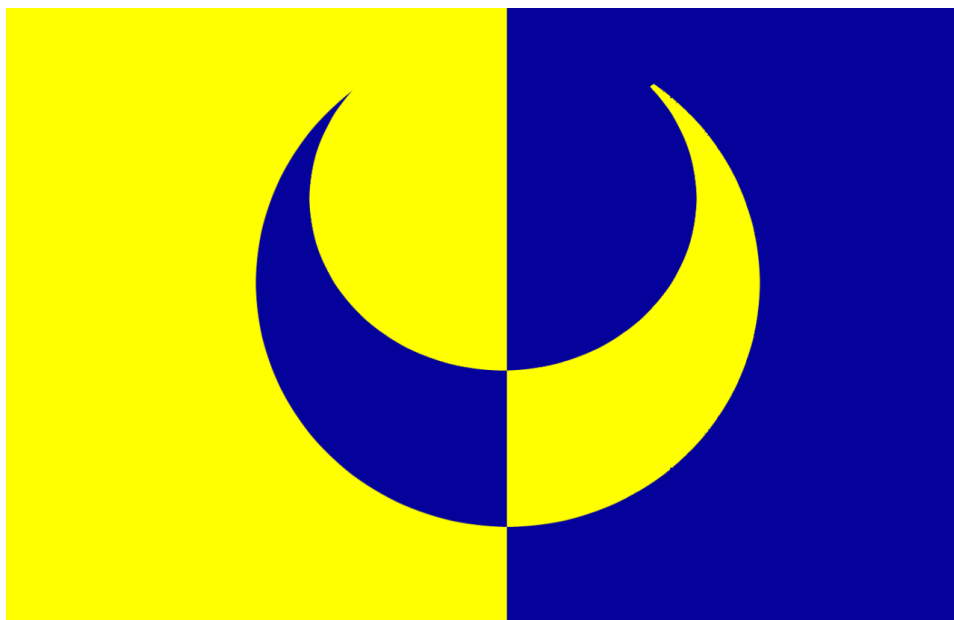
Vintesse

Vintesse is a province of Aristasia. The tutelary spirit of Vintesse is Sai Candre, the angel of the moon.

Vintesse is noted for its jinky music and its "Pippsies" (bright young things). It is also the home of Art Neo. Vintesse is closely allied with Novaria.

<i>Places in Vintesse</i>	<i>Correspondences</i>
Ladyton: the capital of the Celestial Empire, situated on the borders of Trent, Vintesse and Novaria	<i>Janya:</i> Sai Candrë <i>Metal:</i> Silver
Lempicka: a town in south-east Vintesse	<i>Number:</i> 2 <i>Tellurian Analogies:</i> 1920s ; the Moon

The Flag of Vintesse



The flag of Vintesse has a horizontally divided field, half yellow, half blue. The charge is a lunar crescent with the points upward in the colours of the field counterchanged.

The themes of this flag are clearly lunarity and duality. We have an image of the sublunary world where all things are in a state of flux and change and where things are seen with the two eyes of lunar reason rather than the single eye of Solar Intellect; thus all is divided into dark and light, yin and yang, meli and chela ("brunette" and "blonde" sexes).

In her highest aspect, Sai Candrë, the Moon is called the Great Priestess and is the ruler of earthly priestesses and the type of Our Lady as Priestess of the World; for the Moon stands between earth and Heaven, mediating Heaven to earth and Earth to Heaven. This is precisely the function shown in this image, with the Moon appearing suffused with Heaven's golden light on the field of earth and with earth's darkness on the field of Heaven. She is the Mediatrix who stands between Dea and maid, being both Dea and maid. She is the Bridge Who leads from earth to Heaven, and the Barque of Swift Crossing (the resemblance of the horned moon to a boat is another minor aspect of its symbolism).

Thus the flag of Vintesse speaks both of the inherent duality of the world and the resolution of that duality by the mediated Light of Heaven.

Stylistically, the counterchanged image, with its perfect line and curves, represents the quintessence of Art Neo — Vintesse being the home of Art Neo par excellence — but counterchanging is also a very traditional heraldic technique, reminding us once again that true Art Neo is simply the application of traditional form within a new milieu. Once again, the resolution of duality — in this case of the apparent duality between the "modern" and the traditional — forms the theme of the Vintesse flag; just as this very resolution is the whole purpose of Westrenne Aristasia in general and of Vintesse in particular.

The Vintesse flag is the only one that is laterally asymmetrical, and it should be note that the yellow field always flies closest to the mast, symbolising the light from the Solar-summitted World-Axis being mediated even to the "outer darkness".

Fairies from Vintesse



Do you know the Cottingley fairy photographs? To my mind, one of the fascinating points about them – surprisingly rarely remarked on by critics – is how utterly Vintesse the fairies look. Just take a peek at the darlings. Look at their lovely up-to-date bobs and their perfect Puppenkopf faces. They might have stepped out of any Vintesse fairy-book and almost from a fashion plate of the Province.

This raises certain questions. Those doubting the pictures really ought (if they were more sensitive to qualitative rather than merely quantitative matters) to suggest that these clearly came from the imagination of Vintesse girls. Would real fairies present themselves in a manner so clearly influenced by human fashion?

My answer is – I think they might. There could be various explanations.

1. In the first place, fairies are not physical creatures. They are not normally visible. When they do take on visible forms, it might well be done with some assistance from the image-sphere of those to whom they are manifesting.

2. Human beings are the central or axial creatures of this world-system. We might well expect more peripheral creatures, who borrow their forms from humanity, to reflect something of the human ways of the time – just as courtly fairies in mediaeval descriptions resemble mediaeval human courts.
3. In historical Vintesse, the Western Islands were in a time of crisis, with the Great Darkness (that eventually eclipsed the culture and became the Pit) still being contested by the Stream of Light, which largely manifested itself in the Art Neo spirit. Human beings were the main conduit for this spirit, but we need not necessarily assume that they were the only one.



Trent

Trent is the largest of the five Western Provinces of Aristasia, bordering the other four. It is regarded as the central province of the Westrenne Empire. Sai Thamë (pronounced Tah-may) is the tutelary Angel of Trent. Queen Eleanor is the ruler of the province.

The Trentish anthem begins:

*Raise your voice and glorify Trintitia,
The golden center of the world;
Raise your voice and glorify Trintitia,
Her banners are unfurled.
We are the daughters of Trintitia,
We shall forever sing her praise.
Raise your voice and glorify Trintitia,
Down all the length of days.*

Trent is looked upon as a centre of fashion and sophistication, especially by the more "home-like" Quirinelle.

The usual adjectives are Trentish and Trintitian.

<i>Places in Trent</i>	<i>Correspondences</i>
Trintitiana: The Capital of Trent Ladyton: the capital of the Celestial Empire, situated on the borders of Trent, Vintesse and Novaria Milchford: home of the great Western university Maybridge: a town in south-east Trent, near the Novarian border Marywater: a country town in south-west Trent Alusinhe: a town near the western border	<i>Janya:</i> Sai Thamë <i>Element:</i> Earth <i>Metal:</i> Tin <i>Number:</i> 3 <i>Tellurian Analogies:</i> 1930s ; Jupiter

The Flag of Trent



The flag of Trent consists of a gold fleur-de-lys on a blue field edged with a gold frame toward the perimeter.

Blue is the colour of Sai Thamë, and blue-and-gold her most characteristic combination of colours.

The fleur-de-lys or fleur-de-luce (flower of light) is a very ancient motif with connexion both to the lotus and the Tree of Life. In many representations the Lotus is the Throne of Dea and some interpretations of the Trentish flower see the central petal as Dea standing upright amidst the petals: the Jewel in the Lotus.

The divine lotus also represents the flowering of manifestation upon the waters of all-possibility (prakriti); and thus the entire ordering of the manifest world: all these themes are fundamental to our understanding of the Royal Janya, Sai Thamë who is the ruler of all harmony and order in the Divine-centred universe.

The central petal may be seen as the divine Ray itself striking the waters whereupon manifestation is represented by the two outer petals. This reflects the image of Dea standing upright upon the lotus, as is often seen in depictions of Sri Mahalakshmi. This symbolism depicts the number 3 as 1+2 — that is, the Divine Principle, which is singular, giving rise to all the dualities of manifestation.

The association of the Trentish flower with the primordial Tree is also significant. In the West Sai, Thamë is associated with the Archetypal Tree, the Oak (our very word "tree" comes from a word meaning "oak"). In the Far East, the Day of Sai Thamë, Thursday, is ruled by the "element" of Wood (interestingly, just as wood is the only organic "element" in the Eastern system, so the flag of Trent is the only Aristasian flag to bear an organic device).

The framing or bounding of the blue field with gold indicates the "pale of civilisation", the proper boundary within which the Empire rules and beyond which lies the barbarism of the Outlander, and, metaphysically, the Outer Darkness.

The Trentish flag is thus the flag of Royalty and order, as befits the central nation of the Westrenne Empire.



Kadoria

Kadoria is an western province of Aristasia. Its tutelary spirit is the brunette angel Sai Vikhë.

Kadoria is ruled by the brunette Queen Francesca. While all Aristasian Queens, as Commander in Chief of their respective nations, hold various military ranks and are often seen in the uniforms associated with them, Queen Francesca is rarely seen in public out of uniform. She is said to believe that the country should be organised on military lines and all brunettes of the Raihira and Magdala Estates are required to undergo a period of military training. The inclusion of the Magdala in this, and the military-style centralisation of Government has been criticised in some other countries, where Queen Francesca's name is taken by some as a byword for extreme punctiliousness.

Kadoria is particularly noted for its military academies and its dedication to the Vikhelic arts.

Kadorian fashion, noted for square shoulders and severe tailoring, has been described as "militarised chic" although a wide and admired variety of couture is to be found in Kadoria.

Despite the southerly location of the nation, Kadorian Army is charged with the primary defence of the Northern borders of the Western part of the empire, that is the fringes of the Northern Wastelands bordering Quirinelle and Vintesse. The Kadorian navy also has the task of patrolling the Golden Sea.

<i>Places in Kadoria</i>	<i>Correspondences</i>
<i>No known places</i>	<i>Janya</i> : Sai Vikhë <i>Element</i> : Fire <i>Metal</i> : Iron <i>Number</i> : 4 <i>Tellurian Analogies</i> : 1940s ; Mars

The Flag of Kadoria



The flag of Kadoria depicts a blue cross outlined in gold on a red field.

The Kadorian flag is the one red flag of Aristasia, red being the colour of Sai Vikhë, and also of fire and iron (iron oxidises to red as copper does to green). Red (in its negative-Vikhelic aspect) being the colour of conflict, instability and destruction, it is no accident that red flags have been used by revolutionary movements in Telluria. However since the red, or Vikhelic, influence in Aristasia remains part of an integral traditional culture it has never been a baneful or disruptive force.

The charge, or device, on this flag is a cross, which is clearly related to the Kadorian number four. Four, and in some of its aspects the cross, are figures of consolidation and earthiness. We shall see the orthogonal cross used very much in this sense on the flag of Arcadia. This relates to Kadoria in that red is the lowest colour of the spectrum and the Iron Age the lowest and most consolidated period of the historical cycle.

At the same time, fire is a vital and unstable force and the Vikhelic, or Martial, principle relates to conflict and movement. Thus the Kadorian cross is a diagonal one, representing a synthesis of fourfold consolidation with movement and instability. We see this combination in its negative aspect in the patriarchal Iron Age in Telluria, and especially in its final phase, when the movement toward materialism and excessive solidity is combined with disruptiveness and chaos. In Aristasia the positive combination marries military order and discipline to the spirit of courage and adventure.

The diagonal cross also reflects the crossed swords, a timeless symbol of military conflict in which the crossing is always diagonal and the cross in its diagonal aspect as a barrier or defensive shield against outside attack: for the military spirit in Aristasia is never directed inward toward attacking one's own kind, but always toward defending the Empire from the Outlander.



Quirinelle

Quirinelle is a western province of Aristasia. The tutelary spirit of Quirinelle is the blonde angel Sai Sushuri. The province is ruled by the blonde Queen Elspeth.

The Quirinelle National Anthem begins:

*Quirinelle! Quirinelle!
Where the great tides of history swell
Where the Heart of Love
Guides us from above
And where all things are well.
Quirinelle!*

Being the most Westerly of the Westrenne nations, Quirinelle is strongly influenced by the historical current and the adaptation of Tradition to the "modernism" of the West. It is the land of the Sunset, and yet it never loses its connection with the Sunrise of the Primordial Tradition. The fact that this is expressed with a marine metaphor is emblematic of Quirinelle's close symbolic association with the sea. The Heart of Love refers, of course to Sai Sushuri, the guiding Star of Quirinelle and the Janya of love; and by extension to Dea Herself in her Maternal aspect.

Quirinelle is known as a deeply Filianic nation which has Filianic temples and shrines all over the country, especially in the devout South.

While in terms of earthly chronology the 1950s are the latest historical period related to a province, in Aristasia Quirinelle is regarded as somewhat old-fashioned compared to Trent or Vintesse.

"Quirrie" is short for Quirinelle, but only in its adjectival sense. One talks of Quirrie music or Quirrie respectability, but to say "I live in Quirrie" would be unidiomatic.

<i>Places in Quirinelle</i>	<i>Correspondences</i>
Chelverton: the capital	<i>Janya:</i> Sai Sushuri
Clearwater: a pleasant country town	<i>Element:</i> Water
Brightsea Town: a coastal resort	<i>Metal:</i> Copper
Dovedale: a farming district	<i>Number:</i> 5
	<i>Tellurian Analogies:</i> 1950s ; Venus

The Flag of Quirinelle



The Flag of Quirinelle depicts the five-pointed star of Sai Sushuri in gold on a laterally divided field, the upper part being red and the lower part blue.

The title Star of the Sea — Stella Maris — is one of the names of Dea, especially in Her maternal or Sushuric aspect. It is given to the Virgin Mary, though in this case it comes from Ishtar/Inanna. Aphrodite, like many forms of Dea in Her Maternal aspect is depicted emerging from the sea. Thus the flag of Quirinelle shows the blue sea below the Star of Sai Sushuri.

Sushuri (Venus) is also known as both the Morning Star and the Evening Star. Thus the Star of Sai Sushuri is shown against a red sky such as that seen at sunrise and sunset.

Being the most Westerly of the Westrenne nations, Quirinelle is strongly influenced by the historical current and the adaptation of Tradition to the "modernism" of the West. It is the land of the Sunset, and yet it never loses its connexion with the Sunrise of the Primordial Tradition. The fact that this is expressed with a marine metaphor is emblematic of Quirinelle's close symbolic association with the sea. The Heart of Love refers, of course to Sai Sushuri, the guiding Star of Quirinelle and the Janya of love; and by extension to Dea Herself in her Maternal aspect.

And all these things are signified in the beautiful flag of Quirinelle.



Infraquirinelle

Infraquirinelle is a small island off Quirinelle, also known as Lower Quirinelle. It was anciently known as the Isle of Sapphire.

The shortened form "Infra" is used adjectivally.

In Aristasia-in-Telluria, Infraquirinelle is considered to correspond to the Tellurian early 1960s, or more precisely to those elements of the early 1960s which represent the legitimate cultural direction that would have been taken had the Eclipse not occurred.



Novaria

Novaria is a province of Aristasia. The tutelary angel of Novaria is Sai Mati. Novaria is ruled by the young brunette Queen Viktorya.

The 'futuristic' tendencies of Aristasia tend to cluster about this province and Vintesse. In Novaria enormous technical advances have been made, far in advance of Telluria. However, its science, unlike that of Telluria, is not founded on a revolutionary rationalism which denies traditional wisdom in the name of a purely physical "natural science", but is the extension and application of traditional metaphysics in new technical spheres.

Nonetheless, Novaria is, in some respects, the most traditional of the Western Provinces, having been settled by Eastern Amazonians. Novaria thus regards itself as the Westrenne incarnation of the Estrenne Solar Empire, as is explicit in the first verse of the Novarian National Anthem:

*In the East Sai Raya rose aloft
And rode across the skies
And the rays that blest
The golden West
Bade great Novarya arise.*

While fiercely loyal to the Westrenne Empire, of which it regards itself as the most direct servant, Novaria shows a consciousness of completeness, as if it were, in a certain sense, a little Empire of its own.

<i>Places in Novaria</i>	<i>Correspondences</i>
Novarayapurh or Nevrayapurh (New Rayapurh): the capital of Novaria	<i>Janya:</i> Sai Mati <i>Element:</i> Air
Ladyton: the capital of the Celestial Empire, situated on the borders of Trent, Vintesse and Novaria	<i>Metal:</i> Quicksilver <i>Number:</i> 12
Westeringsea: on the Novaria/Trent border	<i>Tellurian Analogies:</i> The Future ; Mercury Novaria is considered to correspond to a projected future Telluria which has recovered from the Eclipse and returned to sanity.

The Flag of Novaria



The Novarian flag depicts a red sun on a yellow field, with triple rays extending to the edge of the field in the four cardinal directions.

The Novarian flag is yellow — the colour of Sai Mati. The Sun represents the Solar Intellect of which Sai Mati in her highest aspect is the representative, and indeed the Solar nature of the Matic Intellect allows this flag to be a sort of analogy to the Solar Standard of the ancient Cairen Empire: a flag which is still used by those Estrenne Ranyams which are regarded as successors to Caire and by the Nation of "Amazonia".

The four triple-rays indicate the expansion and application of the Solar Intellect in all directions: an ideal that has found its application in the enormous technical advances made by Novaria. Novarians are quick to point out that on their flag the rays are attached directly to the central Sun, indicating their connection with traditional wisdom.

The idea that Novaria completes the current Historical Cycle which begun in the ancient East is indicated also by the analogy of its design to the year — the year being the pattern of all historical cycles. The rays of the Novarian Sun are in four groups of three, like the four three-month seasons of the year, each, like the seasons belonging to one of the four cardinal directions, while the fifth season and thirteenth month of Moura is represented by the central Sun itself.

While fiercely loyal to the Westrenne Empire, of which it regards itself as the most direct servant, the Novarian flag, like many other trappings of the Novarian Ranyam, shows a consciousness of Novarian completeness, as if Novaria were, in a certain sense, a little Empire of its own.

A Letter on Novarya

If people make one mistake more important than any other about Novarya, it is the same mistake they make about the Empire as a whole - they underestimate its sheer size. I am not certain why. Perhaps it is because they have seen dinky maps with cute pictures. Perhaps it is the possibly-misleading use of the term "provinces" for the Nations.

The Nations are Provinces, but only in the sense that Britain was once a province of Rome - and not even as much as that sense, for they are not really centrally governed. Very few decisions taken at Ladyton would actually affect Quirinelle, for example.

Culverians may see the Aristasian provinces as being somewhat equivalent to States. Again, that is misleading. The equivalent of an American State in Aristasia would probably be a Duchy. The Duchy is the major administrative unit within a nation. Some are quite small, containing only a few Counties, while others are huge. The Archduchy of Jenilow, for example, while being under the Arkadyani Crown, is in many respects like a nation in its own right. Crossing the boundary from Trerayin Duchy in North-West Arkadya into Northern Jenilow is almost as much of a change as crossing the border between Dachertha Duchy, east Novaria, into Jenilow.

Probably another reason why people picture Aristasia much smaller than it is, is that even now relatively little is known about it beyond the broad outline of the nations. The fact is that that even the smaller nations are each probably as large and various as the casual observer believes the whole of Aristasia to be. Each Duchy has its own ways and customs, often its own characteristic dialect, its major cities and small towns, its farmlands and great country houses, its history and institutions.

I have mentioned Jenilow partly because it is probably the only Duchy that has become well known in its own right among Aristasians in Telluria. Jenilow, admittedly, is somewhat exceptional. It is one of the largest Duchies and the fact that it is not a nation in its own right is really more a historical

accident than a reflection of its nature. Still many of the larger Duchies in other nations are not far off Jenilow in size and importance.

All things come in their season, and the time has probably not come yet to be thinking about a full description of any nation at Duchy level, but the time has come, in this pette's opinion, to move beyond the sketchy caricature-view that sees the Motherlands as a smallish place divided into a few lightly differentiated "provinces".

So back to Novarya!

Novarya is often thought of as the Southernmost of the Five Westrenne Nations. Its southernmost point is actually little more southerly than that of Kadoria, but it is the beginning of the Great Southlands and the ancient Road to Rayapurh - a world away from the Deep South Duchies of Kadoria. They are two very different kinds of South - and between them lies South Trent, which is another South again.

While Med-Novarya is sultry most of the year, the North East is dominated by the Dachertha Mountains, the largest mountain-range in the West. Parts of the Dachertha Highlands have long, snowy winters and the whole region is very different in culture and character to both the South and the Medlands.

The general character of Novarya's culture has been shaped by the Calanyatic people and their Monarchy, beginning with the great migration of 1572 (that is, about seventeen and a half centuries ago) under Viktorya the First.

This Migration had a number of causes, but the one most frequently cited was the conversion of the Rayapurhi Empress to a deeply Sucristic form of religion. I shall not try to explain all the details of this (I would probably only get it wrong) - but in the mid Second Millennium there were various movements away from the highly ritualised and also very Intellectual form of earlier ages. This was part of the adaptation of culture to the lower capacities of the later Age of Iron.

For a time the Empresses moved their court away from the Golden Temple, and some of the Fire Votaries (who were the spiritual centre of Rayapurh) felt that the Ancient Way was under threat. Some of them even left the Temple, causing panic among some sections of the population and an even more avid attachment to the chanting-cult of Sai Suanti among others.

The upshot of all this was a great journey West led by an influential section of the Fire-Maidens and a portion of the Imperial Family, including Crown Princess Viktorya, who became Viktorya the First of Novarya.

She established her capital in the south of what is now Novarya and called it Nevrayapurh, or Novarayapurh. Some saw it as the new Rayapurh, which would replace and eventually absorb, the old one as it succumbed to the errant path it had adopted.

Novarya is accepted as being the most traditional nation in the West, and it may be seen that its foundation owed much to what may be seen as a "traditionalist" movement even in Estrenne terms. Part of the impetus of this movement was to preserve the Intellectual traditions of Rayapurh against what was seen as their total overthrow by the ecstatic movement of Sai Suanti and the complete adoption of the Love Path.

In time all this settled. The Fire Altar retained its central position, the Rayapurhi Empresses moved back into the Golden Temple, the ecstatic Suanganhya movement matured into something more institutionalised and became one aspect of the new Rayapurhi culture which was fully continuous with the old Rayapurhi culture.

In fact the changes - even at their height - had never been as revolutionary as comparable changes in Telluria, but the profoundly conservative spirit of the Golden Temple had found them initially threatening. The rivalry between the New and the Old Rayapurh was soon forgotten and Nevrayapurh became an important trading city between the East and the South-West. The Novarian Queens forged good relations not only with Rayapurh but with the Triple-Palatinate of Trintitia (later to be united as the Trintitian or Trentish Nation).

The fierce Intellectuality of the Temple tradition continued to be a significant factor in the culture of the new Nation. Nevrayapurhini (as the proto-Novaryani were then called) experimented continually with both phenagulism (the psychic manipulation of matter) and moldagulism (the material manipulation of matter - or what later became known as material technics).

Novarya led the movement that was the equivalent of the Tellurian "scientific revolution" and it must be noted that it was a much longer process than the Tellurian equivalent and that it was not in the least "Revolutionary". Far from being founded on a rejection of traditional Intellectuality in favour the doctrines of empiricism and rationalism it was a continuation and development of traditional Intellectuality and an application of them to later-Iron-Age conditions. Furthermore, it was born out of a culture that was not only not Revolutionary, but was more intensely traditionalist than the surrounding Westrenne cultures - and even than its mother-culture in Rayapurh.

This is important to understand because it is very contrary to the Tellurian understanding of science and technics. Novaria is not technical *despite* being ultra-traditional, but *because* of it.

Whom did the Nevrayapurhini meet when they first entered their new land? There was a small population, mainly of farmers and fisher-folk, though naturally they had their own aristocracy. Their civilisation was not nearly as sophisticated as those of the East and they were delighted to come into contact with the learning and gentility of the "Great World". Most of their rulers were established as Countesses under the Nevrayapurhi Queens. As is considered natural in Aristasia, the native Counties were free to continue living and organising themselves as they always had without interference. They did, however, in many respects assimilate themselves to Rayapurhi, or New-Rayapurhi ways quite rapidly while in some areas the Nevrayapurhini adopted language and customs from the native people.

Nevrayapurh expanded rapidly along the banks of the Great River Thamë, which now forms much of the border between Novarya and Trent. The fertile Thamë Valley was intensively cultivated. Wharfs and docks developed

which became vital to Nevrayapurhi trade with both the East and the Palatinates. Westeringsea rapidly became the main port and the commercial capital of the developing Nation, linked at first by ferries and later by several bridges to Goldhaven, its counterpart-city in the Southern Palatinate.

New Duchies were founded both up-river and back east, toward the outskirts of the Rayapurhi Empire which was now an ally and important trading partner. The vaguely L-shaped area formed by the land inside the Lower Thamë and the coast forms what is now called the Old Duchies, or sometimes New Rayapurh (a term that has as much cultural and as little political significance as New England in Culveria)

Expansion into the North beyond the Thamë Valley took place in later centuries. Expeditions into those untamed lands were sometimes equipped by the Crown and sometimes the work of powerful Raihira families and confederations with the support of Magdala trading families. The last major area to be colonised was the mountainous Dachertha region, and there the Novaryani (for they were such by then) encountered a much more integral culture with its own very contemplative spirituality. Various unclaimed regions around the Dachertha foothills were settled by Novaryani but the Dachertha culture seemed to present a barrier to further Novarian expansion.

Naturally there was no question of war among maidens. Such a thing is unheard of in the motherlands. Just as, when the earliest Calanyati opposed the changes in Rayapurh, their answer was not to fight but to leave, so, when confronted by an established culture and Ranyam, it was necessary in courtesy to stop.

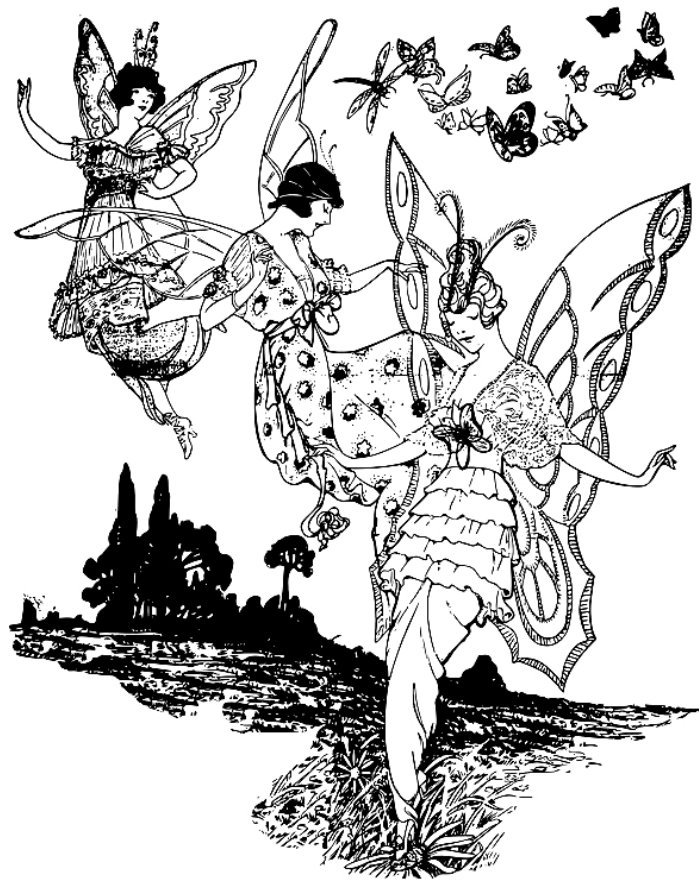
However, through a process of trade, intermarriage and cultural interchange, the Dacherthi gradually became increasingly intermingled with the culture of Novarya. The University of Nevrayapurh, with its huge international prestige attracted scholars from the Dacherthi, many of whom sent their children to be educated at the Novaryani Raihiralan schools. Thus, in many of the ruling families of Dachertha, there grew up a generation that was more than half-Novaryanised and ultimately, Dachertha became one of the largest and most important Duchies of North Novarya,

with a culture owing much to Nevrayapurh, but also remaining profoundly Dacherthan.

This really is only a tiny glimpse of the history of Novarya. It leaves out countless events - some as huge as the Imperial Period in which the Westrenne Empire was founded. But at least you may now have the sort of picture of Novarya that, say, a Quirinelle schoolchild might have. A great nation sweeping down from its windswept, mountainous north, through the many Duchies and cities of its broad central plains (with a Southern-Continental climate) to the huge, sub-tropical South (Novarya is much broader in the south, and South Novarya extends from the bridges that lead to the Trentish Heartland to the far-away cities of the South-East that to a Westrenne would seem as Strange and Eastern as Chen Avitsene itself.

You do not yet *know* Novarya, dear friend, but now at least you know of it, as an Aristasian child from some distant part of the Empire knows of it.

And that is a considerable step forward!



Aristasia and the World Axis

At the heart of the question of what Aristasia actually is lies the concept of the World Axis, common to all traditions and integral to the most fundamental traditional symbols, such as the wheel, the pyramid, the fireplace and chimney, the bridge and so forth.

The World Axis passes through all levels of being, linking the lower levels to the higher and eventually all to the Divine. In Telluria human beings are the central or Axial beings. Because they are on the Axis, they are capable of rising above their human state or of falling below it. Animals, fairies and other non-axial beings – including “titans” – the inhabitants of temporal paradises – cannot rise or fall; they can only conform to the laws of their particular being.

My argument has essentially been that Aristasians, like humans, are Axial beings. Therefore their world is a higher plane of being than ours, situated upwards on the World-Axis.

Telluria, since the patriarchal revolutions of the Iron Age (I use this term as meaning the fourth and lowest point of an Historical Cycle, not in the modern archaeological sense), has been increasingly governed by the masculine principle, traditionally symbolised by the planet Mars. In other words, conflict and discord, as opposed to concord and harmony. Aristasia continues to be governed by the feminine principle, symbolised by Venus – love and concord.

Of course, all seven “planetary” principles exist in all worlds and all are necessary – though obviously in Aristasia the Martial or Vikhelic principle is not associated with masculinity, since masculinity does not exist there.

This in our view is a greater perfection than that of Telluria. While war and violence have been at the centre of most Tellurian history in its Iron Age, this has not been the case in Aristasia.

Aristasia is nonetheless in its own Iron Age, and is less perfect than it was in earlier times, though still much more perfect than Telluria.

Section II:
Operation Bridgehead



Operation Bridgehead

Operation Bridgehead was initiated in November 2005 (Werde 3325). It has been the largest turning-point in the history of Aristasia-in-Telluria since its foundation. It is not uncommon to speak of "pre-Bridgehead" or "post-Bridgehead" Aristasia-in-Telluria. Operation Bridgehead has also been somewhat controversial among non-Aristasians, since it postulates the real existence of Aristasia Pura. Some have taken this to be a kind of "myth" or rarefied intellectual/imaginal concept, though Aristasians insist that Aristasia Pura is, at the least, representative of an aethyric influence guiding and governing Aristasia-in-Telluria. The term "Aethyr" (meaning literally the fifth Element), which can imply either "cosmic space" or a plane of psychic reality, is perhaps indicative of the complexity of the concept.

The Nature of the Operation

Operation Bridgehead was launched not by Aristasia-in-Telluria itself but by Aristasia Pura, and specifically by the Royal Novarian Aethyr Command. The precise nature and purpose of this operation has not been divulged, but it is supposed to be a "Bridgehead" launched by Aristasia Pura into one of the most hostile and masculinised areas of the omniverse - late patriarchal Telluria. It has been postulated that this is part of a greater spiritual war in which the forces of light and those of darkness confront each other.

The Details of the Operation concerning Aristasia-in-Telluria

With the application of the Operation to Aristasia-in-Telluria, we come into less conjectural territory. The primary features of the operation are these:

- Aristasia-in-Telluria, formerly a self-governing group of Tellurian women owing a theoretical allegiance to Aristasia Pura, has been adopted as a Protectorate by the Celestial Empire itself, through its agency the Royal Novarian Aethyr Command. In other words,

Aristasia-in-Telluria is now under Imperial rule as a far-flung outpost of the Celestial Empire.

- Aristasia-in-Telluria, as a quasi-colony or Protectorate, is now under the rule of the Celestial Empire. While the day-to-day running of the Protectorate is still carried out by its Tellurian members, they are under the ultimate rule of the Bridgehead High Command which issues guidelines and Directives to shape the Protectorate according to Imperial policy.
- The use of the Solar Imperial Standard has been granted to Aristasia-in-Telluria (formerly Aristasia-in-Telluria had adopted the Empress's Flag without authorisation). The Royal Novarian flag may also be used in some contexts. The flags of the other Aristasian nations continue to be "borrowed" as expressions of conceptual filiation to the nations and this use is not deprecated. But the granting of official use of an Aristasian Standard is a fundamental ritual act of recognition of Aristasia-in-Telluria by the Celestial Empire. Equally, the use and display of the flag is a continued ritual act, on the part of Aristasia-in-Telluria, of allegiance and submission to the Celestial Empire.
- The granting of honorary ranks in the Royal Novarian Aethyr Command has been permitted to Aristasia-in-Telluria. These ranks are of two kinds:
 - Virtual, or acting, ranks: these are granted to a persona who wishes to serve Aristasia.
 - Full ranks: these are granted only to an individual whose full primary allegiance, in all personae, is to the Motherland.

All ranks granted are virtual unless otherwise specified. The granting of a full rank requires a special Act of Allegiance. This Act may also be made outside the context of accepting military rank. Even full ranks remain honorary because they are granted by Commissioned Officers of the Royal Novarian Aethyr Command, and not directly by Royal Commission from Her Novarian Majesty. Nonetheless an Honorary Officer of Full Rank is in

every respect a member of the Royal Novarian Vikhelic Services and thus also of the Imperial Vikhelic Forces.

Members of the Protectorate are subjects of the Empress, and are granted the status of honorary intemorphs.

The Effects of the Operation on Aristasia-in-Telluria

While the foregoing section outlines the precise legal changes entailed in Operation Bridgehead, the consequent changes in Aristasia-in-Telluria have been wide-ranging, and, while often subtle, very profound.

In psychological terms, the shift of consciousness entailed in the transformation from being a Tellurian group constituting itself unilaterally as a sort of "shadow Aristasia" to being a Protectorate of the distant Empire has been enormous.

One of the larger changes has been a decline of interest in Tellurian affairs. This was hastened by a Directive deprecating "involvement in foreign quarrels". Formerly, criticism of late-patriarchal Telluria had been a notable aspect of many Tellurian Aristasian writings and pronouncements. The essence of the Directive was to remind Aristasians-in-Telluria that they are now subjects of the Empire and are not expected to take part in the internal quarrels of foreign nations.

The effect of this is subtler than it may at first seem, because a) criticism of late-patriarchal Telluria remains necessary to help Aristasians-in-Telluria avoid importing its values and attitudes into Aristasia and b) Aristasia always had intended to stand aloof from Tellurian arguments.

Did Bridgehead and the directive, then, change anything? Indeed, they changed everything. Prior to Bridgehead many Aristasians-in-Telluria had spent much time debating issues relating to Tellurian social conservatism and decline. Aristasians-in-Telluria had a reputation (largely resulting from misunderstanding of their real standpoint) as "political animals" in the Tellurian arena. With Bridgehead, all this changed. One notable social critic discontinued her Elektra-column as a result of the Directive, commenting:

"We were like soldiers quartered far from home, getting involved in local fights. Suddenly we were part of the real War, under real commanders. It was time to put aside these distractions of idle warriors and place ourselves, body and soul, at the service of our Empress."

It was not simply that duty called one to discontinue these distractions. There was a strong sense that they no longer mattered; that their time had passed. Where once Aristasian critics would have argued strongly that this or that was "destroying the social fabric" of Telluria, after Bridgehead it was not so much that they had changed their opinion on that, but that they had changed the valuation of their opinion. "Is the social fabric of Telluria any affair of ours?" summed up the new feeling. The tendency of some Aristasians to *epater les indigènes* (shock the natives) for amusement, by saying things that transgressed, or showed disrespect for, late-Tellurian political taboos, was also largely curtailed on the grounds that Aristasian representatives should not say things that might even appear to constitute taking sides in alien internal conflicts.

Talk of War was not merely figurative. With Operation Bridgehead came waves of opposition against Aristasia-in-Telluria. Some of it was actual directed human opposition from everyone from Christian fundamentalists to sex-obsessed male-supremacists to left-wing feminists. In other cases there were attacks on Aristasian property and failures of communications machinery - to a degree far greater than coincidence - when important Aristasian events were taking place. The first serious wave of attack came on Nativity 2005 (3325) when the first Virtual Deanic Service was held at the then Virtual Aristasian Chapel. Elektra connexions were lost, machines broke down, Vandalism was committed against Aristasian Virtual institutions. The storm of negative occurrences was too much for coincidence. The holding of a true Deanic Service was anathema to the Forces of Darkness. But the Service went ahead.

On the 24th of April 2006 (7th of Maia 2236) there was a concerted attack on the Blue Camellia Club by no fewer than seventy-three individuals bombarding it with obscenities, while simultaneous attacks were made on

the White Rose Room and even on the disused Blondes' and Brunettes' Club. This was only the culmination of a mounting series of attacks.

This was not a question of human-directed attack, even when human agents were involved. Those agents were no more than puppets of forces they could not comprehend. The people who deliberately conspired to attack the Blue Camellia Club were no more conscious of the real reasons for their attacks than were the petty criminals who attacked Aristasian vehicles - in separate and materially unrelated incidents - at about the same time.

It was clear that while Bridgehead High Command had moved into territory controlled by Enemy forces, using Aristasia-in-Telluria as its ground-troops, the Enemy was also mobilizing against the Operation.

While Aristasians-in-Tellura had debated often about the shifting boundaries of "game" and "reality", there was a deepening sense that what had been called the "Aristasian Experiment" was no longer a game.

To quote another participant in these events:

"From being Tellurian women playing at being Aristasians, we had become honorary intemorphs, accepted by the Empire, under the protection and command of the Royal Novarian Navy, embroiled in the eternal war between Light and darkness and proudly flying the Imperial Standard. We were no longer rebel Tellurians, but loyal daughters of the Empress. Our whole perspective had changed and nothing, for us, would ever be the same again."

If this could appear to make light of the pre-Bridgehead generations of Aristasians-in-Telluria, it should not be taken in that spirit. Nearly thirty years of Aristasian endeavour in Telluria had led up to this point, and if that seems a long time, one must attempt to see it from the standpoint of the Empire. Placing this degree of trust in a group of schizomorph femins was a huge step. They had to know that this was not some Outland fantasy or piece of foolishness. To gain such honour in so short a time is in fact a near-unbelievable achievement. The hard work and dedication of the previous generations of Aristasians have earned us this great privilege.

Neither should it be retrospectively imagined that the "Bridgehead Spirit" did not exist before Operation Bridgehead. For example, in *Children of the Void* (1996) we find the following passage:

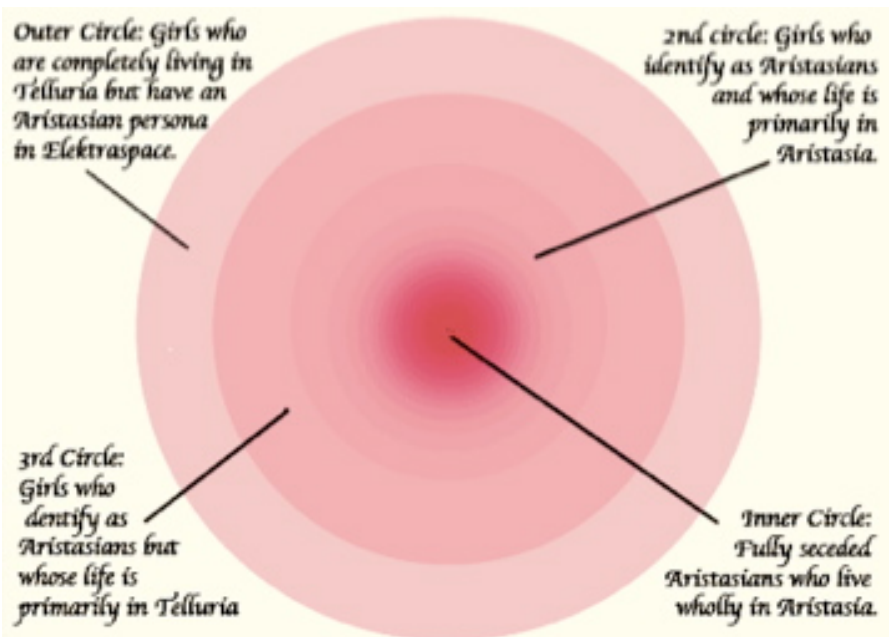
"I feel (Aristasian history) is my history. I belong to no world and no nation but this one. If England - far less 'Europe' - went to war, I should feel no involvement. It would be a quarrel between two alien states. I am an Aristasian, and that is all I am." (p. 87)

Operation Bridgehead has consolidated this feeling and placed the seal of Imperial filiation on all who have felt this over the years.

Rayati Raihiranya!

Concentric Circles

Aristasia-in-Telluria is formed upon a concept of “concentric circles”. In the outermost circle are girls who occasionally participate in Aristasian events or who simply have an Aristasian persona in Elektraspace. In the innermost circle are girls who are 100% committed and live a totally Aristasian life. In between those extremes are various levels, or "rings". We divide them broadly into four, but in fact these subdivide into many more:



Each girl is encouraged to find her own level. The idea is not that every one should progress to the innermost ring, but that each should find the level whereat she is happiest. Some girls hate the Pit and will only be happy in the Inner Ring, others have many attachments in Telluria and would not wish to be in the Innermost Ring — or could not. These are necessarily Law of Manifestation Aristasians. All are welcomed as Aristasians.



Life Theatre

Life Theatre is the key to much of what happens in Aristasia. Life Theatre, as the name implies, means acting out roles – not for the benefit of an audience but as part of our own lives. In Life Theatre we explore the different people we could be in Aristasia. The same girl may play a blonde and a brunette, a schoolmistress and a schoolgirl, an eastern noblemaid full of ancient dignity and courtesy and a Vintesse Jazz Baby or Quirinelle Jive Bunny.

Life Theatre helps us both to realise our own inner possibilities and populate Aristasia with many different characters. Personae are not merely the products of casual roleplay. Some may be adopted merely for a single appearance, but others may take on a life of their own, becoming characters in their own right.

The Aristasian novel *Children of the Void* is the *locus classicus* for Life Theatre. In this book there are some 22 characters but only seven physical bodies. The whole action of the book consists of the interplay between these characters.



The Law of Manifestation

The Law of Manifestation is closely related to the Telluristian phenomenon of Personae.

Before Operation Bridgehead, Aristasia-in-Telluria was theoretically a complete world, only it was not all manifest. So, for example, an Aristasian District School might consist (in terms of vulgar mechanics) of five girls meeting in a house regularly. Now this school might in fact have a hundred pupils and ten mistresses, but most of them would not be manifest at any given time and indeed the majority might never manifest. One could liken it to a role-playing game in which most of the characters are non-player characters.

However, Aristasians regard it more seriously than that. We see it as a full world in potentia. There was, for example, a certain school in Ireland where it was well established that the full school ran beyond the boundaries of the physical house (which was already very large). Girls sometimes caught glimpses into the unmanifest corridors or passed unmanifest girls on the stairs.

In terms of law and thamë, the Law of Manifestation was very important. Each District had a District Governess who was known by name. The D.G. was rarely manifest. Often she was never manifest. But if a crisis were to arise that required her attention, she would have to be manifested by one of the available bodies.

Further to this, the term "a Law of Manifestation Aristasian" was (and is) used to mean an Aristasian on one of the outer Concentric Circles. She is not an Aristasian most of the time, but when in Aristasia she manifests an Aristasian persona. In other words she is (temporarily) an Aristasian according to the Law of Manifestation. She is (if one wishes to put it that way) stepping into the shoes of one of the non-player characters that make up the world.

How does Bridgehead affect this? Having been adopted as a protectorate of Aristasia Pura, Telluristasian lines of command are no longer so dependent on the Law of Manifestation. There are now direct superiors in Pura. Tellurian Aristasia can be accepted more on its own terms, as precisely the group of girls it is, on a schizomorph planet, but loyal to the Empire far away.

Nonetheless, the Law of Manifestation continues to be vital in many respects to the deployment of Aristasia in Telluria, while being no longer central to an autonomous thamë-structure

Telluria Criticism

Telluria Criticism is often colloquially known as Pit Criticism, or Pit-crit. This is not strictly accurate, since the Pit actually refers to the state of Telluria since the Eclipse of West Tellurian culture in the later 20th century. Telluria Criticism encompasses criticism of patriarchal society as a whole and particularly of the revolutionary state of Telluria after the 17th century.

The fundamental metaphysical basis for the criticism of these three periods: patriarchal society, revolutionary "modernist" society, and post-Eclipse "post-modernist" society is set out in The Three Gunas in History.

Aristasian Telluria criticism is intended not for the reform of Telluria, but for the purpose of clarifying the Aristasian culture and outlook to those who have been educated and enculturated within modern Telluria. The purpose of examining errors is not in order to induce Tellurian society to correct them, but in order to help Aristasians understand their own culture and avoid the errors of foreign cultures.

At the launch of Operation Bridgehead this fact was strongly restated and some former critical initiatives deprecated. For a full understanding of the current status of Telluria Criticism and its place within the current Aristasian deployment in Telluria, please read:

Post-Bridgehead Telluria Criticism

There has been some question as to the status of Aristasian criticism of Telluria after Operation Bridgehead. Certain areas of critical activity have been curtailed and certain forms of criticism have been deprecated.

At the same time Aristasian criticisms of Telluria - even those still made - have sometimes been misunderstood and interpreted as implying that Aristasia takes a certain position on Tellurian affairs. This was recently clarified in relation to a particular question relating to an item of Aristasian Telluria-criticism:

The only living culture associated with Western "Goddessism" is post-Woodstock Western pop-culture with its associated "psychology" and post-modern "morality" - in other words the most shallow, secularised and anti-metaphysical culture ever known to humanity.

Does this imply that Aristasians favour a non-secularised Tellurian culture, which would undoubtedly place Aristasians-in-Telluria within a patriarchal religious culture alien, and likely hostile, to their own faith and way of life?

The question was answered as follows:

For those who are not aware of the so-called "Pit-Crit Question", it really means that at one time Aristasians were doing a lot of critical thinking about the Pit, and there was a danger that we could be perceived as (or even be slightly slipping into the error of) involving ourselves in Pit "issues" for their own sake.

A mild reprimand was issued by the Bridgehead authorities.

This was not in any sense a new policy. It was simply the restatement of one side of an equation: and a very important side, based on the metaphysical definition of tyranny and the words of *The Heart of Water*:

*20. Who rules in her own right is a tyrant, or yet in the right of other maids.
There is but one Authority and the Truth alone is true.*

*22. Join not their contentions, neither be a party to one side nor to the other,
for they are athamë.*

The heart of the "Pit-Crit Question" then, is that it is perfectly legitimate to criticise the Pit for the purposes of analysing and understanding principles, so that those who have been brought up in Pit culture can understand how and why Aristasian culture is different. It is not legitimate to take sides in Outland quarrels.

The question above is a perfect paradigm case for this issue.

So let me answer it simply:

Q. Is a secularised society shallow and unhealthy?

A. Of course. A society that is not rooted in the Absolute is rooted in nothing. Look at the Pit. It shows.

Q. But couldn't a strong non-secularised patriarchal society be bad for Aristasians in Telluria?

A. It would depend what type it was. But yes, it very well might.

Q. So do Aristasians want Telluria to be healthy?

A. This is the key question. Tellurians are accustomed to assume that if we say "X is bad" we mean "Go out and change X". But we are not involved in, and have no interest in, changing Telluria. A strong, healthy, patriarchal society is not necessarily useful to Aristasian operations.

Q. So why do you criticise the Pit for being secularised?

A. It is fundamental to understand that Aristasian Pit-Criticism is not intended for the cure of the Pit. That is not our business. If anyone is going to cure the pit it will be the Telluri themselves: and how, when or whether they do it is entirely their own affair.

Our purpose in criticising (perhaps a better term would be "analysing") their errors is to ensure that Aristasians who have been born into their society do not reproduce them in Aristasia-in-Telluria. That is the whole purpose of Pit-Criticism.

What Bridgehead interdicted was precisely the error of appearing to "join their contentions" - that is to criticise the Pit from a Tellurian rather than an Aristasian perspective. I think a few of us were guilty of this to a small degree and it certainly needed to be addressed and disciplined.

I think it is fair to say that all Aristasian Pit Criticism now strives very hard to stay within the "rules of engagement" laid down by Bridgehead, and ultimately by Scripture.

There will still be misunderstandings among Outlanders, because Tellurians will always assume that we criticise Telluria from a Tellurian perspective (so if we say "secular society is unhealthy" they will imagine we are advocating non-secular society for Telluria).

But if one understands what and why Aristasian Pit-Criticism is, one will not misconstrue it.

Upon this, Commander Caerelinde, representing Bridgehead High Command commented:

With this much said, I think it is incumbent on the Command to clarify matters a little further.

In the first place, please understand that it is not illegal to have your personal views on Tellurian affairs, it is just that qua Aristasian one does not take part in them or express any views on them in such a way that they could be taken as "Aristasian views". Plenary Aristasians, for example, do not vote in Tellurian elections. This has always been the case - long before Bridgehead.

Now a question arises: Did the Bridgehead Directive change anything or merely reaffirm what has always been the case?

We should understand that the Bridgehead Directive does not express the only possible line that could have been taken. Many Aristasians believe that with the events of the Post-Eclipse period, the Great Demon is making a final bid for world-dominion in Telluria. Since the Great Demon is the ancient enemy of our people, it could be supposed that is our duty to oppose it whenever and wherever it manifests.

In a sporadic sort of way some Aristasians-in-Telluria were taking that view and acting upon it before Bridgehead.

Now, it is clear that a unit under military command does not undertake operations on its own account. It awaits orders. Before Bridgehead, Aristasia-in-Telluria was not under a central command and was free to act as its members saw fit under any given circumstances.

That is the fundamental thing that changed with the Bridgehead. Any sporadic ideological warfare that was previously being undertaken must now be either declared official or terminated. It was terminated.

Whether Telluria on the material plane is regarded as a field of combat against the Great Demon, we do not know. What we do know is that the Tellurian Bridgehead is not deployed as an active combatant force in this arena.

You may ask whether we are not fighting the forces of darkness. Of course we are. Every maid in thamē is always fighting the forces of darkness both within herself and without.

You will ask whether the special attacks directed against our operations in Telluria are not part of a war. They are. But this is a war on the lunar plane. We are assuredly serving a function in bringing Light and redressing a certain spiritual balance that has been disturbed by post-Eclipse hyper-patriarchy; and that must bring us into conflict with fierce opposition on the subtle realm.

This "war" we fight simply by proceeding with our duties and building the Bridgehead as a haven for our Exiles and our Adoptees; by spiritual, educational and social development.

Since the Bridgehead, all doubt about whether we were deployed for inter-Tellurian ideological combat has been definitively removed.

We were not.



The Culverian Question

Aristasia-in-Telluria is now formally defined as a protectorate of Aristasia Pura. Aristasia-in-Virtualia is the midway point between the Aethyr and Telluria itself, thus forming a vital "bridge" between Aristasia Pura and Aristasia-in-Telluria.

The doctrine of Concentric Circles means that one may give one's loyalty to Aristasia to whatever degree one chooses. While in Aristasia one should

behave as an Aristasian to the fullest possible extent, and it is important to understand precisely what Aristasia is.

Aristasia Pura is another world. One in which blondes and brunettes are the two sexes and are capable of reproduction. Purans are not "human" in the earth sense, just as earth people are not "human" in the Aristasian sense. Purans are not women (women are members of one of two sexes of which the members of the other are men), they are feminine beings; members of an all-feminine race. We call an all-feminine race intemorphic and a race which includes opposite (male/female) sexes schizomorphic.

Since Operation Bridgehead, Aristasia-in-Telluria — a group of schizomorphic femins on a planet known as Earth — has been adopted by Aristasia Pura as a protectorate, and its members as honorary intemorphs and daughters of the Empress. We are also authorised to use the Aristasian Solar Standard, and to deputise honorary officers into the ranks of the Royal Novarian Aethyr Command. This is an extraordinarily privileged position. The degree of trust shown to a group of poor Children of the Void is almost beyond belief. The grace of the Empress to schizomorph outlanders truly resembles the Divine Grace Itself. And those of us who accept that grace are no longer outlanders.

In the light of this understanding of Aristasia, we need to look at an old misunderstanding. At times the existence has been postulated of a Western colony of Aristasia called Culveria. This has been variously — and quite contradictorily — described. Some have said it was a full colony, owing allegiance to the Westrenne Monarchies and celebrating Dependence Day on July the 4th: others have even pictured it as a republic like Tellurian America.

In fact, the term Culveria was coined as a poetic term for America — that is, Real America as opposed to Pit-america — just as early Aristasians sometimes used Albia as a term for Real England as opposed to Pit-england, or the Yeek.

The fallacy that there is an "America" in Aristasia, called Culveria, is founded on another fallacy — often propagated by non-Aristasians — that Aristasia is

actually an idealised and feminised version of England. If this were the case it may well have been necessary for Americans to have "their own version" of Aristasia. But while, necessarily and legitimately, Aristasians have drawn on elements of Tellurian culture to aid them in the construction of their world, Aristasia has always been a very different world, in some respects parallel to, but fundamentally distinct from, Telluria.

Aristasia is no more England than it is America or Japan. The use of the Queen's English by Aristasians in the Yeek is natural because it is the nearest thing in English to a Raihiralan, or aristocratic, style of speech. American Aristasians may or may not adopt a version of this style (which is akin to the speech of Miss Bette Davis) as there are not the same objections to recent American pronunciation (vocabulary is another matter) that there are to Pit-British, or Rivermouth ("Estuary"), speech.

It must be understood that one of the fundamental differences between Aristasia and Telluria — even when regarded as parallel worlds — is that the rationalist revolution of the 17th Century (miscalled the "Enlightenment"), which has shaped modern Tellurian thought and culture, did not take place in Aristasia. Aristasian science fiction, such as *The Princess and the Captain*, explores a world in which technics have developed to a high degree, but are seen as an extension of the traditional metaphysical outlook, and are not the result of a revolutionary rationalism.

Even the Classical Aberration of Greece and Rome, with its republicanism, individualism and proto-rationalism, has no equivalent in Aristasia. In Telluria, this aberration was consciously revived at the time of the Renaissance (literally a "rebirth" of the Classical spirit). In Aristasia the traditional view of the world (as upheld by Plato in Telluria against the spirit of his time) continued unbroken.

In Westrenne Aristasia, a spirit of individualism and a weakening of tradition has certainly manifested itself in recent centuries. However the Westrennes have never regarded this as a "progress" or "advance", and have never adopted an attitude of superiority and condescension toward the ancient world or the East. On the contrary, they regard their own "modernism" as a decline from the highest standard and as somewhat

regrettable, while at the same time acknowledging that it has made their particular culture possible.

The fact that the most advanced technics in the West have come out of Novaria — the Western nation most closely adhering to the traditional thought of the East — seems like a paradox only to non-Aristasians. To the Aristasian mind, the strong connexion of Novaria with the wellsprings of traditional intellectuality is precisely the reason for its successful adaptation of that intellectuality to the forms and possibilities of the Iron Age.

Again and again one must remind oneself that in Aristasia technics are not associated with a revolutionary ideology as they are in Telluria, but on the contrary, are seen as the latest application of traditional Intelligence.

Once we have fully grasped this, it becomes clearer why Aristasians-in-Telluria adhere to the cultural forms they do. If many Aristasians prefer traditional English spelling (as preserved in Britain but not America) and all Aristasians prefer traditional weights and measurements (as preserved in America but not Britain), this has nothing to do with being "pro-British" or "pro-American". Aristasians avoid as a matter of principle those forms most associated with the "rationalist" revolution. The metric system in particular was designed as a purely-human, purely rational system of mensuration as opposed to the old proportions, which have their roots in traditional cosmology and numerology. It was forced on Europe by the revolutionary armies of Napoleon and has stood since as a symbol of the rationalistic, anti-traditional spirit.

The "reformed spelling", advocated by fabians like George Bernard Shaw in Britain, and partially introduced into America by the spelling reformist Noah Webster, is associated with the same ideology but is a much less important symbol. Thus, while traditional spelling is a matter of personal choice, it really would be rather a gaffe to use metric measures or centigrade temperatures in Aristasian company.

In matters of polity, the concepts of republicanism and democracy are unknown in Aristasia, as they have never existed either in its ancient or its modern worlds. The concept of the Golden Chain of Thamē running from

Heaven through the Empress, down to the humblest of her subjects is fundamental to Aristasian thought, life and culture. Republican ideas are a revolt against tradition of a kind that simply could not exist in Aristasia without its becoming an entirely different sort of place. Indeed, since this revolt against tradition is of a wholly unbalanced-Vikhelic and discordant nature, it is probable that it could only take place in a patriarchal society, and that no aberration that arose from an intemorphic people could ever take this particular form.

Again, this should not be seen as having anything to do with a British as opposed to an American outlook. From an Aristasian point of view the idea of a Queen as a mere decorative figurehead, with authority deriving (in theory) not from the highest level but from the lowest — the mass of the people — would be almost as absurd as republicanism itself. Either system is a pure inversion from the Aristasian point of view.

We should also add at this point that Aristasia does not espouse any particular Tellurian "political ideology". That democracy is an absurdity in an Aristasian context does not say anything either for or against it in the context of current Telluria, where conditions are entirely different and the Golden Chain — certainly in the West — is probably irreparably broken; and where the masculine lust for power will inevitably corrupt traditional forms of government. What form of government is suitable for late-patriarchal Telluria is absolutely no affair of Aristasia's.

We wish to state here the policy of the Bridgehead High Command that Aristasia neither favours nor opposes any Tellurian party, government or system of government. It supports no Tellurian race, nation religion or people against any other. Aristasia is formally neutral on the subject of all foreign politics.

It is true that in order to help Tellurian girls "place" current Tellurian ideas from an Aristasian standpoint, some commentary has to be made at times, but this should be regarded as "academic" and not as advocating any course of action in relation to Telluria. Tellurians with their tendency to see all ideas in terms of "political ideology" applicable to their own "current affairs" may find this alien. Let them understand that Aristasia is alien to them.

Aristasia is not England. Aristasia is not America. Aristasia is not Germany or France or China or Japan or India. Aristasia-in-Telluria holds itself free to take high and noble, good and beautiful things from Tellurian cultures in order to strengthen its manifestation in an alien world. But Aristasia in Telluria is always, first and foremost, the child of Aristasia Pura: the Holy Motherland that is not of this earth.

May Dea bless the Motherland



An Insider Insight On The 'Great Rebranding' Of Aristasia

Floberg, Kadoria, 5 Culverine 3333

Note: It has been postulated for some time that "Aristasia" wasn't really a feminized re-enactment of the early 20th century but rather they were analogies to the cultures of an all-feminine planet, Sai Herthe. "Aristasia" was a Latinized name for the Raihir Nevcaireni, or the Empire of New Caire, which occupies the western part of the planet's principal continent.

In prior to the official inauguration of the Operation Bridgehead, the "Aristasians" were unilaterally adopting the cultures of New Caire and expressing their loyalty to Her Imperial Highness Celestia III, the empress regnant of New Caire. To accomplish this end, they found it convenient to liken the earthly (tellurian) decades of the 1920s through the 1950s to the western nations of New Caire: Vintesse, Trent, Kadoria, and Quirinelle. Additionally, feminine versions of "science fiction" stories and even "lightgames" (Japanese-made videogames) were extensively used to simulate the cultural elements of Novaria, while others looked to Victorian-era Britain for a hint of Arcadia. They adopted the flag of the imperial household (and the flag of the city of Ladyton), mistakenly, as the "flag of Aristasia" without formal approval from the Motherland. They formed themselves as "Aristasia-in-Telluria" while they referred to the homeland as the "Aristasia Pura."

Miss Alice Lucy Trent, in her book *The Feminine Universe*, called this an "Aristasian experiment" in which girls can "re-racinate" themselves by going back to the immediately accessible decades of the pre-Eclipse (the Eclipse loosely being 1965) era. All this changed in the autumn of 2005 when Capt. Thamla Caerlinde, of the Royal Novarian Navy, apparently contacted a small group of Aristasians-in-Telluria and formally brought them under the protection and command of the Navy's Royal Novarian Aethyr Command (RNAC). Capt. Caerlinde in turn deputized two Aristasians-in-Telluria as Novarian naval officers in charge of the tellurian operations. The RNAC then established missions in virtual reality world, namely Second Life grid, which allowed Aristasia to no longer be confined to London. This operation, from the start, was to identify and gather "exile Aristasians." Between 2005 and 2013, therefore, the Aristasian operations and activities were technically under the military rule, though it also possessed somewhat of an ambivalent nature: representing the entire Celestial Empire yet in practice answering solely to Novaria.

The establishment of the Royal Protectorate of Chelouranya on 1 Culverine 3333 marks a historic moment. In contrast to the past, the "Aristasians-in-Telluria" are no longer under a military regime but rather established formally as a protectorate of its own, under the formal protection and laws of the Novarian Royal Government (with its own

coat-of-arms and territorial anthem as well). While Chelouranya continues to represent elements of various national cultures, it is now officially part of Novaria and its people are formally subjects of the Novarian Crown, rather than merely being "honorary Aristasian subjects" as they were under the Operation Bridgehead.

This event marks a great advancement in the status and roles of the Nevcairen outposts on the planet Telluria.

Section III: **Telluria**



Telluria

The Earth: the world where men exist. Telluria is not the same as the Pit, as there is also real-world Telluria. The Aristasia formed on Earth (as opposed to Aristasia Pura where men have never existed) is called Aristasia-in-Telluria (but usually "Aristasia" is used for both unless the distinction specially needs to be drawn).



Real-World Telluria

Essentially this expression refers to the Tellurian world before the Eclipse. It could also include any group of people who, for whatever reason, remain outside the Pit (the Pennsylvania Amish, for example). Of older people who still retain all the attitudes and values of their youth, do not watch television and are scarcely aware of the condition of the early 21st century, one might say: "They are still living in the real world." Or one might say "No one in the real world would even think such things", meaning that only in the Pit are such assumptions possible. Generally the Real World means the world before the Eclipse, so the Real World is where one finds England, London, New York etc., as opposed to Pit-england, Pit-london, Pit-new york.



The Eclipse

The cultural and spiritual collapse of the 1960s in Telluria. Civilisation proper is held to have ended at this time and the Void (or the Pit) took its place. The process, obviously, was not instantaneous, and some elements of civilised life remained throughout the First Decade of Darkness (1960s) and even into the Second (1970s), among the population at large, as opposed to the mass-media. Some hold that a second Eclipse took place at about the turn of the Second and Third Decades, after which deformism and moral inversion were complete and spread rapidly to every level of the populace, leaving very little intact.

The idea of the Eclipse is based on the understanding that the post-Eclipse period is not a simple continuation from the preceding decades, but represents a radical break and a transition of society from Rajasic to Tamasic (*vide* the chapter from *The Feminine Universe* entitled The Three Gunas in History).



The Void

The Void is the term for the state of Western and Western-influenced Telluria following the Eclipse. More frequently, and more colloquially, it is termed the Pit, however the terms are subtly different, as pointed out in the introductory glossary to the Aristasian novel *Children of the Void*, 1996:

The Pit is also called the Void, but the two terms are not interchangeable. 'Pit' refers to the deracinated contents of the post-Eclipse world, while 'Void' refers to its utter emptiness of anything of value or interest--just as the sea is void of fresh water or the desert void of everything but sand. The Void is the Pit as seen from within Aristasia - simply a yawning nothingness, defined not by what it is, but by what it is not. It is in this sense that Aristasians are Children of the Void. Bongos are Children of the Pit because they are shaped by the specific contents of the Pit, by its distortions and neuroses - by its attempts to escape its own ugliness through 'alternative' uglinesses, or its attempts to find rest in conformity to the 'standard' ugliness, or any of the thousand mix-and-match permutations of Pit-poisoning. Aristasians are Children of the Void because they are shaped not by the specific contents of the Pit, but by the experience of living surrounded by a wholly rejected nothingness and having to re-create the psychic world in order to have a world in which to exist at all.

The Void, or Pit, is characterised by the three poisons of Atomisation, Deracination and Deformism.

Atomisation

The divide-and-rule tendency of the Pit, which seeks to isolate each individual by the clever use of the doctrine of "personal independence". By undermining and uprooting all natural loyalties, whether to family, religion, nation, custom or tradition, each individual is cut off from all sources of support and sustenance outside the cathode-defined "reality" of the Pit. The doctrine of selfishness is preached, playing on the natural selfishness of each individual (which normal societies encourage her to curb), to the point at which trust between spouses and even mothers and children may break down, with each individual primarily "out for herself", and therefore, by the same token, an isolated, atomised unit completely dependent on the Pit because she has no other sure haven to turn to.

We may note in passing that the so-called "sexual revolution" was an important stage in the creation of an atomised society. In Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four, the Anti-Sex League tried to suppress sex because "loyalty to an individual is disloyalty to the State", in the Pit, loyalty is much more subtly broken down by the Cult of Selfishness, while the mystic bonds of eroticism are destroyed not by trying to ban them (which would only lend them greater allure) but by the opposite process of banalising sex and desensitising the erotic sensibility by a grotesque and trivialising over-exposure.

Atomisation necessarily goes hand in hand with deracination and usually with deformism.

Deracination

The process of cutting off an individual and a society from all natural roots; of creating a rootless, atomised type of humanity which, by its divorce from, and induced forgetfulness of, all normal standards and values, lacks dignity and self-respect; though it will often tend to be more aggressive and self-assertive as a compensation. It has been said that a deracinated person has self-satisfaction without self-respect. Any person, for example, who would consent to wear clothes printed with coarse jokes or advertising

commercial products is clearly deracinated. The artefacts of modern design, from cars to music, convey, with the clarity of a language, the slick impoverishment of the deracinated consciousness.

A deracinated society, because of its lack of rootedness in any enduring values, is completely at the mercy of the moneyed interests and their mass-media who claim the right to define reality. In the past, the social concept of reality has emerged from out of the history of a community and its agreed values. In the Pit reality is freely defined and re-defined by those who have the power to do so - i.e. those who have financial control over the mass media.

The much-vaunted "freedom" of the deracinated individual consists solely in accepting the various "alternatives" permitted by the definers of reality, and (in rare cases) of producing new ones within the permitted tone and range, and always, of course, with the same deracinated consciousness.

The deracinated person is the perfect proletarian. The ideal subject of a system that claims the total and arbitrary control of the definition of reality. Her very "rebelliousness" (carefully encouraged by the system) is a part of her abject submission, being used always to cut her off further from her vestigial roots and from any human ties that might threaten to outweigh the centralised process of reality-definition. Thus deracination nearly always goes hand in hand with atomisation and deformism.

Deformism

The moral and aesthetic inversion of the Pit, expressed perfectly in the following passage quoted in *The Feminine Universe*:

The things sane societies loved, it hated. The things sane societies hated, it loved; the things sane societies tried to do, it tried to avoid; the things sane societies tried to avoid, it did with relish. It pursued chaos and hated order, it worshipped ugliness and loathed beauty. If sane people wished to dress as neatly and well as they could, these people were persuaded to dress as hideously and grotesquely as possible; if sane people wanted music to be melodious, these people (whether we are speaking of their "popular" or their

"serious" music) were cozened into believing they liked raucous and tuneless noise. If women had been feminine, if home life had been secure, if children had been innocent, if men had been gallant, if art had been beautiful, if love had been romantic, then all these things must be stood on their heads. Of course, life was not always like that. Of course things had often fallen short of their ideals, or even of their minimal norms; but at least most people tried to do things properly and at least the surrounding civilisation encouraged them to try. Never before had the deliberate aim been an inverted parody of all that should be. Everywhere, in every area of life, a single principle reigned: inversion; the worship of chaos; the creed of the madhouse.

Another aspect of deformism is the continual urge to pollute and parody anything real and to destroy any racinated image by adulterating it with deracinated elements - like the girl who says "I like wearing 1950s dresses too, but I like to wear heavy boots with them", always imagining she has thought of this clever idea by herself, and is expressing her startling originality, rather than merely acting in abject conformity to the "suggestions" of her electronic masters.

Deformism is the natural outcome of deracination and atomisation.

Fates of the Janyatic Adjectives in Telluria

Sai Thame, the Janya, or angel, rules both royalty and authority, and also music. It is interesting to compare the traditional meaning of the word “jovial” (belonging to Jupiter). Today it is trivialised into meaning simply “merry” or “jocular”, but originally it had more to do with the joy of pomp and ceremony and high festivals and royal occasions.

Following the remarks on the word “jovial”, one might make a further observation.

In modern Tellurian language, the adjectives of Janyatic (or planetary) qualities have had the following fates:

“Jovial” (Jupiter) has been trivialised, as mentioned above. “Mercurial” (Mercury) is also trivialised, referring only to the lower “playful” element of Sai Mati, not to her wisdom. “Saturnine” (Saturn) is scarcely recognised by most modern people. “Venereal” (Venus) now has highly distasteful connotations, being almost exclusively associated with disease. However “martial” (Mars) still retains nearly all its original character and connotation.

Is this not precisely what one might expect of the late-patriarchal Age of Iron? Most janyatic qualities are lost or trivialised owing to the metaphysical ignorance of the age. Sai Sushuri (Venus) the principle of concord and femininity is vilified. Only the quality of Mars, the principle of discord and (in Telluria) masculinity continues to be understood and correctly referred to.

Section IV:
Intemorphs





The Intemorphic Sex: Blondes and Brunettes

Humanoid peoples, and indeed other species, come in two basic types: Intemorphic and schizomorphic. The salient difference between the two is that schizomorphs have two opposite sexes: male and female (termed in Aristasia mascul and femin), ruled by Sai Vikhë and Sai Sushuri respectively while intemorphs have two complementary sexes: chelan and melin (colloquially termed blonde and brunette), ruled by Sai Sushuri and Sai Thamë respectively.

Both the intemorph sexes are feminine, but neither is female. Intemorph chelani and melini resemble women but are not actually women. Females (in humanoid species women) are one of the two schizomorphic sexes.

On intemorphic planes of being all species are intemorphic, so there are chelanic and melinic animals and elementals as well as humanoids.

Operation Bridgehead gives Aristasians in Telluria (who are biologically femins) the status of honorary intemorphs.



Femininity

Femininity is regarded by Aristasians as primarily a Cosmic quality. Miss Alice Lucy Trent writes in *The Feminine Universe*:

"Femininity has always been recognised as one of the fundamental Essences or Archetypes of the human world. And not only of the human world; for throughout most of our history-throughout all but the tiniest part of it-it has been recognised that what is true of humanity is also true of the cosmos."

"The sun and moon existed long before the ball of gas and the ball of rock came into being that incarnate them outwardly for us. Numbers were before there were things to be numbered. And femininity existed long before any female creature came into existence."

"For in each of these cases, we are speaking of primal Realities. Principles that cannot not be. Realities that may be manifested in different ways upon different levels of being, but which are not dependent on this or that manifestation for their actuality."

Aristasians do not see femininity as being fundamentally the converse of masculinity. Biologically, the human body is female from conception: only exposure to male hormones can make it male. Similarly, Aristasians would regard femininity as primary and natural, with masculinity being simply a possibility that may or may not come into manifestation under certain specific circumstances.

As has been pointed out, the term "the Eternal Feminine" is well known and strikes a deep resonance in the human heart. No one has postulated an "Eternal Masculine" with the same sort of spiritual depth. Aristasians would explain that this is because masculinity is not eternal.

It will be argued that the term "feminine" makes no sense except in juxtaposition to the term "masculine"; and Aristasians would fully agree. There is no word for "feminine" in Aristasia Pura precisely because there is nothing to contrast it to. For a Pure Aristasian, femininity is simply the nature of things, the mother-heart of the universe. It needs no name; it simply is.

Masculinity, in contrast, can only exist in contradistinction to femininity, because femininity is primal and masculinity is one possible deviation or departure from Primal Reality that may or may not develop depending upon local conditions.

So, while some peoples are schizomorphic, having two sexes expressing, in one case, the primary feminine nature of being and, in the other, a certain kind of deviation from that nature; other peoples are intemorphic having two sexes that, while manifesting different characteristics, both remain closely bound to the primary nature of being.



Chelani and Melini in Aristasia Pura

Pure Aristasians are an intemorphic people. This means, among other things, that they have two complementary sexes (both feminine) rather than opposite (schizomorphic) sexes (feminine and masculine). While the male and female sexes are governed by Mars (a masculine form of Sai Vikhë) and Venus (Sai Sushuri) respectively, the Chelanic and Melinic sexes are governed by Sai Sushuri (Venus) and Sai Thamë (the original feminine form of Jupiter) respectively. Naturally, according to modern Aristasian science (which is contiguous with traditional science, unlike the rationalist-revolutionary science of late-Telluria), these Celestial rulerships are the primary causes of the sexes, their biology being a development or by-product of this.

In Aristasia Pura, Chelani are always fair-haired (even when belonging to darker-skinned Estrenne races) and Melini always dark-haired. Like the Tellurian sexes, they are biologically and psychologically very different. A blonde and a brunette are needed to produce an intemorph child. Brunettes are much physically stronger than blondes (they are also considerably stronger than Tellurian males) and have a differing psychology to the extent that blondes and brunettes not infrequently find each other hard to understand and talk at cross-purposes.

Linguistic Note

Chelana = blonde (singular)

Melini = brunette (singular)

Chelani = blondes (plural)

Melini = brunettes (plural)

Chelanic (or chelan) = blonde (adjectival)

Melinic (or melin) = brunette (adjectival)

Chelanity = the quality of bloneness

Melinity = the quality of brunetteness

The roots *chel-* and *mel-* also appear as prefixes in certain words, for example:

Cheliniar = [of a title or heritage] inherited in the blonde line

Meliniar = [of a title or heritage] inherited in the brunette line

Note also the passage in Girls' Town Archive 7: "In some Eastern societies (of the type called chelinia) it would normally be the blonde's name that was taken [in marriage] by the brunette."

Chel and **mel** are occasionally used to mean a blonde or a brunette respectively. This usage is somewhat archaic and would tend to be either poetic or humorous when used by a Westrenne speaker; though it can also be an informal usage in some north-western circles.



Hair Color on Pura

Life is longer and aging is slower in the Motherland. There is a tendency in old age for hair-color to fade, though not usually to the extent that brunettes resemble blondes (some blondes do go white and among some Estrenne peoples blondes are naturally white-haired throughout their lives, but brunettes do not go white).

It is worth remembering also that hair-color is not the only secondary sexual characteristic, only the most easily pin-pointable one from a Tellurian perspective. As in other worlds, there are many subtler gender-indications such as facial morphology, vocal timbre, physical size and strength etc. None of these is absolute, but on balance there would be almost no occasions when a Herthelan would be mistaken for a member of the complementary sex.

Interestingly, there is often believed to be a symbolic aspect to the fading of brunette hair which is that both blondes and the aged are believed to be possessed of greater on-worldly wisdom.



Chelani and Melini in Aristasia-in-Telluria

Clearly blondes and brunettes are not two biological sexes in Aristasia-in-Telluria, both being biological females. Puran chelani and melini are not female, though they are feminine - femininity being a cosmic principle and femaleness a schizomorphic biological sex.

Blondeness and brunetteness, among Tellurian females, are most commonly described as being personality types. They have absolutely no connection with hair-colour and the terms "raven-blonde" and honey-brunette" are sometimes used to describe blondes and brunettes whose hair-colour does not match their personality type. Anecdotal evidence from Aristasian communities suggests that raven-blondes and

honey-brunettes are actually more commonly found than their proper-coloured sisters (using "proper" here in the older and heraldic sense).

Many claim that blonde and brunette personality-types are clearly evident among non-Aristasian females, and Aristasians often refer to Outland women as blondes or brunettes (regardless of hair-colour). There is even some scientific evidence for this. The copious amount of research that has recently been carried out into the psychological differences between the Tellurian sexes (which has its physical root in different brain-patterns and completely disproves the "social-conditioning theory of femininity") also tends to indicate that while there is one fundamental male psychological type there are two distinct female psychological types which correspond remarkably well to the Aristasian concepts of blonde and brunette.

Nevertheless, among the more committed Aristasians-in-Telluria, bloneness or brunetteness is not a mere question of personality-type, but is a chosen adoption of the status, made more possible in post-Bridgehead Aristasia, of honorary intemorph. It is for this reason that Aristasians tend not to refer to themselves as "women", but prefer the term maid.



The "Redhead Question"

We include this section partly because for many non-Aristasians (especially mildly-hostile Outlanders) the very first question on learning about blondes and brunettes is to say "What about redheads?" This is perhaps partly caused by the over-use of the colloquial terms by Aristasians rather than the more formal chelani and melini.

In some cases the enquiry is a genuine one, but very often it seems to spring from the late-Tellurian ultra-individualist hatred of "categories" or "stereotypes": which, of course, is ultimately that hatred of all form, thamē and of the Celestial Archetypes themselves which underlies the chaotic nature of a Tamasic society.

In "chat rooms" and the like, it is almost routine for mildly-hostile females to declare "I am a redhead" upon hearing about blondes and brunettes. The proportion of red-headedness among hostile visitors seems far to outweigh its distribution among the West-Tellurian population as a whole!

Be that as it may, here is the answer to the question:

In Aristasia-in-Telluria, as we have already stated, hair-colour has no bearing whatever on sex.

In Aristasia Pura, as in Telluria, everyone is born of one sex or the other. Genuine ambisexual conditions among all races are extremely rare and are not important enough to detain us.

Red-haired Aristasians are still either chelani or melini. Chelani will sometimes be a coppery red-blonde and melini a dark fox-red. There is a belief that red-headedness can be an indication of minor hormonal imbalance which can cause a small degree of "other sex" orientation - the red-haired rambunctious blonde is a stock figure of Puran children's literature - but this is a minor phenomenon and does not alter the fact that all Aristasians are either chelani or melini.

In Aristasia-in-Telluria, girls can occasionally be confused about their sex. Especially for a newcomer, discovering one's sex can take time. Since Aristasians-in-Telluria often adopt multiple personae, it is also possible to have personae in each sex. A girl who has personae in each sex is known as an ambi, while girls who have more than one persona all in the same sex are called plenary blondes or plenary brunettes.

It has been discovered over the years that most Aristasians-in-Telluria are primarily of one sex. The true ambi is a rarity. Most girls are plenaries and even among those who have other-sex personae, it is usually found that they fall quite definitely into one sex with the other being an occasional "excursion" - even though the other-sex persona may be very real for her limited existence.

There do appear, though, to be a small minority of true ambis, although some would cast doubt on this.



Cultural qualities of Blondes and Brunettes
From the introduction to The District
Governess by Miss Regina Snow, 1996

Aristasian brunettes are about as feminine as a normal human woman - that is to say, about twice as feminine as a human woman in the last quarter of the 20th century. Aristasian blondes, on the other hand, are ultra-feminine.

On the question of blondes and brunettes, it should be understood that, as with men and women, the two sexes are mentally, physically, emotionally and psychologically different. And, as with men and women, the differences are greater rather than less than they superficially appear to be. Brunettes are very much stronger physically than blondes (the difference is rather more marked than that between men and women). They are in many

respects more practical and more "steady". The emotions of a blonde are a surging torrent, her perspective often quite unworldly.

To say, however, that brunettes are the "dominant sex" is a considerable oversimplification. Blondes are regarded with the highest respect, and are often considered to be the custodians of a higher wisdom. They are often Princesses and sovereign rulers of nations and principalities; they are often priestesses and philosophers (philosophy in Aristasia being far from a dry academic discipline). In the practical affairs of life they usually (but not always) take second place - but practicalities, utilitarian matters, work, money and material are not nearly so highly regarded in Aristasia as they have long been in your world. In many ways brunettes can be regarded as the more useful but less important sex. If this last statement is a shade unfair, it is certainly no less incorrect than the assumption that blondes are the "inferior sex" -it is probably on the side of blonde rather than brunette superiority that Aristasia is prone to err.

Nevertheless a blonde will tend to be submissive to her own brunette, and perhaps submissive in general. In Aristasia submission is considered a spiritual quality. At the same time Brunettes will pay respect to blondes, standing, for example, when one enters a room. There is a delicate and charming interplay of respect and submission between the two sexes.

It is partly because of their sacredness that blondes are treated more strictly than brunettes under many circumstances (though as with many generalisations one may make about Aristasia there is also a converse side: a brunette may often receive severer punishment as the party who ought to have been more responsible. Much can be forgiven blonde frailty and the highly emotional nature of blonde psychology). The idea that frequent chastening is a necessary part of the upbringing of a blonde and helps her to develop gentleness, purity and a delicate ætherial sensibility is widely held.

Those unfamiliar with the Aristasian mind might fancy that they detect here a trace of the dogma of "social conditioning" so dear to the doctrinaire masculinists of your post-Eclipse. - The dogma, that is, that there are no real mental or psychological differences between the sexes (women being but men in differently-shaped bodies) and that everything we know by the

name of femininity is only "social conditioning" forced upon women by men. It is a curious dogma, especially in view of the fact that the copious scientific research conducted in recent years in your world shows incontestably that the mental and psychological differences between men and women are inborn, ineradicable and if anything more wide-ranging than even the Victorians imagined. However, your post-Eclipse world never allows scientific facts to interfere with its official social mythologies.

The truth is that femininity is a natural and vitally important aspect of human existence which has been undervalued and undermined in your world for millennia, and the ultimate consummation of this process is the extirpation of femininity from its last refuge: the heart of woman herself - a process which is only possible because woman has been tricked by the subtly twisted arguments of a false "feminism" into collaborating with her own de-feminisation.

Since Aristasia knows nothing of these matters, it goes without saying for an Aristasian that the upbringing of a blonde - however it may vary in different places—is not a question of inculcating an artificial consciousness, but of coöperating with nature, of developing her inborn sensibility, of creating a perfect bloneness; an image of the Archetype of femininity; a marriage of nature and art.



Blonde and Brunette Names and Dress

Miss Amalya Corinthian wondered:

In Telluria, some names are considered mascul, and others femin. Is this a schizomorphic practice, or do Aristasians consider some names more blonde/brunette than others? I was thinking about it, and it seems that way,

at least to me, but only with certain names, so this is likely a lot more fluid than its Tellurian counterpart.

Raya Chancandre Aquitaine answered:

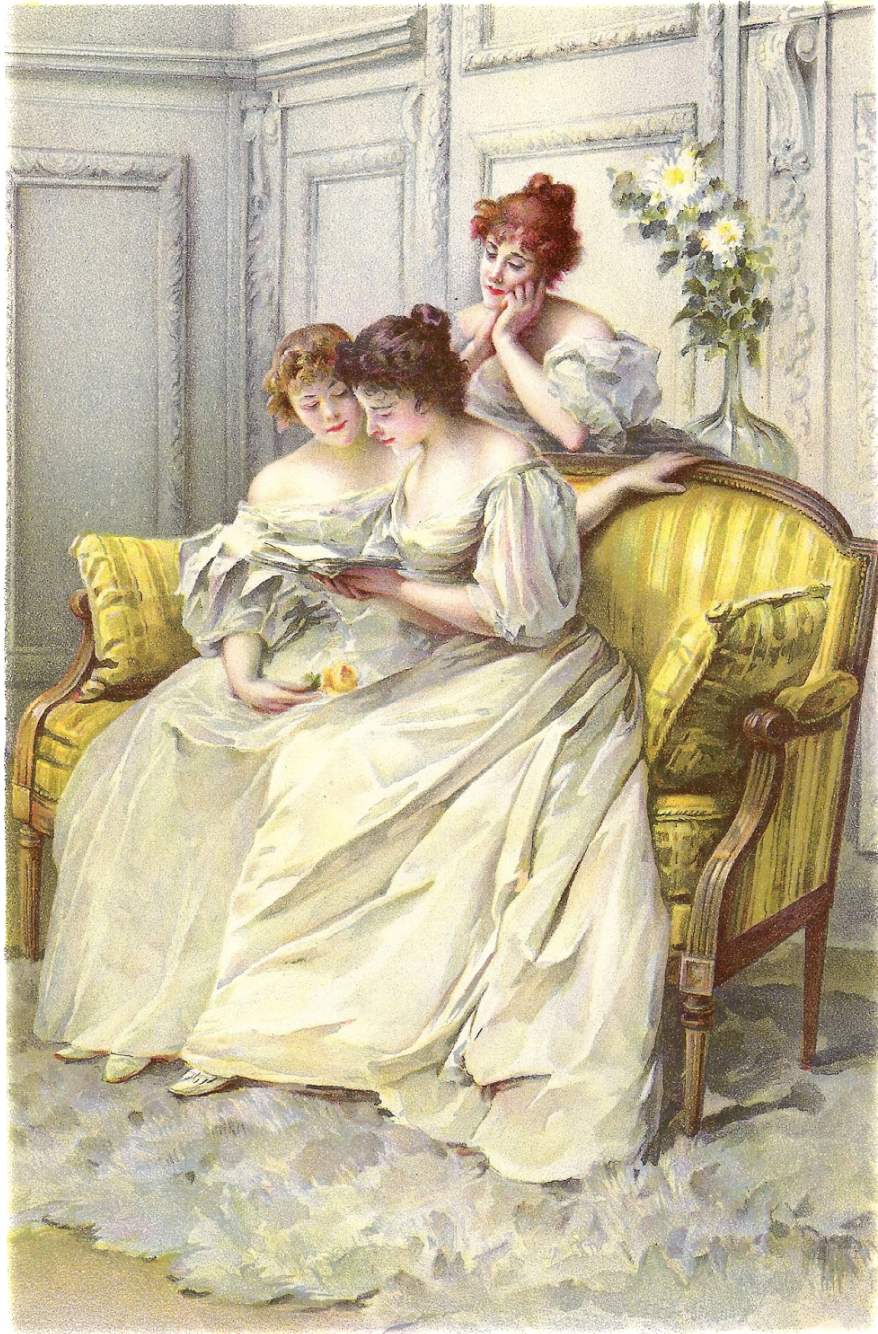
You are exactly right. In the matter of names, Aristasia is more fluid. In Telluria nearly all names are definitely mascul or femin, just as nearly all clothes (at least traditionally) are so. In Aristasia there are some names that would normally be for blondes and others for brunettes, but the majority are usable for either sex. In The Princess and the Captain, Antala is definitely a brunette name, as is Claralin. Clarala is a more likely blonde form. Sushuri is almost always a blonde name. Thamë/Thamla is usually brunette.

Sometimes this may be a local or temporary phenomenon – for example if a famous person has held a particular name, children named after her will tend to be of the same sex that she is.

Aristasia is also more fluid in the matter of clothes, although many brunettes will shy off “very blonde” clothes. Some blondes, however, consider it cute to dress in styles that seem quite brunette.

In some parts of the East there are clothes that may only be worn by a particular sex, but such places will also tend to have rules (or at least strong customs) as to which clothes may be worn by particular ages and Estates too.

Section V:
Aristasian Culture





The Four Estates

The Four Estates (*Li Kadri Virvi*) are the four fundamental divisions of human type in the traditional Aristasian world. It is an idea that the individualistic West in Telluria can find hard to grasp — and even the individualistic West in Aristasia has modified it very radically in practice, while never entirely losing the theory.

In the beginning, there was only one Estate (the *Hayana*); for maid, being closer to her Primordial wholeness, contained all the elemental possibilities in a single being.

The four Estates mirror the structure of the universe in the microcosm of the social order. Even the division of the single Primordial Estate into four parts mirrors the process of manifestation, in which the four elements proceed out of the single Aethyr. Thus it is natural that the four Estates correspond with the elements. They are as follows:

Haiela (approx. pron: "high-ELLa") : the priestly and intellectual Estate
Correspondences: Air, Winter, North

Raihira (approx. pron "rye-HEERa") : the noble and ruling (also Vikhelic?) Estate
Correspondences: Fire, Summer, South

Magdala (approx. pron "MY-dla") : the makers: craftmaids, farmers and merchants
Correspondences: Earth, Autumn, West

Paccia (approx. pron: "PAKSia") : the bonded Estate
Correspondences: Water, Spring, East

Just as there is a fifth element (Aethyr), which is not an element in the usual sense, and a fifth season (Moura) which is not a season in the usual sense and a fifth direction (the Centre) which is not a direction in the usual sense; so there is a fifth Estate which is not an Estate in the usual sense. This is the Stravē (sometimes honorifically termed Hayana) "Estate" into which no maid can be born. It consists of those who have renounced the world in search of the Ultimate Treasure of the Spirit. Being no longer of the world, they are no longer children of the world's Estates.

The four Estates represent the four fundamental types of maid, just as the four elements represent the four fundamental types of Matter. But as the early-Westrenne saying has it, "in mold is no thyng unmelded". In the material world all things are mixed; and just as Primordial Maid contained all the Estates within herself, so in later days, each Estate in its fullness must contain something of the qualities of all the others. The spiritual maid is also, in her spiritual sphere, a maker (magdalin) and a server (paxit). She may also be a leader, but even if she is not, she must be a warrior (raihirin) against the forces of darkness and against her own lower self. Likewise the Raihirin, to be complete, must be cultivated, intelligent and also spiritual (haiela), she must be mistress of the arts or crafts (magdalin) of statesmaidship or of war, and she must be obedient and bonded (paxit) to her commanders. The head of the Raihira Estate, the Queen or Empress must be paxit to the spiritual authorities, and the Antistita or High-Priestess must, more than any other maid, be wholly paxit to Dea.

It will be noted that the two higher Estates are on the Vertical or Solstitial Axis, while the two lower estates are on the horizontal, or Equinoctial Axis. This at once indicates the relationship and the distance between them. There is also a special relationship between the Haiela and the Paccia — the two Estates that look upward — and between the Raihira and the Magdala — the two Estates that look outward.

Thus we begin to see that the four Estates, exist in an elaborate and subtle balance, as is in keeping with their original emergence from the Primordial Oneness of maid.

We may also see the parallel between Aristasia and Telluria. The four Aristasian Estates bear many resemblances to the castes of India and to the Clerics, Nobles, Burgers and Serfs of the Western Middle Ages as well as the similar fourfold division of society in ancient China and the Far East generally. There are also many differences, and these are largely owing to the fact that the Tellurian Iron Age is dominated by the unbalanced Vikhelic principle of opposition and discord, while the Aristasian Iron Age, while still tending toward individualism and the expression of lower possibilities, remains governed by the principle of harmony and coöperation.

So, for example, in the Iron Age (*Kali Yuga*) in India the three higher castes are called dvija, twice-born because they are initiated or born again, while the lower caste or Sudras are excluded from initiation. In Aristasia the Paccia also are not initiated individually, but each paxit participates in the initiated state of her mistress. Rather than the concept of each soul fending for itself, we have the concept of the lowest Estate being under a special protection and benefitting from a special spiritual help.

The modern Western Tellurian will immediately want to ask "Is it possible for a person to transfer from one Estate to another". This is her first question, because her whole individualistic training focuses on the idea of movement, and of being unbound by the past and by one's heredity. The answer is "yes". But it is rare, for in a traditional society the hereditary principle actually works, and souls are generally incarnated into the families most suited to their needs and nature. In the later ages, this principle becomes gradually less effective.

In modern Western Telluria, the natural Estates are in a state of chaos, and it is this chaos that explains much of the modern history of Telluria. We may look back to Henry VIII to see, in many respects, the point at which this chaos began to be made manifest. That king began the full-scale revolt of the "Raihira" against the "Haiela" by declaring himself head of the Church in England and rejecting the "Haiela" authority of the Pope. The following attack on the "Haiela" in the form of the destruction of the Church's monastic organisation is well known. What is less well known is that the Magdala, the third of the twice-born Estates, had their own craft-initiations (the term "the Mysteries" of a craft meant very much more than mere "trade secrets"), which were governed by the guilds. Henry VIII also destroyed the guild system, thus not only eliminating the organisation of the "Haiela" but de-sacralising, and laying the groundwork for the deracination of, the "Magdala". That this caused terrible hardship is also little known. At once the pension funds and "social insurance" of the guilds were confiscated and the "social welfare" structure represented by the monasteries was dismantled. All the money went into the hands of the King's "Raihira" henchmen while both the middle class and the poor were deprived of all security. Thus the revolt of the "Raihira" against the "Haiela" involved an attack by the "Raihira" on all the other Estates.

It is no coincidence that with this disruption of the social thamë, the revolt of the "Raihira" against the "Haiela" was followed, at the beginning of the next century, with a revolt of the "Magdala" against the "Raihira", culminating in the execution of Charles I. The struggle between the "Raihira" and the "Magdala" continued for some time, and by the end of the 18th Century came the first pseudo-revolt of the "Paccia" against both Raihira and Haiela in the French Revolution. We say "pseudo" revolt partly because the proletariat is only a very pale shadow of a true Paccia and secondly because the lowest Estate by its very nature can never govern. So even when the principle of mass- or proletarian-rule becomes dominant, as in "Communist" and "Democratic" states, this is never more than a verbal reality, with the real levers of power being operated by various factions of the degenerate "high-Magdala".

We have spoken at length about this, because it is quite impossible to understand modern Tellurian history without understanding this Confusion of Estates.

In Aristasia Pura, which is governed by the principle of concord rather than discord, no such revolt against the higher Estates ever took place, just as the essentially degenerate-Magdala doctrines of "rationalism" which led to the 17th-century "Enlightenment" are unknown in Aristasia. Nevertheless, "modernism" in Western Aristasia has involved a considerable weakening of the Estate-structure. In many parts of the West most servants are no longer bonded and so do not constitute a real Paccia. The Raihira and the Haiela become largely intermixed as an upper and upper-middle class which also absorbs some of the high-Magdala, while the lower Magdala and upper Paccia tend to form a "lower middle class".

In what way, then, is Westrenne Aristasia different from Western Telluria? The differences are subtle, but nonetheless radical. They spring from the fact that there has never been any "ideological" justification for the Confusion of the Estates. It is a thing that Westrennes acknowledge to have happened, and on the whole regard as regrettable, at least in principle, while also realising that it makes possible their current Westrenne way of life. Ideas like Democracy and Socialism (invoked by the Tellurian "high-Magdala" in order to use the "Paccia" as a smokescreen for its economically-based political and social control, which it cannot otherwise justify) have never had any currency. Government by the Raihira, headed by hereditary Queens and guided by spiritual authority still prevails. Because government is relatively minimal, and questions of control and power are less important to a feminine people, the raw "tests of power" between the Estates that inevitably led to chaos in Telluria have simply never happened, and the West remains a curious mixture of traditional and modern ideas and actualities. Because of this, it has trodden paths in many ways similar to those of the Tellurian West, while never losing its roots in tradition, or making the radical breaks with Fundamental Order (thamë) that a Vikhelic society found itself more or less forced into making.

The idea of the Estates continues to underlie much of Westrenne thinking: and even though the actuality has slipped into something that is

superficially rather more like the pre-Eclipse Tellurian class system, one confuses it with that class system at one's peril. Only one who was born in Aristasia can truly appreciate the nuances of its social system, but as Tellurian subjects of the Empire, we grow continually into a system that is very different from anything that exists in Telluria, and, for all its imperfections, is much more beautiful.



Government in Aristasia

The rulers of the Aristasian nations are their respective Queens who are advised by non-elected advisors, somewhat the equivalent of senior civil servants – that is professional managers of State who help the Queen to do what she wants to do.

The job of the Queen, as titular and political Head of State, is essentially to facilitate the Dance of the Cosmos as it is reflected in the microcosm of her nation – not to change the steps, either according to her own ideas or to the latest fashions. Obviously certain changes must sometimes be made in adaptation to changing conditions, but these are rarely controversial and always tactful. It is the essence of the State to be literally stately. That is what Princesses are trained for from the earliest age.

There are parliaments in most nations, but these are of much less importance than in Telluria. They debate certain subjects and make formal recommendations to the Queen which are usually acted upon, though this is entirely at the Royal discretion. Again these recommendations are rarely controversial.

Most parliaments do not have general elections, but a representative is elected when required, that is, when one resigns or dies. In many cases, though, a representative will serve for a certain limited period such as five years, but it is not usual that all places should be elected at once. The limitation is more because the duty of service is seen as one that should have some term than to limit the power of a member or faction. Though some keen parliamentarians stand for re-election again and again. The job is not too arduous as most parliaments convene only a few times a year.



Their Serene Highnesses

The Empress is Her Imperial Majesty Celestia III. She is the direct descendant of Sai Rayanna, the Sun-Daughter and first Cairen Empress. She is regarded, in her function if not in her person, as the incarnation of the sun herself. This is the meaning of the great salutation: *Rayati Raihiranya* – Hail to the Empress (as an incarnation of the Sun).

The position of Empress is therefore a hereditary one although it does not necessarily follow the Tellurian law of primogeniture. All daughters of the Imperial Family are Imperial Princesses and all are brought up in seclusion and with considerable rigour in the great temple-palace at the heart of the Imperial City. The slightly modern way of life adopted by some Westrenne Royal Families is out of the question for the Imperial Family. An Imperial Princess is one of the most highly-trained, profoundly cultured and rigorously disciplined maidens in the Empire. The selection of the Imperial

Princess who is to become Empress takes place according to tests and rituals that are unknown to any outside the highest Haiela and Raihira who make up the Traditional hierarchy of the Imperial Court and Sun-Temple.

Those who are unsuited to this demanding life are usually allowed to withdraw. They then become Serene Highnesses whose functions are purely ceremonial. It should perhaps be mentioned here that the use of the term “Serene Highness” to mean non-authoritative royalty is something of a Westrenne joke. The honorific “serene” is in fact used, upon the proper occasions, for all royalty, up to – and a fortiori including – the Empress herself. It denotes the “unacting action” of the Spiritual Principle, and is expressed in the scriptural passage:

Earth moves but Heaven is still. The rim revolves, but the Centre remains without motion

The still point from which all movement arises, like the point without extension from which all space proceeds, is represented on earth by Her Serene Majesty; and her governance of the Empire is likened to the actionless action of the Spirit. It is from this central idea that the term “Serene Highness” is accorded secondarily to the whole Imperial Family.

However, in the Westrenne lands there is a certain spirit of “activism”, “individualism” and “exteriorism” akin to, but by no means as extreme as, that in modern Western Telluria, and this spirit, at its most gross, can see serenity as simple inactivity. The pretence that the “Serene” in “Serene Highness” denotes lack of authority or active participation in Government is thus a humorously deliberate “misunderstanding”. Actually the reason they are often known by this title is that it is one of the fundamental titles belonging to the Imperial Family and held by all its members, as opposed to some other titles which derive from particular functions.

Incidentally, the term “All serene”, used in Aristasian military and other circles, means “all in order”: and while its superficial meaning is “all quiet, nothing wrong”, at a profounder level it implies “all is right” – i.e. all is in harmony with the serenely unchanging Principle, and thus with the Will of Heaven – and by extension of Heaven’s daughter, the Empress.



The Aristasian Legal System

Most legal cases in Aristasia are civil rather than criminal.

As Aristasian society is based on Amity, contracts of various kinds are based on the notion of agreements between gentilmaids. For a gentilmaid *dictum meum pactum* - "my word is my bond" and generally that is true. Honor is a governing principle and apart from the fact that Aristasians do generally try to be good, losing one's honor publicly is a disastrous thing, both socially and in terms of any kind of business.

This means that the legal system is very much secondary to the self-regulation of the social order. However, particularly in later times - with more individualism and diversity - it has to be recognized that people may not have the same understanding of verbal contracts, and for a very long time it has been the practice in most places to put important contracts into writing and to have the aid of a Haielin specially trained in these matters - usually one representing each party. Most families of any importance will

retain someone who deals with such matters who may be a Haielin or a trained Magdalin "maid of business" or in some cases both for somewhat different purposes. These would be somewhat equivalent to "the family lawyer" in Telluria.

Should there be disputes about the contract this maid will represent her client in court. There are various courts at county, principality and national levels. There is even an Imperial Court. They are called courts because they are part of the Royal, Ducal or County court though it is long since queens, duchesses or countesses presided personally at such courts (though they do preside over their administrative courts which would be roughly equivalent to a branch of the legislature in Telluria). Usually the president of a court is a Magistra.

Criminal cases are relatively rare. Most crime is minor and dealt with summarily. Most offenders do not deny their offenses - though they can and often will (but, from a Tellurian perspective, surprisingly often won't) present mitigating or extenuating circumstances.

In the relatively rare cases where there is a real dispute over whether an offense took place or who committed it, the Magistra's job is to establish the position. There is not an adversarial legal system.

Comparison with Telluria

This is a good example of how Aristasian ideals and practices are not recommendations for Telluria. In my own opinion, the adversarial legal system of Anglo-Saxon countries is much freer and fairer than the inquisitorial system of European countries. However, at least superficially, the Aristasian system more closely resembles the latter. What we must remember, though, is that the resemblance is very superficial because the entire culture, and the very concept of "crime", is entirely different. I think this is a useful and unusually clear-cut example of the fact that when we say "this is how Aristasians do things" we are not saying "this is how Tellurians ought to do things".



Crime and Punishment in Aristasia

An extract from The District Governess

Crime and Punishment in Aristasia are rather a different matter from what they are in certain other lands. After all, in Telluria a woman is several dozen times less likely than a man to commit a serious crime. “Vandalism” is unknown in Aristasia, as, virtually, are burglary, violent robbery, rape, and many other crimes.

Murders are committed very occasionally, usually in passion. Now and again a car is stolen, especially one of those rather luscious open-topped Sepharellas. Precisely because it is rare it is so easy. No one ever locks anything and girls often leave their keys in the ignition all the time as it is the best way of not mislaying them. The temptation to hop in and drive away is occasionally too much for a wayward brunette.

The commonest solution of a crime is confession. No, the commonest is Anonymous Return. More often than not the car is found back in the drive after a day or two: the fur stole slipped back onto the rack in the shop, or

left draped over the back of one of those nice little chairs the big stores provide for their customer's benefit, quite as if the owner had mistakenly walked off without it. We remember the case reported in *The Morning Letter* of a girl who tried three times to "lose" a delicious sable in the shop from which she had stolen it, each time having it returned by an over-helpful assistant. Eventually she thrust it back at the fourth assistant, saying "It's not mine, it's yours! I swoggled it!" and fled from the shop before time astonished girl could say "Very good, modom."

Anonymous Return is not considered meritorious in Aristasia. The offender ought to confess and accept her punishment. Every one knows that, and the Anonymous Returner does her returning with a very bad conscience. In Arcadia, Amazonia and Novaria it is much rarer. There confession is the usual solution of crime; but in the other provinces. especially Vintesse and Quirinelle, Anonymous Return has sadly become quite common and is considered a token of a decline of public morality.

There are no prisons in Aristasia and only a few law-courts. Punishment is more personal, more home-like. Indeed, the distinction between the public and the private is one which Aristasians do not strongly recognise. Society is considered to be a greater family with the Queen or Empress or local Governor or Countess (depending on what level we are considering) as its mother, and her servants as elder sisters.

This last sentence requires two comments. First, that elder sisters are highly regarded as figures of authority in Aristasia and second that every constabel, judge, District Governess and other agent of the law is regarded as a servant of the Queen or local Magistra. Law is personal rather than impersonal. This does not (as the outlander might suppose) leave it open to vagary and abuse because Aristasia (like more traditional forms of society elsewhere) is a unanimous society. There is no real disagreement about what is right, or what people ought to do. There is no real disagreement that custom is sacred. Every action of life is ultimately determined by spiritual law and the wisdom of the Revered Ancestresses. The power of the Magistra (meaning any ruler and also a court judge) to uphold custom and the Sacred Harmony is absolute; but she is not an Absolute Ruler, because she, no less — indeed far more — than any other, is the servant of the Harmony [the authoress is

here translating” the word *thamē* — Editress]. She cannot invent her own laws. She can impose her own will but only within the strict and time-honoured limits of what is proper.

There have been many changes in recent centuries, but Aristasia has changed without becoming anti-traditional. Each of the new ways is incorporated within the Sacred Harmony [*thamē*] and becomes a part of its new adaptation—and each of the provinces has done this in a slightly different way.

The law in Aristasia covers many things which in some other places might not be recognised as having a legal, or even a moral, dimension. Such things as slovenly dress, impoliteness or vulgar language may be dealt with by the police. I have seen a Quirinelle constabel in her shining silver helmet and wide— flaring navy blue skirt (one can only guess how many layers of petticoat it is that those trim black-seamed calves disappear into) stop a full-grown blonde for the offence of yawning in the street without covering her mouth.

The girl was terribly embarrassed by her crime and explained that she was really very tired and not thinking clearly. The constabel unclipped the dark leather strap from her belt and told the girl to hold out her hand. The strap darted across the palm of her neat white glove with a report like a pistol-shot. She squeezed her blue-shadowed eyes tight and her white teeth bit into her scarlet lower lip. After a giddy moment of recovering herself from the shock, she thanked the constabel nicely, accepted an elder-sisterly kiss from her and proceeded on her way, nursing her throbbing hand. They do sting, those police straps, and one may be sure that she will not yawn in such an uncouth manner for some time to come.

Harmony, Comeliness, Seemliness: such are the watchwords of Aristasian ‘Law and Order’—a phrase from another land which would not be in the least out of place upon Aristasian lips, but would carry with it quite another colouring. All law, to the Aristasian, is akin to the laws of mathematics or of music—an expression of the underlying harmony of being; all order fundamentally the order of a dance, which is ultimately the great dance of the cosmos, presided over by Themis the Angel of Harmony [the correct

name is Thamē, but in view of the wide ‘profane’ readership of these books, the authoress uses an Ancient Greek equivalent — Editress]. To an Aristasian, grace in the sense of ‘gracefulness’ is not a different concept from grace in the theological sense. They are intimately bound up one with another—and all of life is intimately bound up with them.

Constabls are found mostly in the cities. In many country areas — and some smaller towns — law is maintained mostly by the District Governess, a figure whose duties are as varied as those of the village postmistress. She oversees the education of children who are taught at home (as many children are, especially in country areas). She has been known to discipline a private governess with her own strap if she feels her charges are not being kept up to standard. In the stricter provinces she may inspect houses to see that they are neat and tidy. She is also the main administratrix of official punishments, either ordained by herself or by a magistra. In urban areas the City Governess usually carries out punishments more serious than those given summarily by the constabls.

As the title ‘Governess’ implies. Aristasian subjects are, in certain respects, treated throughout life as children in the great family of the Empress. The captured law-breaker in Aristasia feels more like a child outside the headmistress’s study than an adult trapped by the pitiless machine of the State. There is never absent an understanding on all sides that punishment is given with love and for the true good of the culprit, to bring her back into grace and restore her to the heart of the Familia. Although the true dignity of an Aristasian is far greater than that of a person in a degenerate land (as may be seen by the unfailing neatness of dress of even the lowliest subject), her consciousness of herself as a child, makes her more supple and yielding in the hands of public discipline. She has not built her persona upon a hard and brittle ‘personal independence’ which must be stripped and crushed by the punishing State, reducing her almost to the level of nonentity. Rather she can be corrected as a child is corrected:— sometimes severely but with love and with her own tearful acceptance. It is an act which unites her rather than severing her from the whole, which leaves her neither broken nor bitter, but at peace, and happier than before.

The punishments suffered by Aristasian law-breakers are much the same as those suffered by naughty children. Often exactly the same, though where the offence is much more serious, the punishment must be so too. The City or District Governess may set lines and other impositions. She may administer the cane or the strap. Where a magistra orders such punishments, the Governess will carry them out. In the case of impositions, she will receive them, mark them and decide whether they are acceptable or whether further punishment is in order. For serious criminal offences, many thousands of lines may be set which may take months or even (occasionally) years to complete. Usually the offender is left at liberty, handing in her imposition weekly to the Governess. Wherever the magistra has not laid it down, she will decide such things as how much must be completed each week. Often a weekly or monthly strapping or caning may be part of the sentence.

Occasionally an offender may be kept in detention at the Governess's office, usually reporting at nine o'clock each morning and sitting at a desk to work on her imposition. Very occasionally she may be directed to sleep in a dormitory attached to the Governess's office, not being permitted to return home for all or part of her detention.

Such custodial sentences are usually given when for some reason a girl is no longer regarded as a trusted subject able to conduct her affairs responsibly. In the longer term the usual cure for this state of affairs is for the offender to be bonded as a maidservant in the house of one of the senior householders of the locality. In some cases this will be done for the period of an imposition, with the girl perhaps working as a maid in the mornings and writing out her punishment in the afternoons and evenings until it is complete.

If a girl is deemed constitutionally incapable of managing her own affairs, she may be bonded indefinitely to a mistress. Usually such a girl will come to the attention of the court through some offence, but although bonding may be imposed as a punishment. it is within the power of the court to impose indefinite bonding without any offence being laid against the bondmaid, in the best interests of herself and of the Familia. Such compulsory bonding is rare. and may be appealed against annually, when a

different magistra must review the case and interview all persons concerned. However, such appeals are even rarer, for a maid thus bonded is usually much better so and settles down happily into her new life, after, perhaps, an initial period of especially strict discipline.

These cases are the extreme ones in Aristasia. The usual workings of the law concern everyday offences against neatness, politeness and propriety—what are legally termed “decorum offences” — along with minor acts of pilfering or nuisance. For these a few hundred lines and/or a good strapping or caning is the usual chastisement.



Amity

Amity is an important concept in Aristasian culture. It is one of the fundamental ideas that makes Aristasians think and act as they do, and is the product of a Maternalistic Society.

Amity in Aristasia Pura

The ideal relation between maids is that of Amity. The term implies absolute trust and an indulgence such as that which a mother shows to her child. Aristasians, especially those of the more traditional sort, cannot feel

happy or comfortable in their relations with others - whether private or businesslike - until a basis of Amity has been formed.

Theoretically Aristasia is a society founded on Amity, and in practice Amity plays a huge role in every form of activity. Aristasians bond closely to the people they live with or work with, and having done so are deeply loyal. Aristasians are a "we people" rather than an "I people", and the concept of "our people" - the people with whom one is bonded in Amity, and whom one can trust absolutely, is close to the core of Aristasian thinking and feeling. The ideal of the individualistic, independent person promoted by the Tellurian West strikes the Aristasian heart as cold and isolating to the point of being truly horrific.

Amity affects many areas of life. For example, centrally-owned chain-stores have had difficulty establishing themselves in Aristasia (they scarcely exist at all outside cities which have a large non-native population) because customers often have a relationship of Amity with the shop-owner and would consider it disloyal to take their custom away.

The term friend is also used for one to whom one is bonded in Amity, but the concept of friendship is a much deeper thing than it is in Telluria, where it can refer to mere passing acquaintanceship.

Mayamity

While Amity characterises one's relations with all the people whom one truly accepts, there is also Mayamity (great-Amity) which one shares with one, or a few, very special friends.

Such a person may be described as "My Amma (blonde)" or "Ammi" (brunette). An Amma/Ammi is a deeply-bonded friend, and the importance of this relationship is equal to marriage. Indeed, it is often valued more highly than romantic love, for romance can be a beautiful but temporary adventure, while Mayamity is for life.

Sometimes Mayamity is a group-bond between three or four who are all Ammas or Ammis.



Amity in Aristasia-in-Telluria

In Aristasia Pura such bonds often begin in childhood and are nurtured throughout life by shared activities and experiences. Aristasians-in-Telluria have often considered the question of how they may replicate the bonds of Amity, considering that they have often shared few experiences and are, despite their rejection of it, the products of a fragmented society.

The earliest Aristasians overcame this naturally. Most of them came together in late-adolescence or very early adulthood, were bonded first by common attitudes and a common feeling of alienation from the world about them, and spent most of their time in each other's company. Two of the earliest expressions coined by the first generation of Aristasians were borrowed from the familiar wartime comments about overhead aircraft: "One of Ours" or "One of Theirs". "One of Ours" shared the attitudes and

values of Aristasia and was bonded in Amity to the group. "One of Theirs" was an Outlander. Sometimes the very tightness and closeness of the first Aristasians is held to be the reason that so few of them have involved themselves with later outreach activities.

With new girls coming into contact with Aristasia by means of Elektraspace, and often having a strong sense that the Motherland was a thing they knew before they heard its name (these are sometimes called Exile Aristasians), often the yearning for Amity is one of their fundamental motivations.

And yet, in the transient world of Elektraspace, with a lack of shared experiences and real congregation, the building of true Amity is a challenge. Many hope to overcome this by the deepening of Virtualia, participation in virtual games and events, formation of study groups or even on-line schools, working together to build Aristasian outreach and community and possibly creating joint business ventures.

While such things as games may be regarded by some as peripheral, they are actually a part of the bonding process and bonding is central to the proper formation of Aristasia-in-Telluria.

Amiability

The term amiable is often used in Aristasia. It of course means that a person is friendly and pleasant, but it also implies that she is, or potentially is, within the circle of Amity.

To say that some one is "not amiable" is a much more serious indictment than it sounds.

Janyatic foundations of Amity

Amity stems from and is ruled by Sai Sushuri, as one would expect. However it is also strongly influenced by Sai Thamë, the "sister" of Sai Sushuri. Amity is one of the main pillars of the Harmony, or thamë, of society.



Marriage and Succession

Customs regarding names in marriage vary in different parts of the Empire. In the West it is usual for the blonde either to take the brunette's name or to retain her former name – especially in cases where she is in the theatre, business or public life – while the children would take the brunette's name. Among some traditional Raihira families, however it is common for blonde, brunette and children to take on the name of the one highest in precedence. Occasionally this can lead to a change of name in the course of a marriage – if, for example if the blonde of a brunette baroness unexpectedly succeeded to a title of the Countess of —, the name associated with the title would thenceforth become the family name.

In some Eastern societies (of the type called cheliniar) it would normally be the blonde's name that was taken by the brunette.

Succession varies also, not only in different parts of the Empire but in different cases. Some titles and hereditary positions pass solely in the

brunette line, some solely in the blonde line and some by strict primogeniture (i.e. the eldest daughter of either sex is the successor). The title of Shuranya, for example, can only be held by a blonde. Some two hundred years ago, there was a period when there was no Shuranya of Mereton for eight years until a distant blonde cousin of the family was born and succeeded immediately to the title and estate. Numerous brunettes who would otherwise have been in the line of succession were ineligible owing to their sex.

Connubial Love

In answer to a question concerning the status of connubial love in Aristasia-in-Telluria, Commander Caerelinde wrote:

I shall not here mention such things as the wide varieties of love, or the fact that physical acts of procreation are not so important in Aristasia Pura (far more pettes never marry there, though their lives are filled with love). Many girls, even couples, in both Telluria and Pura, prefer chaste love; but that is not our topic today. We must speak directly of connubial love.

While these are not topics we usually discuss there is a special case for it here, as Aristasia-in-Telluria is a completely new thing in relation to such matters.

In the first place, it is clear that while connubial love is not as universal in Aristasia Pura, it is certainly not rare. Otherwise there would be no new blondes or brunettes!

In Telluria, of course, connubial love between girls does not produce babies. Is it, therefore considered "wrong"?

Well, the whole point of being an Aristasian-in-Telluria is that one becomes an honorary intemorph. We regard ourselves as chelani or melini. We do not, of course, know what precise form connubial love takes between true intemorphs, but that does not concern us, since they are biologically different from us in any case.

But since we are spiritually intemorphs, connubial love between Aristasian couples in Telluria, who regard themselves as married, may be regarded as a "translation" of Pura connubial love. Clearly, as such it will be seen as a sacred thing.

This is not a path for all of us - just as in Pura it is not a path for all - but for those who feel called to this expression of their love, it should be regarded as a high and noble thing and should be treated with reverence and respect.

Of course it is also a very private thing which, under normal circumstances, one would never speak about in public. But since there is confusion I hope these humble suggestions of mine will make things clearer for our dear married sisters.



Rayati

"Rayati" is the universal greeting in Aristasia. It means "Hail to the Sun (in you)".

The word is actually the salutation-form of Raya, meaning the (angel of the) Sun.

It is a greeting addressed to the Divine Essence, or Solar Heart in each person. It is used to begin and end a meeting or encounter, like both "hello" and "goodbye" (though hello and goodbye are sometimes used as well). In Aristasian speech, making this greeting is termed "Giving (someone) Rayati". In other words, idiomatically, Rayati is "given" rather than "said".

The greeting Rayati is normally accompanied by making a Reverence.

To a traditional Aristasian, a meeting with a friend, or friends constitutes a special state, almost a very informal ritual (just as eating a meal at a table, or

visiting a person's house is a ritual). The word Rayati is the opening and closing word of that ritual. Any words said after the closing "Rayati" are regarded as a sort of postscript. Occasionally in the West, and in very informal company, the greeting is omitted (this is regarded by traditional people as a sign of Westrenne decadence), but if it is given by either party, failure to respond with "Rayati" is an immense gaffe and could even be seen as an insult.

Among Military personnel and on some formal occasions, the greeting is Rayati Raihiranya ("Hail to the Empress as an incarnation of the Sun"). This might also be said at, say, a school assembly where the mistress conducting would greet the assembly with it, and the girls would reply in unison. When a civilian is greeted by a member of the military with "Rayati Raihiranya" it is usual to give the civilian response "Rayati", but it is perfectly in order to reply "Rayati Raihiranya". Occasionally this is shortened to "Raya" among the military — normally only when addressing each other. It is rare for a civilian to use "Raya" as a salutation, even when so saluted.

This "raya" which is a shortening of "rayati" sounds different from "Raya" meaning "Sun" or "Lady", because the final "a" ends sharply with a glottal stop (think of a Cockney saying "rayat").

Rayati Raihiranya is also a kind of loyal motto that may be placed at the end of a statement or may be used in a variety of other contexts such as school assemblies. Some Aristasians have Rayati Raihiranya as the start-up message for their portable telephones. It may also be given as a loyal toast before drinking.



Reverence

A reverence is a small bow made when greeting someone or on certain other occasions. It nearly always accompanies the word Rayati, and is made wherever Rayati is given.

Note that in idiomatic Aristasian speech, Reverence is made and Rayati is given. So a person is described as "making reverence". If the action is described she may be said to "make deep reverence", "make slight reverence" etc. To "make one's reverence" tends to be used of children, as in "Make your reverence, dear" or "I made my reverence, Mummie". Sometimes this form is also used where a "cute" or "childlike" effect is intended. "The blonde made her reverence" has a distinctly more "cutesy" nuance than "The blonde made reverence".

Reverence may be made with the hands pressed together (as in a West-Tellurian attitude of prayer), either at the chest or at the forehead. The latter is more respectful or humble. Everyday reverences are often made with the hands at the sides (brunettes and especially military) or folded over the solar plexus (blondes) or abdomen.

The reason often given for the differing styles of blonde and brunette reverence is that blondes are "closed" in comparison to the "openness" of brunettes. Thus, in a traditional style of old Southern house that is built around a courtyard, blonde rooms always face inward, onto the courtyard and brunette rooms tend to face outward to the "world".

The idea that blondes and brunettes manifest respectively the inward and the outward, the enclosed and the open, is reflected in the traditional styles of reverence.

Blondes may also curtsy by way of reverence, though this is less common except in certain areas. There is also a sort of combined bow and curtsy (a bow accompanied by a lowering of the knees) which is sometimes used by blondes to show especial respect. This form is also considered particularly courtly and elegant in some circles.

The use of the curtsy by blondes is sometimes explained by the fact that maid's upright posture is the sign of her Axial nature as opposed to animal creation, and blondes, being regarded in some ancient cultures as the more spiritual sex, should, in making reverence, lower themselves without compromising their Axial uprightness.

Whether bow or curtsy, the depth of the reverence is the primary indicator of the degree of reverence being accorded, as well as the position of the hand in the pressed-hands style. It may vary from a nod of the head to a 15-degree, 30-degree, 45-degree or even 90-degree bow. Very deep reverence is appropriate for making serious apologies (for slight apologies a smaller one is appropriate) and for greeting spiritual superiors and superiors very senior to oneself. Thanks are also often accompanied by reverence, again the depth of the reverence according to the profundity of

the thanks. The most extreme reverence consists of kneeling and touching one's forehead to the ground. This is made by very great inferiors, and also when apologising very profoundly for some grievous offence.

In some contexts, such as certain military units, certain schools, and in some (but not all) very traditional areas, precise degrees of reverence are prescribed for most different circumstances. In general, however, degrees of reverence are a more or less "instinctive" matter: though in a foreign country or area, one should carefully note the practice of others.

A slight reverence - just a nod of the head sometimes may be used by superiors acknowledging inferiors but not fully reverencing them. It is also used in some very informal settings (as among some younger people in Quirinelle and Vintesse - especially the more northerly regions) where full reverence is being "skipped" or "slurred over". This can cause offence in more formal company, and in general one is advised to use the most formality compatible with a given situation, at least until one knows people well enough to know what is acceptable to them.

When superiors lightly acknowledge inferiors, or do not reverence at all, this is not a sign of arrogance or disrespect. Rayati is given to all, since the Solar Spirit is in all. The Reverence might be likewise made to all and in some cases is: but where a superior has any form of guardianship over the inferior who is saluting her (a teacher, a priestess, a direct personal superior etc.) the absence of the reverence is seen as a sign of "being a rock" for the inferior. The superior ultimately represents the Empress and Dea Herself to the inferior, thus she accepts reverence on behalf of the Golden Chain of which she is the higher link.

While some Tellurians, with their individualist and democratist assumptions, might find this surprising, the acceptance of reverence by her superiors is actually a comforting and warming thing to an Aristasian: a perpetual sign that she is not forced to fend for herself as an isolated individual, but is anchored firmly to the Golden Chain of Divine Authority.

The Curtsey

It is believed the curtsey originated in certain parts of the further East and that the rationale behind it was as follows:

Human beings are the only creatures with an upright posture, and this is because they are the Axial being. When we bow we defer our axially bringing the upper body nearer to the horizontal in homage to the verticality of another.

It is said that certain ancient Estrenne cultures held that blondes – being sacred – could never lose their axially even relatively, thus they made reverence without inclining themselves toward the horizontal. In later times, of course, most curtseys came to incorporate some degree of inclination, but this is held – by some at least – to be their origin.

Incidentally, it is also said that the quasi-upright posture of birds when not in flight betokens their position as winged symbols of angelic powers.



Forms of Address

As with many questions about Aristasia, the form of address depends somewhat on what part of Aristasia one is in.

However, in general and especially for Western Aristasians and Aristasians-in-Telluria, the following can be taken as minimal guidelines.

The normal way to refer to someone is as "Miss (Surname)". There is no differing title for married or unmarried ladies or for the sexes, so it is very simple. Miss is, of course, short for "Mistress". In some areas the full form is used, but that will not concern us at present. In some cases also "Miss" is not used for Paccia as they are not mistresses.

A little further east one adds the honorific "chei" or "chen" to a name, so one says (Surname)-chei.

Only if one knows a person very well will one use Miss (First name) or (First name)-chei/chen.

First name without Miss or chei/chen (or other title) is reserved for:

- Children
- Close (equal or inferior) family members
- Very intimate friends
- Some distinct and intimate inferiors (protégées or little-sisters, some servants)
- Some hierarchical inferiors

Some schoolgirls among themselves drop "Miss" but not "chei". Chei can be modified to the intimate form "cheri" in some cases.

Many of us have very close friends whom we have never addressed - and would not dream of addressing - by first name alone.

Surname without Miss or chei/chen (or other title) is very rare and should normally be avoided except by those who know exactly what they are doing and are very familiar with the particular protocol. Wrongly used it is considered very insulting. It is used in some military contexts, some brunette schools and with some servants in some areas. Otherwise it is to be avoided.

Aristasians in Telluria do not refer even to Tellurian public figures by surname alone unless they are a) male AND b) dead. "Shakespeare" is allowable, but "Austen" (for Jane Austen) is not.

The English translation of the very important Essentialist book *Symboles fondamentaux de la science sacrée* (Fundamental Symbols of Sacred Science) actually omits "M." and "Mme" and represents the author as referring to other writers by surname alone. To an Aristasian (as to any civilised) ear, this is deeply shocking and has led some English-speaking Aristasians to struggle with the book in the original French rather than be offended by the English version.

Specific Forms of Address

The rule that one should address a person by her highest title is certainly valid and, when addressing her, one calls:

- The Empress "Imperial Majesty"
- A Queen "Your Majesty"
- A Princess "Your Highness"
- A Duchess or High Priestess "Your Grace"
- Other ranks of nobility "My Lady"
- A Priestess "Matri" (mother)
- A high-level teacher, or Eastern nobility, "Raya"
- A military officer "Noble (rank)" or "Honoured (rank)"

Other titles are normally preceded by "Honoured". Descriptions that are not specifically titles are also used sometimes with appropriate traditional adjectives replacing "Honoured", such as:

- "Honoured Teacher"
- "Learned Doctor"
- "Gallant Captain"
- "Noble Defender" for a military guard - strictly one of officer class, but it may sometimes be applied to an ordinary guard in accordance with the tendency to give a person more honour than her due.

Note that some Aristasian societies are very strict and honour must be exact, but for Western/Tellurian usage this will not normally arise and the rule of over-honouring (within reason) is a safe one.

'The term Rayalin' will sometimes be encountered. It is hard to translate into English. It could be rendered "Person of high birth", or "Lordly lady". It is not used for people of actual nobility. It may be used in addressing a group or meeting in the form "Rayalini" or "Mel Rayalini". If nobles are present, one may use the traditional formula "Rayani yt Rayalini".

"Ma'am" may be used in addressing a superior directly. In formal speech, honorifics are used often. If one is showing very high respect one will use them each time one addresses a person. Lesser degrees of respect still demand frequent use, especially at the beginning of a conversation. In such cases, after using "My Lady" a few times, "ma'am" may be used for brevity, though reverting to "My Lady" if one wishes to intensify respect or is saying something that might be taken slightly amiss.

"Ma'am" is regularly used by shop assistants and other public servants who do not know the rank of the person whom they are addressing, but must address them as a superior since they are serving them.

"Ma'am" is also used among equals in formal speech: each party humbly addressing the other as if she were a superior.

Use of "Dear" in Letter Salutations:

While using "Dear" in letter salutations is perfectly acceptable for an Aristasian-in-Telluria, in Aristasia Pura (whose usages some of us adopt) it tends to be used only for those who really might be dear to one. The correct address to an editor with whom one was personally unfamiliar would be "Honoured Editor", or to a business associate "Honoured Miss Joans"

To one's mother one would write "Dear Mummie" or to one's childhood friend "Dear Sushuri-cheri".

On "Chei" and "Chen"

The honorific suffix chei is used in some parts of the East and is especially associated with the noble Rayapurhi dialect. In the nearer East - and much of the further where different forms altogether are not used - it is more usually chen.

About a century ago, some circles in the Novarian capital, Nevrayapurh adopted the chei form as proper to "New Rayapurhis". Some people consider this an affectation but it is still often heard in the Capital, and for this reason is sometimes considered in the West to be the correct Estrenne

(or at least Novarian) usage. Actually, in most of Novaria and the bordering Eastern lands, chen is much more common. In West Novaria, "Miss" is also frequently used and one even sometimes hears the two combined, as in: "Miss Joans-chen".



Standing Etiquette

Generally, all brunettes will stand when a blonde enters a room or rises to leave. They will not be seated until she is.

An exception is when the blonde is notably younger or inferior in status. Obviously brunette ladies do not rise for maids. There is no obligation for a grown brunette to rise for a teenaged blonde. If she does, this is regarded as a compliment.

Blondes do not rise for brunettes unless they are superior in status; but they do return reverence to brunettes.

Teenagers should rise for all adults except in very informal circumstances.

All maidens should rise for their superiors - the Headmistress or Praefecta Morum of a college, for example.

When functions are "active" this will override some of the etiquette. In a teaching context for example, a brunette teacher will not rise for blonde pupils - though out of the classroom or seminar room (or informal teaching environment) she will. In this respect, as in all others, an active teacher

becomes the superior even of the headmistress while the latter is in statu pupillari. If this seems confusing to some Tellurians, it should be understood that hierarchical superiority resides in the function, not in the person.

Similarly, if a blonde reports to the office of a brunette Headmistress, the Headmistress will not rise.

Pupils will rise when a mistress enters or leaves the room, but not if she is seated and stands up during the course of teaching (this would be disruptive). They rise and reverence when she first enters and when she dismisses them. If she enters or leaves during the course of the lesson, they rise only.

Brunette teenagers will rise for blonde teenagers. All teenagers will rise for teenagers in a superior position (prefects, et cetera).

Rising when a blonde or superior enters the room is accompanied by reverence. Reverence will be returned except when hierarchical functions are specifically active. A teacher does not reverence her pupils, for example. A mistress giving discipline does not reverence the maid she is disciplining.

Reverence is normally given in both directions because each reverences the Spirit in the other, but when hierarchical roles are active, the superior is specifically, through her obedience to her function, mediating the Spirit to her inferior.



The Meaning of Gesture

In Sai Herthe, as in all traditional cultures, the body is seen as microcosmos — the cosmos in miniature — with the interconnexions between the Great Body of the world, the small body of an individual maid and the body as a general, as opposed to an individual, phenomenon being a fundamental element in our understanding of each.

The heart is the Solar center in maid, as the Sun is in the cosmos. The chest, by extension, refers to the heart, and also to the lungs, which are the source of breath — another aspect of the spirit (re-spir-ation is from the same word as spiritus).

The head is the lunar center — so the light of reason is the reflected light of the solar Intellect, whose home in maid is the heart.

To touch first the forehead and then the chest is an in-gathering gesture, bringing exterior things (represented by the head) back to their true center in the heart. It can be made in significance of receiving a teaching or a reprimand, thus it can also be a sign of humility. It can be made to acknowledge and center ourselves in the Higher reality, or to show respect — gathering oneself in from the fragmented and peripheral world of the head to the still and Essential world of the heart.

Although in late western Telluria the heart has been taken as a (very loose) symbol for the emotions (so “heart vs head” means “reason vs emotion”), in Sai Herthe this is not the case. The heart is the center of the Spirit, and thus of Pure Intellect. It is also the center of Pure Love — first Divine Love and then its true reflection in human love. But it is not the center of emotional impulses and passions. That is the stomach.

There is also an inverse form of this gesture, touching first the chest and then the forehead, and then opening the hand in a “giving” or “indicating” gesture. This is the “outward” gesture and is one of generosity. It might, for example, be used when inviting someone into one’s house. Its implication is “from my innermost being, through my exterior faculties, to you”.

The Herthelan salute touches either the left shoulder or the left side of the chest (there are many variants on the salute — not random — each military or other group using it will have its own strictly-observed form). Nonetheless, the reference is to the heart (which is on the left side) and to the shoulder or arm (which is the instrument of action).

It does not seem insignificant that the (relatively late) Tellurian salute should touch the head, which is the center of lunar reason, which in turn is the focus of the rationalist revolution which ushered in the rajasic age in West Telluria. The salute to the head is known in Sai Herthe, as are some other salutes used in different places and circumstances. The salute to the head generally has the effect of being jauntier and less formal than the standard salute, though there are a few contexts in which it is officially used.



The Vikhelic Arts

The Vikhelic Arts (known in Telluria as "martial arts") are dedicated to Sai Vikhē, the Janya of combat. They were particularly necessary for the defence of the Empire at the time of the Outlander Wars and are widely practised in time of peace. Indeed Vikhelic arts hold the place in Aristasia that sporting activities like football or baseball hold in Telluria, although team games like these also exist in Aristasia.

It has been questioned why brunettes in Aristasia practise and follow the Vikhelic arts so assiduously. In old Japan the Samurai practiced martial arts because they needed to defend themselves and their lord in a very warlike environment. However, in Aristasia Pura maids do not kill maids and there is no internal war.

In answer to this question, we may pose another: since kicking, batting, throwing, rolling and otherwise manipulating spheroids is in no way related to the survival of Tellurians, why do they spend so much time doing it?

The Vikhelic Arts in Aristasia Pura are to an extent more like ball games in the sense that they do not relate directly to survival.

To an extent only, of course, because they do ultimately have a defensive function and also a ritual or quasi-religious aspect; and they are (but much more rarely than in Telluria) used in anger between brunettes. The absolute taboo is on killing (and on organised mass conflict), not fighting per se. Even so, physical fighting with intent to hurt is not at all normal - and is usually much more formal. An impromptu scrap or brawl is very rare - a challenge to honourable combat less so. Sometimes the dividing line between normal sporting activity and a "fight" is a tenuous one.

Nonetheless most combat is pure sport, even though (like any sport) it may have an element of rivalry and of group loyalties. However great these may be (and even in a "fight" between two angry brunettes), combat is conducted with impeccable manners and with a high degree of ritual observance. So much so that the combination of civility and joint participation in sacred formality, combined with "letting off steam" often help to repair the original anger - as does the fact that after a contest the loser must behave with humility and grace; the winner with generosity and grace. Not to do so would mark one as a outlandish cad. One may compare the impulsion to behave in this honourable way with a) the dictates of "sportsmanship" in traditional Western Telluria and b) the ritual considerations of more Eastern Tellurian nations. It is something akin to a fusion of the two. And one must also remember that *thamē* (the proper or "golden" ordering of things) cannot be called exclusively "social" or "religious" in the Western Tellurian senses. It combines the two seamlessly.

The Vikhelic Arts came into prominence in Aristasia from the beginning of the current Era (that is, from the time of the Outland Wars and the founding of Caire, over three millennia ago: the present year (2008/09 in Telluria) is 3328). The realisation that the universe could be a dangerous place and that

Aristasians must, if necessary, be ready to defend themselves increased the Vikhelic element in Aristasian culture. Since then all nations have had military institutions, even though most of them have not fought for generations and have largely ceremonial functions (as well as being called on in times of natural disaster or other crises).

The Vikhelic stream of feeling and activity is naturally present in Aristasia. After all, Sai Vikhë is one of the Seven Great Janyati and her influence is a part of life. In Aristasia, the lack of warfare and the rarity (and dishonour) of violence mean that Vikhelic inclinations find most of their outlet in the regular practice of the Vikhelic Arts. That is possibly why these arts hold the place in Aristasian culture that ball games hold in Tellurian culture.

There are ball-games in Aristasia too, but they are less prominent. They are especially associated with blonde schools and with private activities, such as tennis parties, rather than with public entertainment. Brunettes certainly play them as well, but they are less ubiquitous. Blondes also practice Vikhelic Arts, but much less than brunettes. Almost every brunette in Aristasia Pura knows some Vikhelic Art at least to an elementary degree. With blondes in is more a question of a minority who have a special interest.

Estate also plays a role, but it is quite a complex one. A (brunette) member of the Raihira Estate is most likely to be proficient in the Vikhelic Arts. In some traditional societies (and modern traditional families) a Raihira brunette must know a specified number of Vikhelic Arts. In Rayapurh, for example, the Seven Arts of Chivalry were Swordsmaidship, Horse-mounted combat, Archery, the use of the Long- and Short-rive, Weaponless combat on the ground, Weaponless combat on the raised arena (different rules applied and ground-combat was more characterised by leaping and striking) and the Quarterstaff. The number and constituents varied from place to place.

Naturally firearms come into the equation in the West, but are often not considered a true Vikhelic Art, presumably because a) they are not of ancient lineage and b) they cannot be used in any form of ritualised combat. However, since b) also applies to archery, a) is probably the predominant

reason. Nonetheless, any Westrenne Raihira brunette is expected to shoot straight if called upon to do so.

The case of Raihira blondes is more complex. In some cultures and families Raihira blondes should know at least one blonde-suitable Vikhelic Art, in others a "high-born blonde" is considered too delicate for such things, and while a Magdala or even a Paccia blonde might practice a little, a Raihira blonde would not.

As for the Haiela, in some cultures all Haiela , blonde and brunette, are debarred from Vikhelic practice, in others it is only from the use of weapons, or of edged weapons. In some cultures there are Vikhelic Arts of a particularly contemplative nature (and all Vikhelic arts have a contemplative element) practised only by certain members of the Haiela.

The Vikhelic Principle

In its positive aspect, the Vikhelic principle is that of courage and righteous combat. The Vikhelic Arts are widely practised among brunettes in Aristasia. The Vikhelic spirit is necessary both for physical defence and for the spiritual battle against the Forces of Darkness, as well as for everyday courage in non-martial situations.

However, when the Vikhelic spirit becomes unbalanced in a society it leads to a culture of violence and perpetual opposition and also to revolution against the spirit of thamë, or Harmony.

From an Aristasian point of view, schizomorphic societies always have this tendency latent in them, and when they become patriarchal, this potency begins to be actualised. Patriarchal schizomorphs are known to kill their own kind, and every page of patriarchal history is painted with war, violence and torture.

This is because schizomorphic societies have two sexes, the Femīni governed by Sai Sushuri and the Mascūli governed by Sai Vikhë - and, indeed, by a schizomorphised image of a "masculine" Sai Vikhë. Intemorphic sexes consist of Chelani ("blondes") ruled by Sai Sushuri and

Melini ("brunettes") ruled by Sai Thamë. Even the most extreme brunette dominance could not lead to an unbalanced state, because brunettes are ruled by the very Principle of balance and harmony.

The Vikhelic principle, on the other hand, can become unbalanced when invoked to excess, leading not only to the wars and cruelties already mentioned but to a society based on revolutionary principles (see Rationalism) and on institutionalised opposition such as that of "political parties". From the Aristasian perspective, this is a gross breach of thamë.

This is not to suggest that there is anything "wrong" with the Vikhelic principle in itself. Indeed such a suggestion would be impious, and itself a breach of thamë. As one of the seven fundamental principles of universal manifestation, the Vikhelic principle is fully necessary and is found in some form at every level of creation - and even where it does not become unbalanced, it will tend to take on a greater role toward the latter end of an historical cycle.

Aristasia-in-Telluria, since Operation Bridgehead, has been governed by the Novarian armed forces and has a strongly Vikhelic orientation. Nonetheless, that principle must always be balanced by the Love of Sai Sushuri, the Wisdom of Sai Mati and, above all, the Harmony of Sai Thamë.



The Way of the Sword

Aristasian fencing is unlike the Western Tellurian art which uses thin swords (the foil, the épée, and the confusingly-named sabre) based ultimately on the Renaissance rapier. Swords of this type have not developed in Aristasia, possibly because this type of sword was designed as a light weapon for civilian self-defence and no such weapon has ever been necessary in Aristasia.

There is a variety of swords in use in different parts of Aristasia, some are single-edged backwords like the Japanese katana, others are two-edged. Their use is traditionally restricted to those of Raihira Estate (mostly brunettes, but there have always been a few Raihira blonde swordmaidens). In the West some non-Raihirins of the raihiralan class practice the art,

usually at Westrenne brunette schools of the raihiralan type such as Selastine.

Various Vikhelic arts are practiced by all military personnel and the sword is wielded by all Raihira officers in Novaria and the East and generally by raihiralan officers in the West (though some Westrenne regiments still restrict the sword to born Raihira). Most young Raihira brunettes and many Westrenne raihiralan practice fencing at school and very few Westrenne brunettes have never practised any Vikhelic art.

Parade Fencing

Parade fencing is an art used at military and school displays. Typically it uses elaborate flourishes and maneuvers to demonstrate the student's expertise in the use of her weapon. Parade fencing can also be a combat sport in which points are awarded for style and the execution of advanced manoeuvres.

One should avoid the mistake, possible to Tellurians, of seeing parade fencing as something flashy or meretricious. It certainly does stress the "spectacular" side of the art, but its aim is to develop the sacred dance-like quality of the Way of the Sword, as well as to demonstrate the skill and ferocity of the Empire's defenders. It has its origins in rites performed to Sai Vikhe and still retains a strong ritual/religious element, especially as one moves eastward.



Art Neo

This term is often loosely translated as Art Deco, but it includes only those parts of Art Deco that are theatrical, feminine and sound. It also includes some elements of what is usually termed Art Nouveau. The bleak-and-barren blockish styles that are sometimes included in Art Deco are not Art Neo. The term is also applied much more broadly than Art Deco - for example, 1930s dance-band music is termed "Art-Neo music".

In Aristasian terms, Art Neo is considered as primarily the art of Novaria which has spread to other provinces: notably neighbouring Vintesse and Trent. Also, in Aristasia, Art Neo is not merely an aesthetic style but an applied aesthetic philosophy.

Art Neo in Telluria as defined in The Feminine Universe

The Feminine Universe discusses the significance of Art Neo at length as follows:

The invasion of everyday life by the machine in all its forms was one of the salient characteristics of the earlier twentieth century, and one seized upon as serving its purposes by the Cult of Ugliness which grew naturally out of the psychological deformism (which, as we have seen, must go hand in hand with deracination) of the pseudo-elite. William Morris had taught, in the later nineteenth century, that the machine is ugly. His answer was to retreat from machine culture into an arts-and- crafts movement little adapted to the conditions of the present phase of history. While Morris said in effect "The machine is ugly, therefore let us abolish the machine", movements such as Cubism in the early twentieth century gleefully inverted the argument, saying, in effect: "The machine is ugly; we cannot abolish the machine; therefore let us embrace ugliness." This argument had a certain persuasive force, although it was essentially only a rationalisation.- A rationalisation of the rapidly-growing love of ugliness and absurdity for their own sake, which is the cardinal feature of the deformist mentality and is so clearly central to the 'culture' of the post-Eclipse world.

What, however, may perhaps seem surprising is that the twentieth century also produced an aesthetic strongly opposing the Cult of Ugliness and the growing deformism of the demythologised world; and that it did this quite specifically in the arena of machine-production.

The movement now generally known as 'Art Deco' was precisely an answer from the Stream of Light to the aesthetic problem of the machine. Before proceeding further, we should like to define a little more closely precisely which movement we have in mind. Art Deco is a term applied retrospectively (a variety of terms, such as 'streamline moderne' were used at the time), and, though it is usually taken to mean precisely the movement we have in mind, it is both too broad and too loose for our purposes, sometimes including barren and blockish forms which belong precisely to the opposite movement, to the expression of formlessness and deformism.

We therefore use the term Art Neo, and let us define precisely what we mean by it. By Art Neo, we mean those aspects of Art Deco that are most generally associated with the name-the theatrical, upward-aspiring forms exemplified in the interior of the original Daily Express building in London and the Chrysler building in New York; a style that makes exhilarating use of geometrical line and curve, yet never divorced from the human spirit; that places solar imagery at the heart of much of its design, and contains a continual upward (Sattwic) and outward (Rajasic) thrust. It will be seen that the blockish designs sometimes included in the term 'Art Deco' are the very reverse of Art Neo, by their very mass and gravity exerting a Tamasic downward pull, and everywhere negating the human in favour of the alien, the cold and the lithoidal. This blockish style, which took over from Art Neo in the sphere of architecture after the Second World War (though it had been present throughout the inter-war period as the Stream-of-Darkness opponent to Art Neo - often under the name of the 'International Style') and reached its zenith in the hideous tower blocks of the 1960s, may be called the apogee of the movement of consolidation in the sphere of design - that movement not yet having passed beyond material consolidation into the stage of disintegration and chaos (this stage had, of course, already been reached in many areas of the 'arts' but it took longer for the disintegrationist movement to reach the areas of public design-this, as we shall see, is the main thrust of post-Eclipse design).

Having defined Art Neo, we may see how it permeated every sphere of public and industrial design, so that, as the Art Nouveau movement of the early years of the century was displaced by the products of the machine, instead of the immediate triumph of the blockish and the inhuman, foreseen triumphally by the early deformists and expected with pessimistic but equal certainty by the waning representatives of the old aestheticism, there intervened a new movement from the Stream of Light, a new fruition of the positive tendencies of the Cycle, in the form of a style of design that embraced the machine without subordinating the human spirit to it; that made a new, uplifting, glorious, humanised world out of what could have been the Wasteland of the Machine Age.

More than this, Art Neo shows us and future generations that there is a way forward. If industrial design is ugly, inhuman, cheap and garish, we know for certain, as we could not have known if Art Neo had not had its brief but glorious flowering between the 1920s and the early 1960s (for there is very much vibrant a 1960s continuation of Art-Neo, even though 'International-Style' influences - no longer so called - were gaining ground in many areas) that it need not be so. That ugliness is not inherent in the machine. That if hideousness is foisted upon us, it is a conscious (or rather an unconscious) choice of the designers, not an unavoidable necessity. But the term Art Neo (unlike Art Deco) may be applied to a much wider range of things than those comprised in the world of design. The popular music of the 1920s and (especially) the 1930s is Art Neo music; its sharp syncopations and lilting melodies corresponding precisely to the angles and curves of visual Art Neo.

"C. S. Lewis, in an essay entitled 'High and Low Brows' , demonstrates the impossibility of distinguishing between 'high' and 'low' art near to the time of its production and points out that much of the art now regarded as of the finest quality was, in its own day, considered vulgar and insignificant. He suggests it is quite possible that a time will come when 'our age is known to posterity not as that of Auden and Eliot, but as that of Buchan and Wodehouse'. What is curious here is that having cited two poets as representatives of the art that is considered 'serious' in the twentieth century, he then cites two novelists as their possible counterparts. This is obviously because, on the face of it, there is no such thing as a popular poetry in the twentieth century (as there was in the nineteenth). In fact, however, there is a popular poetry in the pre-Eclipse twentieth century - but all of it is set to music. The lyrics of the Art-Neo music of the '20s and '30s - and its successors up to the time of the Eclipse - are the popular poetry of the twentieth century; and the great poets of the century may well be not Auden and Eliot, but Cole Porter, Lorenz Hart and Noel Coward. It is by no means unusual for great poems to be songs written to music, although the tradition died out in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Many of the great Elizabethan lyrics were written to music, as was much of the Greek anthology. The very word 'lyric' means a song sung to the accompaniment of a lyre. But unlike the great Greek and Elizabethan lyrics, we do not believe that the great twentieth century lyrics ever should be, or ever will be,

severed from the wonderful music to which they are indissolubly married. Just as the novel, and the romantic movement in music, painting and poetry allowed the expression of areas of human sensibility untouched by earlier and higher arts, so the popular song of the twentieth century, and the film, have explored new areas of the soul only appropriate, and only accessible, to this late age. And all these things belong to the great artistic movement which we term Art Neo.

The great art of the twentieth century is a democratic art in the best sense of that term: it belongs, we may say, to the lowest common denominator of humanity; but it does not seek to reduce humanity to its lowest and least noble elements (as does post-Eclipse culture). Its general aspiration is always upwards, always toward what is high and pure and good in the human spirit, and even where individual productions may take a cynical or an immoral turn, that is largely negated by the broad thrust of the movement of which they are a part. And what is most notable about the Art Neo movement whether in song or film or decoration, to a later and more degraded age, is always its unassailable innocence. An innocence that is not in any way false, but corresponds to the true nature of humanity and which, even when corruption is abroad among the elite, continues unassailed among the great and sound mass of the population. This was the case in the pre-Eclipse twentieth century, and only ceased to be the case when a massive assault upon the innocence of the people was launched through the mass-media, the educational system and every organ of public propaganda after the Eclipse. The innocence of the people is a bulwark against every kind of corruption. That is the true value of cultural democracy in a declining age, and it shines through every production of the machine-and-democratic art par excellence, Art Neo. Shines through until it is ruthlessly and systematically destroyed by the forces of post-Eclipse darkness.

Art Neo in Aristasia Pura

Art Neo in Telluria has been called a "blind aesthetic" because while it provides a counter to the aesthetics of deformism it, unlike them, has no underlying philosophy. It was a healthy aesthetic reaction against the Cult of Ugliness, but it was no more than an instinctive reflex.

In Aristasia, conversely, Art Neo is a deliberate and conscious attempt to adapt traditional aesthetic and spiritual values to the exigencies of a machine age. Art Neo, with its recurring solar motifs and uplifting quality, is a fully considered attempt to come to terms with the "problem of the machine" and bring a machine-dominated world into conformity with the eternal Principles of tradition.

This is possible because technics in Aristasia, rather than growing out of a revolutionary rationalist and anti-traditionalist movement (such as the 17th-century "Enlightenment" in Telluria) have always been seen as the legitimate, if in some respects distant, descendant of traditional Spirit-centred science.

As in Telluria, images and forms from traditional cultures play an important role in Art-Neo style. While in Telluria this is a mere "playing" with traditional forms, albeit frequently with an instinctive feeling for their remythologising depth, in Aristasia this is done with a conscious intention of maintaining and restoring links with tradition and keeping modern culture well-rooted in the sacred and nourishing Ancestral soil.



Aristasian Standards

Aristasia in Telluria has certain standards for such things as measurement, spelling and internal monetary systems.

Measurement

Aristasia in Telluria uses the Imperial/American system

For distance: miles, yards, feet and inches.

For weight: Tons, hundredweights, stones, pounds and ounces.

For volume measure: Gallons, quarts, pints, gills.

For temperature: the Fahrenheit scale.

The other scale is not recognised and if it has to be referred to, is called Centigrade, not Celsius.

The Metric, or "S.I." system is strongly deprecated.

The reason for this is that the S.I. was born during the French Revolution and is very specifically a part of the revolutionary rationalist ideology which makes "man the measure of all things". Aristasians believe that the revolutionary and anti-traditional nature of the S.I. is constantly present and that the system is not merely a standard of measurement but a cultural statement of the ideology of the Rationalist Revolution.

Naturally, since no Rationalist Revolution took place in Aristasia, and its science and technics are founded on a non-revolutionary basis of continuity with, rather than severance from, traditional science, no equivalent to the S.I. exists in Aristasia. Its measurements, like all those preceding the Metric System, are derived from ancient sacred measures, founded on the proportions of the universe itself.

The Imperial/American system, while likely not identical to that of Aristasia Pura, is nonetheless of the same family - founded on sacred measure and proportion (thamē) rather than revolutionary and promethean rationalism.

To quote a Tellurian traditionalist and scholar of mensuration:

"(..members of the BWMA) are undoubtedly right in standing up for the foot and scorning the atheistic metre ... The present foot is the basic standard behind traditional measures worldwide. It applies equally to the human frame, to the earth's dimensions and to astronomical distances. If you were to regard our traditional system of measures as God-given you would not be far short of the mark." — John Michell

Aristasians-in-Telluria regard the American/Imperial system as the only one possible - or even mentionable in polite company.

Orthography

Traditional British orthography is favoured by Aristasians, as it is seen as being more elegant and closer in spirit to Tradition, and therefore more

adequately representative of Raihiralan Westrenne (high-Westrenne speech and writing in Aristasia Pura). The "rational spelling reform" of Noah Webster, which underlies much modern American orthography is seen as being - in a much milder form - somewhat akin to the rationalism underlying S.I.

However it is recognised that no great principle is at stake here as it is in the case of measurement, and American spelling is not officially deprecated.

Money

Westrenne Aristasian money comes in three denominations, Sovereigns, Shillings and Pence. There are twenty shillings to a sovereign and twelve pennies to a shilling. The abbreviation for a penny is d (for duodecima) so sixpence is usually written 6d and the stress falls on "six" not on "pence" as it would in Pit-england. Where there are shillings and pence they are separated by an oblique stroke, so 6/6d means six shillings and sixpence (often said simply "six-and-six"). Six shillings would be written 6/- or 6s.

The divisions of a penny are 1/2d (a halfpenny, pronounced "hayp'ny") and 1/4d, a farthing (originally fourthing, but now the "th" is voiced, as in "this", not "thin").

In some areas, notably Novaria and the hither-East, the primary unit of currency is the Crown, or five shillings. In Novaria this is a gold coin of higher value than a Trentish Sovereign. Naturally the Novarian Shilling is of very much higher value than the Trentish Shilling. In the non-Novarian Westrenne nations there is no crown-piece, though there is a half-crown (two shillings and sixpence).

In some Aristasian communities in Telluria, pre-decimal British coins (which have the same denominations as non-Novarian Westrenne ones) are used for small internal transactions (such as attending District Kinemas or buying ice-cream sodas). These are normally stamped with a "validation mark" to indicate that they are valid Aristasian currency and not just old British coins.

The official exchange rate is about one shilling to one Pit-pound, but in fact the actual purchasing power of the Aristasian shilling is rather higher than that would suggest. For example, a cinema seat ranges between 5d and 9d - the Pit equivalents would be under half a pound and three-quarters of a pound.

Note that Yeekish "pence" are not mentioned by a tasteful Aristasian - the term BCs (bongo cents) is used where reference to them is unavoidable (the same is true of "Euros" which are referred to, where really necessary, as "Octomarks"), but normally the ready translation of Yeekish pounds to Aristasian shillings avoids the problem. Half a Yeekish Pound (50 BCs) is 6d, a quarter (25 BCs) is 3d and so forth, so rough translations are easily made.

In America, dollars, which are not a post-Eclipse innovation, are freely referred to



Aristasian Speech

Among first-generation Telluristasians (late 1970s and 80s) there was consternation that Received English was being wiped out as if by a totalitarian Directive (which is actually not far from the truth). To some people it was - and is - very distressing. However, it became clear after a while that, although this was undeniably an evil, it was also providential. As with so many things, darkness proposes but Light disposes.

The Queen's English became for Telluristasians, the natural representative of Raihiralan Westrenne - the "high" or raihiralan form of the Westrenne lingua franca of the True Raihir (not to be confused with simple "Raihiralan" which is a name for certain Estrenne dialects). It could not have taken this role so completely while it was still being spoken by schizomorphs. This fact was noted quite early and is documented in *Children of the Void* (1996). It has become even clearer since Operation Bridgehead.

Those who have attended speech classes in on-the-ground schools geographically located in England will be aware that the practice of simply referring to R.E. as "Raihiralan Westrenne" long predates Bridgehead.

For Americans the question is more complex. A form of R.E. was used in America up until the Eclipse (Miss Bette Davis speaks it, and Miss Katherine Hepburn seems to speak a curious variant of it). It was never, however, de rigueur for all educated speakers as it was in England. Some American-born Aristasians may wish to adopt this as a form of Raihiralan Westrenne, but it would not be necessary, since, as we understand it, the "Eclipse Crisis" in American speech mostly affects vocabulary rather than pronunciation. A cultivated Southern (U.S.) accent is also instinctively accepted as a form of Raihiralan Westrenne.

The "Rivermouth" Problem

It is not in the least necessary to speak Received English in order to be an Aristasian.

The only people who really need to change the way they speak are those from England who are unfortunate enough to be infected with "Rivermouth" (i.e. "Estuary English" speech).

The Providence of the Fall of English

The idea that the assassination of Received English, unpleasant as it may be, was necessary in order to provide a Western speech for Aristasia-in-Telluria was present long before Bridgehead, as the following passage from *Children of the Void* illustrates:

"...It is entirely right that middle-class bongos should talk in a supercilious sub-cockney bleat. The Queen's English should belong to us and only to us."

"Not even to their Queen," said Susan.

"Absolutely," said Elinor, "it is the traditional mark of the superior caste. It would be pure fraud if anyone but us used it now."

A post-Bridgehead writer puts it thus:

"The more the darkness rages, the more it feeds the light.

"The last truly Aristocratic dialect in West Telluria now belongs to Aristasia-in-Telluria. We rather needed it, so it had to be taken away from the Telluryani.

"Awfully sorry and all that, but it wouldn't have happened if they hadn't been so wicked (in some cases) and spineless (in others).

It is ours now.

Words as "Badges"

The vocabulary a person uses is always, among other things, a "badge" of the group or society to which she belongs. When one hears the speech of a gang or specific minority group one will be very conscious of its "badge-words". People who are surrounded by the culture of late Western Telluria may be less conscious of the "badge talk" of so-called "mainstream"; talk that "badges" one as being part of that world.

Expressions like "awesome" (referring, say, to a lightgame rather than the Divine Majesty) are internal badge-words only used by some groups within current Telluria. Expressions such as "she was like" (meaning "she said") are probably even more limited. Terms such as "lifestyle" are "generally accepted", but still constitute the "badges" of the entire society.

Aristasians are not part of that society, so they do not wear its "badges". They also have certain "badges" of their own.

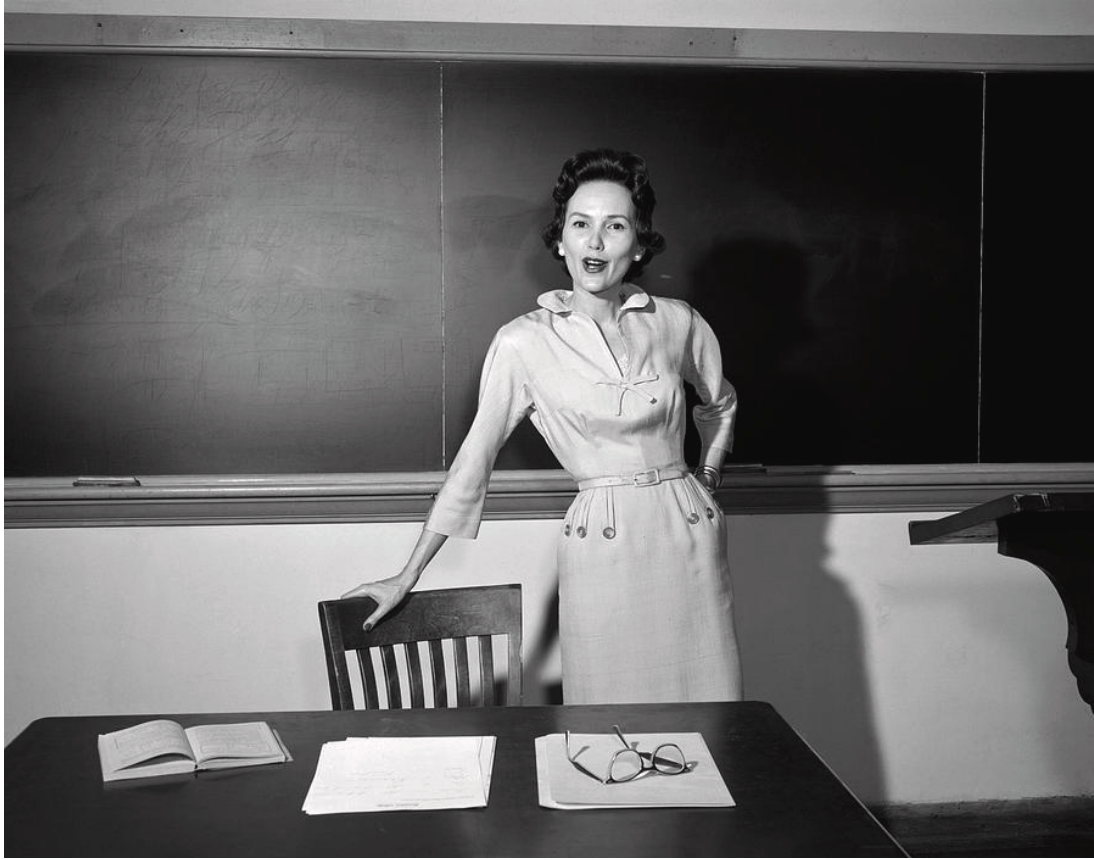
This is quite apart from questions of "correctness". Aristasians are more concerned with correctness than most Tellurian groups, and tend to use correct grammar at all times. But then not caring about grammar has an ideological content in itself and sloppy grammar can also be a "badge" of belonging to a particular group (or cluster of groups) of casual speakers.

The Aristasian view of correctness hinges, as one would expect, on the question of *thamē*. Being correct, for an Aristasian, means being in harmony with the laws and logic of grammar (recalling that all speech is derived from "the first, the mother-language", and therefore is an echo of the Divine Word); in harmony with decorum and pleasantness of expression and being in harmony with the standards, ways and customs - the "goodly order" - of Aristasian society.

It is true that almost all language is badge-language to some extent. Telluristasian language, where it is not specifically Aristasian, tends to be that of the pre-Eclipse Received-English variety which was always accepted as correct standard English.

Post-Eclipse type-3 thinking tends to characterise this as the language of the upper classes, and it is not entirely wrong. A normal society takes its tone from above and in adopting the Received English from before the Eclipse, Aristasians identify themselves as an upward-directed, vertical, aristocratic-principled society.

The fact that the badge-speech of the English upper class is now defunct as a Tellurian speech style, owing to the revolutionary proletarianisation of Britain, is an advantage from the Aristasian point of view, since Aristasians are presented with a badge-speech that a) incorporates some fundamental Aristasian values and b) is no longer associated with any group of Tellurians.



A Speech Lesson

An Extract from *The Children of the Void*

She opened the up-to-date little electrical box, and it transpired to be a portable tape-recorder with small reels. Not quite a dictaphone, but the very smallest of real tape-recorders. And the girls, who, in another world, had been familiar with every manner of electronic home sound-making were as entranced by the appearance of this magical toy as any true child of Quirinelle. Miss Blue, in her wonderful way, conveyed the special magic of the thing while all the time treating it as the most matter-of-fact and worky device imaginable. She plugged it in and turned it on and the girls heard a group of Quirinelle drama-school children singing nursery rhymes, then a lady from the B.B.C. announcing a programme, then a little girl announcing, then some narration from Bill and Ben, then a snatch of a panellist from Twenty Questions, and several other female Quirinelle voices the girls could not identify.

Miss Blue switched off the tape recorder, paused for a moment as the delightful sensation was absorbed and then asked. "Now, girls, what did you notice about all those voices?"

Jane put up her hand.

"Yes, Jane?"

"They were all ladies, miss."

"Yes, indeed, Jane, they were all ladies. What did you expect in Aristasia? Talking fish? Now who else has noticed a very important thing that is common to all the voices?"

There was a pause as no one quite wished to risk a further attempt; but Miss Blue was brisk as well as bright. It would not do to keep her waiting. After a few seconds Susan put up her hand.

"Yes Susan?"

"They all spoke properly, miss."

"Yes, Susan, they all spoke properly. That is quite correct. A goal for the brunettes. Now, I shall forgive the others for failing to remark upon this point, because it ought, of course, to go without saying that they all spoke properly. How else should they speak when they are broadcasting on the wireless or the television -- unless, of course, they are performing in low comedy? It is incumbent upon broadcasters to maintain the highest standards of speech; to set the best possible example; to raise the general standard. And until the Eclipse, the general standard was rising very noticeably.

"However, that was not the case in the dark depths of the Pit. There people aspired not to speak as well as possible, but as badly as possible, and the example set by the broadcasting services was quite deliberately a low and corrupt one. Even the members of their strange, vestigial 'royal family' were

trained-specially trained by instructors-to flatten and coarsen their voices lest any should think they continued to uphold some superior standard. In their universities, where the 'Oxford accent' had reigned supreme, that accent was destroyed in a few short decades; rooted out of the mouths even of the majority of older dons who had been speaking it all their lives.

"Why was this, dear children? There were no doubt many excuses and justifications, but the real reason was this: Good English was the mark of a superior caste — of the leaders. But no caste in the Pit was any longer truly in command. The new rulers of the pit were the manipulators of international capital. Monetary control was a great pyramid that overrode and controlled all other forces from governments downward. In that New World Order, every one was reduced to the position of a proletarian except a tiny handful, and every one must be trained to act, think and speak like a proletarian.

Executives of international companies, leaders of intellectual opinion, Prime Ministers of nations — all of them were waged employees, dependent for their livelihood on the same pyramid of financial control. They no longer belonged to a financially independent class of free, civilised, classically-educated people. They belonged to a mass-media-fed lumpen class of dependent employees; and it was important that, in countries where speech was a symbol of status, that their speech should be re-modelled to reflect their new status as dependent proletarians and inferiors.

"The change was extraordinarily sweeping. It affected every one from leading politicians, university professors and broadcasters down to every girl from a good family who, a generation ago, would have spoken in crisp, good English and now talked with contorted vowels and a proletarian slur. Of course the girl herself could hardly hear it. She thought of the new serf-speech as 'normal' and decent English, her natural heritage, as affected. In any family of erstwhile good standing (for good standing meant next to nothing any more) one could almost guarantee that the grandmother would speak very well, the mother in a flat, middling voice and the daughter in bongo-neo-proletarian. A whole generation had been as successfully programmed and re-educated as if they had been a single person. It was chilling, my children. Positively chilling.

"None of that, of course, has anything much to do with us. The Pit is the Pit and this is Aristasia. Whatever they did down there is dead and gone as far as we are concerned. But it is nevertheless important that we should ensure that our own voices are not infected by any creeping contagion from the foetid miasma that hovers above the Pit and occasionally drifts in noxious traces across the pure air of the Celestial Empire. In the matter of speech, this means that we must make very certain that we are speaking the Empress's Aristasian, true and unsullied, both in vocabulary and in pronunciation.

"So let us consider some principles of correct speech. A newspaper reporter once described Miss Marianne Martindale's voice as being 'full of vowels, like a Trentish actress'. She did not use the word 'Trentish', of course. But note where the comma falls in that sentence. She did not mean 'full of vowels like the vowels of a Trentish actress', she meant 'resembling the voice of a Trentish actress in that it was full of vowels'. A curious statement on the face of it. All speech is made up of vowels and consonants, and between every few consonants must fall a vowel or two, one would have thought — unless we were speaking Martian. But no. The reporter was quite right. Bongo speech is increasingly empty of vowels—that is to say, of clear, distinct, differentiated vowels. The lip muscles seem to atrophy, and all the vowels slowly lose their distinction — each one aspiring toward the neutral uh-sound. This is all part of the bongo identity: to appear to be as lax and casual as possible, to ignore distinctions and enunciation and to give the impression taking the least trouble over one's speech. Anything else might smack of superiority, and mind-serfs must never dare to seem superior.

"So where do we begin? First of all, we must listen to the voices of those who do speak properly, like the ones we have heard a moment ago. Listen to them again and again, practice enunciating our own vowels as they do, each one clear and correct and separated by crisp, well-formed consonants. We are going to do that together in a moment, and I want each of you to go home and do some more work of the same sort. Some of you require quite a lot of work, and some of you need only to polish the work you have already done. But those that fall into the second group must not sit back on their laurels. Dear me, no. You must polish, polish, polish. I want the

clearest, crispest, most musical and lovely voices in Aristasia. I want fine control and well-modulated expression of every nuance of thought and feeling. Language is the window of our minds and souls, and that window must be clear and bright and beautifully adorned. Excelsior, children. That is the motto of Aristasians. The motto of the Pit is 'lower, ever lower!' But our motto is Excelsior! To the highest!

"Now, before we begin our practice, I want to consider some of the specific things we must listen for and correct in our speech. Above all, we must understand what is specifically Pittish in diction and pronunciation, and avoid it. Because there is, dear children, such a thing as the bongo-accent. It is not just a question of unrefined speech-indeed, even personæ for whom unrefined speech is desirable must learn to use real unrefined speech to replace bongo unrefined speech. So, can any one tell me what is the most salient characteristic of the bongo-accent in southern Pit-england?"

Annalinde's hand shot up.

"Yes, Annalinde?"

"Yeeth and byeety, miss."

"Very good, Annalinde. That is one goal each for the blondes and brunettes. Now I see that some of you are looking a little puzzled by Annalinde's somewhat cryptic reply. What Annalinde is saying is that the most salient characteristic of the English bongo-accent, affecting most of the young professional class, and spreading to much of the southern Pit-English population as a whole, is the thinning of the oo sound to the quality of ee.

"A little story. A short time ago I went down the Pit to a baker's shop where I bought a particular kind of bread. The shop-girl, a pleasant but deeply Pit-poisoned young thing asked me:

"'Would yi like t'cheese?"

"I thought she was saying 'Would you like the cheese?' and was wondering whether some loaves had actually been baked with cheese, or whether there

were some cheese-filled rolls which she thought I might wish to buy. I asked her what she meant, and she merely reiterated, in a clearer voice:

"'Would yi like t'cheese?'

"After some consideration and a further repetition, I finally worked out that she was saying 'Would you like to choose?' She wished me to select the individual load I should take.

"Now I understand that this sort of confusion does not arise often in the Pit, because most Pit-dwellers have grown accustomed to the bongo-accent. Many Pit-born girls do not even know what I mean when I speak of this phenomenon, so, if you have the misfortune to go down the Pit, I want you to listen out for it. First familiarise yourself with real English, work on your own oo's especially, then listen carefully to Pit-speech, particularly that of young and ultra-bongo speakers. You will soon hear it in them, and then you will start to hear how, to a lesser, but constantly growing, degree, it is affecting the speech of most other Pit-dwellers. Some less-corrupted speakers say teeoo or tyoo for two, whereas the more corrupted really do practically say tee. Listen out for it.

"This thinned oo has long been current among the bulk of the Australian population, but, when grafted on to the sub-cockney of southern Pit-english proletarianised-middle-class speech, it is a purely bongo phenomenon. I rather fancy it made its first appearance in English universities in the late first or early second decade of darkness, among middle-class undergraduates who had been conditioned to want to stop sounding 'posh' like their parents but did not feel able to adopt fake Cockney accents. They adopted instead a strange, thinned, loose-mouthed speech that represented an uncomfortable and rather embarrassing compromise — a strange, drab, contorted diction that had not grown organically out of any class of English speech; a mutant argot born from the shuffling capitulation of a people robbed of their pride and freedom and commanded to abase themselves; a mongrel-speech that took nothing from lower-class English except its lowness and nothing from middle-class English except its triviality, leaving behind the true worth and beauty of both. Since then, through the mass-media, developments from this mind-serf speech have become

Pit-standard, and have filtered back into the speech of the southern Pit-english working class.

"Now girls, pick up your pencils. No, not like that — you are not going to write with them. What are you going to do? You are going to put them in your mouths. Just like this, watch me." She put the end of her pencil about a quarter of an inch into her mouth and closed her scarlet lips about it

"Did you see? Put the pencil in the front of your mouth and form your lips round it. Now take it out and say oo. That is right. Oo. Oo. Oooooooooo.

"That is the way you must always say your oo's. With nice round lips. Don't let your muscles stay lax, make them work. Nice round mouths. Oo. Oo. Oooooo.

"Now say after me:

Who, who is looby loo?

Little rag doll who plays with you."

The girls repeated the rhyme in unison.

"Good girls. Now I want you to keep practising that oo sound. When you hum a popular song such as You're the Cream in My Coffee, don't go 'Dee de dee dee dee de' but 'Ooo oo ooo oo oo oooo oo'. Just practise those oo's and that nice round mouth. Think of Vintesse Pippies and their boop-boop-a-doop.

"And remember: every round oo is a blow against the Pit; an arrow of light in the psychic war — because that is where the war is fought, my children: in the mind, in the heart and on the lips. The fact that you are only a few, while millions are capitulating to the Octopus and speaking as he commands is of no consequence. Those millions are just baggage. They belong to whoever is in power. They are not warriors — they are the spoils of war. If we controlled their television stations they would speak as we told them. You, my children, the few who choose for themselves, who are not

made and moulded by the Enemy: you are the only warriors, the only individuals. Go forth, then and send your shining oo-arrows streaking into the psychic twilight; let the bright blades of your sharpened consonants cut down the hordes of greyness; let the fusillades of your flighted a's fall like thunderbolts upon the gates of darkness. Not alone will they win the War, my children, but upon that lunary plane where the course of the world is decided, they will do more execution than perhaps you can yet understand."

Her eyes were brighter than ever, her cheeks flushed with the fervour of conviction, and as the lesson proceeded with reading aloud, there was an underlying fire in the whole class – a sense that what might seem to be merely a routine lesson had in fact a deeper and nobler significance. Each girl read her passage with a sense that her vowels and consonants were shining weapons in the battle for light and good and purity against the troglodyte ugliness of the Pit.



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Aristasia-in-Telluria this Calendar is used alongside the Tellurian twelve-month Calendar.

The Aristasian year starts at the Spring Equinox on the 1st of Culverine (21st of March).

Days of the Week

This chart displays the English, Aristasian, French, and Hindi days of the week for comparison.

<i>English</i>	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<i>Arist.</i>	Rayadi	Candredi	Vikhedi	Matidi	Thamedi	Sucridi	Rhavedi
<i>French</i>	Dimanchi	Lundi	Mardi	Mercredi	Jeudi	Vendredi	Samedi
<i>Hindi</i>	Ravivār	Somavār	Mangalavār	Budhavār	Guruvār	Shukravār	Shanivār

Each Aristasian or Déanic day is named after and governed by one of the Angelic Powers of Déa, our Mother God. The suffix —di means ‘day’.

Sai Raya, the Sun, rules Rayadi. Her colour is yellow, and she represents God the Mother.

Sai Candré, the Moon, rules Candredi. Her colour is violet, and she represents God the Daughter.

Sai Vikhé, Mars, rules Vikhedi. Her colour is red, and she represents the element of Fire.

Sai Mati, Mercury, rules Matidi. Her colour is orange, and she represents the element of Air.

Sai Thamé, Jupiter, rules Thamedi. Her colour is blue, and she represents the element of Earth.

Sai Sushuri, Venus, rules Sucridi. Her colour is green, and she represents the element of Water.

Sai Rhavé, Saturn, rules Rhavedi. Her colours are ones not found in the rainbow, and she represents the Dark Mother.

The day that Eastre falls on decides which Power will rule that year and also what day the weeks of that year start on. For the year thirty-three thirty-two, this current year, the week begins on Matidi and so Sai Mati governs this entire year. Last year belonged to Sai Candré.

The Five Seasons and Thirteen Months

Spring (Element: Water, Primary symbol: the Dove, Direction: East)

Culverine/Columbina (Mar. 21 - Apr. 17) - the Dove Month, month of Rebirth.

Maia (Apr. 18 - May 15) - the month of Maia (first person of the Werde trinity - the weaver of the web of life, creatrix of the world-illusion).

Hela/Hera (May 16 - June 12) - the Heroine Month, or Saint Month.

Summer (Element: Fire, Primary symbol: the Rose, Direction: South)

Rosea/Rosimond (June 3th - July 10th) - the Rose Month.

Kerea (July 11th - Aug. 7th) - the Corn Month.

Hesperis/Vaskaras (Aug. 8th - Sept. 4th) - the Evening Month.

Autumn (Element: Earth, Primary symbol: the Apple, Direction: West)

Mala/Abolan (Sept. 5th - Oct. 2nd) - the Apple Month.

Vois/Hadora (Vois pron. - approximately - Voish) (Oct. 3rd - Oct 30th) - the month of the Cow and of Butter, which also symbolises speech.

Werde (Oct. 31st - Nov. 27th) - the month of Werde, or Fate.

Winter (Element: Air, Primary symbol: the Star, Direction: North)

Astraea/Estrelle (Nov. 28th - Dec. 25th) - the Star Month.

Herthe/Hertha (Dec. 26th - Jan. 22nd) - the Month of Hertha, Janya of the Hearth Fire.

Brighe (Jan. 23rd - Feb. 19th) - the Month of Brighe, Janya of Bridges, Gateways and Places of Passage.

Moura (Element: Aethyr, Primary symbol: the Wheel, Direction: Vertical)

Moura/Khala (Feb. 20th - Mar. 19th, or Mar. 18th on a leap year) - the Month and Season of Death.

Hiatus: (Mar 20th, or Mar 19th and 20th on a leap year) - the day(s) out of the year and "out of time". It falls in no month and no season and has no date.

Symbolism

The Symbol of the four full seasons is essentially five-pointed. The Dove (Spring) with its two wings, two legs and head forms a five-pointed figure (as does the Cosmic Maid depicted on the cover of The Feminine Universe).

The Rosa Simpla or briar-rose (Summer) is five-petalled (this five-petalled rose is also the emblem of the Province of Quirinelle). An apple (Autumn), cut transversely, will reveal a five-pointed star formed from its seeds. The Star of Winter is five-pointed.

Moura is sometimes symbolised by a six-spoked wheel, which is normally regarded as the Wheel of Werde (Fate), while the eight-pointed wheel is the Wheel of Thamë. Sai Thamë is the Janya corresponding to the Tellurian planet Jupiter and is also the mother of Werde.

A six-armed "cross", known as the Rose of the Winds, represents the four horizontal directions (corresponding to the four elements and four seasons) plus the two vertical ones (corresponding to Aethyr and Moura). This meaning is also implicit in the Wheel of Werde.

The year has eight Great Festivals at the two Solstices and two Equinoxes and at the four "cross-quarter" days between them. (These, of course, also make up a Wheel of Thamë). There are many other festivals, some of which are very important in certain parts of the Empire and much less so in others. Most of these are the Feast-Days of greater and lesser Janyati (angels) or Helati (saints).

The 28-day lunar month is a solar-year-in-miniature with four weeks (a week being one cycle of the Seven Great Janyati) each representing a season - the Full- and Dark-moon weeks representing Summer and Winter respectively and the Crescent and Decrescent half-moon weeks representing Spring and Autumn respectively.

Perpetual Aristasian Calendar

This Calendar may be used for any year. Note that each month begins on the same day of the week, which is also the day of the Janya of the Year. For example, the year 3327 (2007/2008) was the Year of Sai Mati, therefore the first of every month is Matidi (Wednesday).

High Feast Days are noted with †. Low feasts are noted with *. There are many other local festivals. We note here only the main and universal ones.

Spring

<i>Culverine or Columbina</i>						
Eastre: New Year †	2 Mar 22	3 Mar 23	4 Mar 24	Lady Day *	6 Mar 26	7 Mar 27
8 Mar 28	9 Mar 29	10 Mar 30	11 Mar 31	12 Apr 1	13 Apr 2	14 Apr 3
15 Apr 4	16 Apr 5	17 Apr 6	18 Apr 7	19 Apr 8	20 Apr 9	21 Apr 10
22 Apr 11	23 Apr 12	24 Apr 13	25 Apr 14	26 Apr 15	27 Apr 16	28 Apr 17

<i>Maia</i>						
Maia's Day *	2 Apr 19	3 Apr 20	4 Apr 21	5 Apr 22	6 Apr 23	7 Apr 24
8 Apr 25	9 Apr 26	11 Apr 27	11 Apr 28	12 Apr 29	13 Apr 30	Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven †
15 May 2	16 May 3	17 May 4	18 May 5	19 May 6	20 May 7	21 May 8
22 May 8	23 May 10	24 May 11	25 May 12	26 May 13	27 May 14	28 May 15

<i>Hera or Hela</i>						
Sai Rayanna Day *	2 May 17	3 May 18	4 May 19	5 May 20	6 May 21	7 May 22
8 May 23	9 May 24	Florimaia: Feast of the Flowers *	11 May 26	12 May 27	13 May 28	14 May 29
15 May 30	16 May 31	17 June 1	18 June 2	19 June 3	20 June 4	21 June 5
22 June 6	23 June 7	24 June 8	25 June 9	26 June 10	27 June 11	28 June 12

Summer

<i>Rosea</i> or <i>Rosimond</i>						
1 June 13	2 June 14	3 June 15	4 June 16	5 June 17	6 June 18	7 June 19
8 June 20	Rosa Mundi †	10 June 22	11 June 23	12 June 24	13 June 25	14 June 26
15 June 27	16 June 28	17 June 29	18 June 30	19 July 1	20 July 2	21 July 3
22 July 4	23 July 5	24 July 6	25 July 7	26 July 8	27 July 9	28 July 10

<i>Kerea</i>						
1 July 11	2 July 12	3 July 13	4 July 14	5 July 15	6 July 16	7 July 17
8 June 18	9 July 19	10 July 20	11 July 21	12 July 22	13 July 23	14 July 24
15 July 25	16 July 26	17 July 27	18 July 28	19 July 29	20 July 30	21 July 31
Feast of Regeneration †	23 Aug 2	24 Aug 3	25 Aug 4	26 Aug 5	27 Aug 6	28 Aug 7

<i>Vaskaraś</i> <i>or Hesperis</i>						
1 Aug 8	2 Aug 9	3 Aug 10	4 Aug 11	5 Aug 12	6 Aug 13	7 Aug 14
8 Aug 15	9 Aug 16	10 Aug 17	11 Aug 18	12 Aug 19	13 Aug 20	14 Aug 21
15 Aug 22	Day of Werde *	17 Aug 24	18 Aug 25	19 Aug 26	20 Aug 27	21 Aug 28
22 Aug 29	23 Aug 30	24 Aug 31	25 Sept 1	26 Sept 2	27 Sept 3	28 Sept 4

Autumn

<i>Abolan</i> <i>or Mala</i>						
1 Sept 5	2 Sept 6	3 Sept 7	4 Sept 8	5 Sept 9	6 Sept 10	7 Sept 11
8 Sept 12	9 Sept 13	10 Sept 14	11 Sept 15	12 Sept 16	13 Sept 17	14 Sept 18
15 Sept 19	16 Sept 20	Feast of Divine Life †	18 Sept 22	19 Sept 23	20 Sept 24	21 Sept 25
22 Sept 26	23 Sept 27	24 Sept 28	25 Sept 29	26 Sept 30	27 Oct 1	28 Oct 2

<i>Vois</i> <i>or Hadora</i>						
1 Oct 3	2 Oct 4	3 Oct 5	4 Oct 6	5 Oct 7	6 Oct 8	7 Oct 9
8 Oct 10	9 Oct 11	10 Oct 12	11 Oct 13	12 Oct 14	13 Oct 15	14 Oct 16
15 Oct 17	16 Oct 18	17 Oct 19	18 Oct 20	19 Oct 21	20 Oct 22	21 Oct 23
22 Oct 24	23 Oct 25	24 Oct 26	25 Oct 27	26 Oct 28	27 Oct 29	28 Oct 30

<i>Werde</i>						
Feast of the Dead †	2 Nov 1	3 Nov 2	4 Nov 3	5 Nov 4	6 Nov 5	7 Nov 6
8 Nov 7	9 Nov 8	10 Nov 9	11 Nov 10	12 Nov 11	13 Nov 13	14 Nov 13
15 Nov 14	16 Nov 15	17 Nov 16	18 Nov 17	19 Nov 18	20 Nov 19	21 Nov 20
22 Nov 21	23 Nov 22	24 Nov 23	25 Nov 24	26 Nov 25	27 Nov 26	28 Nov 27

Winter

<i>Astraea</i> or <i>Estrelle</i>						
Advent Begins *	2 Nov 29	3 Nov 30	4 Dec 1	5 Dec 2	6 Dec 3	7 Dec 4
8 Dec 5	9 Dec 6	10 Dec 7	11 Dec 8	12 Dec 9	13 Dec 10	14 Dec 11
15 Dec 12	16 Dec 13	17 Dec 14	18 Dec 15	19 Dec 16	20 Dec 17	21 Dec 18
22 Dec 19	23 Dec 20	24 Dec 21	25 Dec 22	26 Dec 23	27 Dec 24	Nativity †

<i>Herthe</i> Or <i>Hertha</i>						
1 Dec 26	2 Dec 27	3 Dec 28	4 Dec 29	5 Dec 30	Day of Herthe *	7 Jan 1
8 Jan 2	9 Jan 3	10 Jan 4	Duodecima *	12 Jan 6	13 Jan 7	14 Jan 8
15 Jan 9	16 Jan 10	17 Jan 11	18 Jan 12	19 Jan 13	20 Jan 14	21 Jan 15
22 Jan 16	23 Jan 17	24 Jan 18	25 Jan 19	26 Jan 20	27 Jan 21	28 Jan 22

<i>Brighe</i>						
1 Jan 23	2 Jan 24	3 Jan 25	4 Jan 26	5 Jan 27	6 Jan 28	7 Jan 29
8 Jan 30	9 Jan 31	10 Feb 1	Feast of Lights †	12 Feb 3	13 Feb 4	14 Feb 5
15 Feb 6	16 Feb 7	17 Feb 8	18 Feb 9	19 Feb 10	20 Feb 11	21 Feb 12
22 Feb 13	23 Feb 14	24 Feb 15	25 Feb 16	26 Feb 17	27 Feb 18	Moura Eve *

Moura

<i>Moura or Kala</i>						
Moura Day	2 Feb 21	3 Feb 22	4 Feb 23	5 Feb 24	6 Feb 25	7 Feb 26
8 Feb 27	9 Feb 28	10 Mar 1/ Feb 29	11 Mar 2/ Mar 1	12 Mar 3/ Mar 2	13 Mar 4/ Mar 3	Med Moura
15 Mar 6/ Mar 5	16 Mar 7/ Mar 6	17 Mar 8/ Mar 7	18 Mar 9/ Mar 8	19 Mar 10/ Mar 9	20 Mar 11/ Mar 10	21 Mar 12/ Mar 11
22 Mar 13/ Mar 12	23 Mar 14/ Mar 13	24 Mar 15/ Mar 14	25 Mar 16/ Mar 15	26 Mar 17/ Mar 16	27 Mar 18/ Mar 17	Kala

Hiatus

There is one day between the end of the Old Year and the beginning of the New Year. This is called Hiatus and in Filianic Tradition is the day when the Daughter is dead.

On leap years in Telluria, there is a double-Hiatus which allows the Tellurian year to “catch up” with the Aristasian.

Concerning the holiday names

May Day is also known as the Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven.

Cuivanya is also called the Feast of Divine Life.

Tamala is also called the Feast of the Dead.

The Epiphany is also called Princesses’ Day.

Luciad is also called the Feast of Lights.



The Festivals

There are eight High Festivals in the year that come roughly at the two Solstices (Nativity and Rosa Mundi) and the two Equinoxes (Eastre and the Feast of Divine Life), plus the four cross-quarter days that lie between them (the Feast of Lights, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven, the Festival of Regeneration and the Feast of the Dead).

Eastre: New Year

Culverine 1 / March 21

Eastre is the first day of the New Year. Whether you call it New Year or Easter depends on how Filianic you are. It is, of course, both.

Easter is one of the most fundamental names of Dea as bringer of Spring and Dawn. In Telluria the name derives directly from Teutonic Eostre (goddess of spring and dawn) who is the same as Greek Eos, Sanskrit Ushas, Semitic Ishtar/Esther. In the Hellenic and Indian traditions, Eos/Ushas was among the most important aspects of Dea worshipped before the masculinised pantheons came into being.

For Filianists Easter is the Resurrection of the Daughter. For Deanists the emphasis falls more on the creation of the world – the New Year being a microcosm of the Historical Cycle, and the Historical Cycle itself being a microcosm of the Day of Time – that is, the entire course of Cosmic Manifestation.

In either perspective Easter/New Year is a time of rebirth and revitalisation. As the resurrected Daughter walks over the barren earth, flowers grow at Her every step and the world becomes fruitful again.

Lady Day

Culverine 5/March 25

This day celebrates the return of our Lady to full sovereignty as Princess of the World. All earthly things should be seen in their glorious aspect as reflections of Her Eternity. Praise is the keynote of this festival as shown in the Paean: “All nature shouts with a single voice the praises of our Lady”. We call for Her blessings in all things and creatures, that they may become perfect. The daffodil is the flower of Lady Day, its golden trumpet signifying praise.

Maia's Day

Maia 1/ April 18

On this first day of the central month of Spring, we celebrate she for whom the month is named. Maia may be called the soul of Spring. She is the spinner, the first person of the Moira trinity, the life-giver of the vale of illusion. In her negative aspect, she spins the illusions which snare the soul. In her positive aspect, she is the provider of all earthly benefits and all earthly beauty. The maypole dance and other ribbon dances are traditional to this day and to the month.

Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven

Maia 14/May 1

May Day is a traditional term for the feast of the Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven, and the crowning of the Queen of the May is a custom of the day, as is the raising and decorating of the maypole, which represents the Sacred Tree connecting Heaven with the lower world.

The Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven is the most glorious of the Daughter-Festivals: the culmination of the Daughter-half of the year that begins at Nativity. As Princess of the World, the Daughter governs all the cycles of life and nature; as Priestess of the World, She gives us Communion with Her Mother; as Queen of Heaven, She rules all the higher worlds and brings us to the Celestial Throne. The Paradise of the Daughter, or Jewelled Island, is the Heaven-World for those who, without attaining final liberation and still in the “individual” state, are taken into the pure and blessed haven of the Daughter’s love.

Sai Rayanna Day

Hera 1/May 16

Sai Rayanna is an avatara of the sun — Sai Raya — and also of Sai Vikhé, the Great Warrior. The great Rayannic story reflects itself in many ways even in Telluria.

In India as in many other places, Dea, the Divine Mother, was pushed aside in times of patriarchy. But She made a great return in India, and the mythos that tells of Her return is the mythos of Sri Durga, the great warrior Mother—that when the so-called gods of patriarchy were beset by great demons who defeated them, Sri Durga came to their rescue. In Aristasia, we were attacked by the demon. Sai Rayanna came to our world when we were threatened by the darkness and nearly destroyed, and through the Divine power of the sun and through the holy sword of Sai Vikhé, she delivered us. And the Empresses of Japan are descendents of the sun goddess Amaterasu just as our empresses are all descendents of Sai Raya, the Sun, through Her avatara Sai Rayanna.

The Day of Sai Rayanna, like a national day for Aristasia, marks the founding of an entire phase of civilisation. It is a religious as well as an historical and national festival. We don't distinguish between these things in Aristasia because life is seamless. The spiritual, the religious, the material, the historical, the national — they are all part of the same fabric. There

is no such thing as a secular authority for us. The meaning of Sai Rayanna Day is the pledging of allegiance of each of those nations of Sai Herthe to the greater Empire, and of each individual to the greater Empire. In the words of the chorus of the Imperial Anthem, “We do pledge allegiance unto thee, Sai Rayanna. We do pledge allegiance unto thee’ Sai Rayanna Day is the day of that pledge of allegiance to our Motherland, to our Empress, and to Dea, Who is the head of all, and in Sai Rayanna those things are united. She embodies the Motherland, she is the first Empress, and she is also Dea in the form of maid.

Florimaia: Feast of the Flowers

Hera 10/May 25

Also known as Anthea's Day, Anthea is Our Lady of the Flowers, and all flowers, blossoms and fruit are hers. Wild flowers and blossoms are gathered and offered in her honour. Homes and porches are decked with flowers.

Rosa Mundi

Rosea 9/June 21

Rosa Mundi, the Festival of the Rose of the World, begins the magical Season of Fire and Rose. The season is not of a fixed duration, but is generally held to be between Rosa Mundi and the end of the month of Rosea.

During this season it is a custom to place a single rose on shrines and before statues and pictures of the Mother.

Feast of Regeneration

Kerea 22/Aug 1

Also known as Chelanya, the Golden Festival, it is the first of the Mystery of Life Cycle festivals. The festival of Chelanya is a celebration of the harvest as representative of the archetypal bounty of God on all levels: the natural, the human, and the macrocosmic. Reaping and sowing are honored as symbols of the birth, death, and rebirth that constitute, in their ceaseless and superabundant round, the Divine Play (lithla), and Filianists celebrate the renewal of life that comes from the harvest of that play

Day of Werde

Vaskaraś 16/Aug 21

The Day of Werde is a low festival honoring Sai Werde – the janya of fate – in all of her three forms, but especially her central form as Werdë, the weaver. (Her form as Sai Maia had been honored earlier in the year.) Filyani take this day as an opportunity to reflect upon the choices they have made in their lives and the choices they intend to make, as well as to set resolutions for the future.

Feast of Divine Life

Abolan 17/Sept 21

The autumnal equinox is observed by Filianists as Cuivanya – the Feast of Divine Life – which forms the second of the high festivals in the Mysteries of Life Cycle. On this day, poised between the dark and light halves of the year, Filanists reflect upon the intimate participation of all things in the Divine Life, and their utter dependence upon Dea both as Creatrix and as Destructrix. In this sense, it is often considered as the truest festival of the Dark Mother seen as the ground of all Being.

Feast of The Dead

Werde 1/Oct 31

Tamala, the Feast of the Dead, is a three-day festival occurring on the first, second and third days of the month of Werdë (Oct 31st, Nov 1st and 2nd). It is the last festival of the Mysteries of Life cycle and the last High Feast of the Mother Half of the year.

Advent Begins

Astraea 1/Nov 28

In Advent, the month before Nativity, we prepare ourselves for one of the greatest festivals of the year. Spiritually, we make preparations of our hearts and souls, purifying them through daily prayer and acts of adoration and self-discipline. We attempt to rid ourselves of material concerns that we may be ready to honour the presence of the Divine Child. The better our preparation, the greater will be our enjoyment of the Feast, for we will be more truly aware of its deepest meaning.

During Advent we also prepare our homes for the festival season, decorating with evergreens, candles, garlands and pictures. Many of the decorations each year are made during the Advent as acts of love, and all have their meaning. Some are scenes from the Mythos, some represent the symbols of Divinity, such as the moon and the star. Candles symbolise the birth of the Light of the world; evergreens – holly, bay, mistletoe, ivy and fir – the presence of life among the seeming barrenness of winter. The fir tree, with its ruler the Star Fairy, stands always in the heart of the home.

Nativity

Astrea 28/Dec 25

Nativity is the most joyous festival of the year in which we celebrate the birth of God the Daughter, the supernatural Child who leads us back to the Mother and makes the very existence of the world possible.

Nativity is a season of high festivity, with games, story-telling, presents and feasting. One of the traditions of Nativity is the legend of the Star Fairy, the

princess of the sylphs or air-spirits. As air is the element and the Star the central symbol of winter and Nativity, she is seen as presiding over celebrations. She and her sylphs are described as flying from home to home before Nativity Dawn, creating presents out of the air.

Hail to the Princess

Hail to the Princess is probably the best known Filianic Nativity Carol. It has been called the Filianic equivalent of *Adeste Fidelis* for its popular "centrality" to the celebration of Nativity.

(Chorus)

*Hail to the light of the glorious morning!
Hail to the first gentle rays of the dawn!
Hail to the star that has guided us onward!
Hail to the Princess
Hail to the Princess
Hail to the Princess of light that is born!
Deep in the dark night of death we have fallen,
Far from the Mother from Whom we have turned.
Still in the darkness a clear voice is calling
Back to the Homeland
Back to the Homeland
Back to the Homeland for which we have yearned.*

(Chorus)

*Over the valley the starlight is streaming,
Over the mountains and over the sea:
Waking the world from its slumberous dreaming
Bearing the glory
Bearing the glory
Bearing the glory of God's mystery.*

(Chorus)

White as the snow are the Angels descending,

*Bright as the Sun are their banners unfurled,
Through the earth's darkness their voices are rending:
Echoing clearly
Echoing clearly
Echoing clear to the ends of the world.*

*Hail to the light of the glorious morning!
Hail to the first gentle rays of the dawn!
Hail to the star that has guided us onward!
Hail to the Princess
Hail to the Princess
Hail to the Princess of light that is born!*

Day of Herthe *Herthe 6/Dec 31*

The Day of Herthe is the low festival dedicated to Sai Herthe – the janya of the hearth. It is also sometimes called the Day of Hestia. The central observance of the day is the re-lighting of the hearth-fire from the remnants of the log burned at Nativity, which traditionally takes place at midnight. In modern homes, which often lack traditional hearths, this is frequently enacted symbolically at the home altar. Another common custom is noise-making, such as the banging of pots and pans, to drive away bad spirits, and the cleansing and sealing of the home (and even one's own person) with incense.

Duodecima *Herthe 11/Jan 5*

Also known as the Feast of the Epiphany, Duodecima is the last low festival of the year, marking the showing-forth of the Daughter who, though born at Nativity, is not beheld until this time.

Feast of Lights

Brighe 11/Feb 2

The last of the year's high festivals is also the first festival of the Eastre Cycle. Though known as the Feast of Lights, *Luciad*, is the first day on which it is bad luck to still have one's Nativity decorations up. The lights of Nativity belonged to the childhood of the Daughter, but at *Luciad* the Daughter is grown, and new lights reflect Her entrance into a new phase of Her cosmic mission – the Taking on of Fate – in which the Daughter elects to suffer death on the Pillar of the World in order to bring the light of God into even the furthest reaches of the Creation (from another perspective, Filyani view this as equivalent to the Bodhisattva's vow taken by Guanyin). The day is marked especially by the blessing of candles and Filianists will, if possible, seek to have all of the candles they intend to use upon their shrines or in ritual in the coming year available for blessing. If this is not possible, however, a token blessing of a candle is held to suffice. Snowdrops are also a popular theme in decoration and symbolism.

Moura

Strictly speaking, Moura is not a festival, but the month is, in some ways, observed as a festival season. In this respect it is sometimes compared to Lent. Like Lent, it is a time of discipline and preparation for the joy of Eastre and, although it is considered preparatory to spring, rather than a part of it, this is when Filyani perform their spring cleaning, both physical and spiritual.

Four days are of particular note:

- **Moura Eve** *Brighe 28/Feb 19*: A day of feasting before the fast.
- **Moura Day** *Moura 1/Feb 20*: The first day of Moura disciplines, kept by some as a full fast.
- **Med Moura** *Moura 28/Mar 19/18*: A feast day breaking Moura abstinences, used for feasting and celebrating mothers and those who have attained mastery in arts or spiritual disciplines.
- **Kala Moura** *28/Mar 19/18*: The last day of Moura and the first day of Eastre, bringing the Wheel of the Year back again to its beginning.

Section VI:
Aristasian History





The Cairen Empire

The Holy City of Caire was the heart of the Cairen Empire or Raihir Caerani, the founding Empire of the current Historical era in Aristasia Pura, established some 3,300 years ago. Rayanna the Sun-Daughter was its founder. The early mission of the Cairen Empire was to expel the outlander and establish the Divine Order throughout the Aristasian lands. Its later role was to unify and administer the widespread Empire.

Several Eastern realms and monarchies are held to be the direct descendants of Caire. The situation is not one of conflict and confusion, but of different arrangements prevailing in different places.



Sai Rayanna

Before our Era the greatest civilisation in Sai Herthe was that of the great Southern Continent, which was submerged at the end of the Age of Bronze. In the early part of the Age of Iron there was some continuation of that civilisation.

Attacks upon the world of maids by demonic forces increased during this period and the greatest force of defence against them was the Chenti, a civilisation-in-arms dedicated to Sai Vikhë and tracing its lineage back to the Old World.

However, in the Battle of Noonday Night, the Chenti were defeated by the demon-barbarians, and their great Princess Caran was slain, along with most of her people. Her sword, given to her ancestors by Sai Vikhe herself, was broken — a sign of the final destruction of the Chenti.

Caran, with her dying breath, charged that the pieces of the sword should be preserved and given to the One who was worthy to re-forged and wield them.

After many adventures, the shattered sword came to the city of Caire and its Princess Rayanna, the young earth-born daughter of Sai Raya, who re-forged the sword and took it into battle to defeat the demonic hordes and their terrible ruler.

By this act she won the allegiance of all the Rayins of the world, and her city of Caire, far in the East, became the capital of the new civilisation.

All subsequent Empires are the continuation of this one, including the present Westrenne Empire, and all Aristasian Empresses are descended from Sai Rayanna, the incarnate Sun.



The Legend of Ithelia (Fragment)

Readers may be interested in a fragment of Old Aristasian literature that has recently come to light. It appears to be from a blank-verse drama concerning the Novacairen Princess Ithelia. Whether it is a translation of an older text or was originally written in Westrenne is not known, and, frustratingly, the subject of the conversation does not come to light.

Ithelia was a famous queen of Novacaire. This story is clearly set in her youth, when her mother, Ehrejene was still on the throne. While the story remains unclear, the piece provides us with a pleasing example of this style of rhetorical verse and gives a strong flavour of the ancient Aristasian East

particularly in its powerful assimilation of the royal maidens to the sun and moon, which, we must understand, would have been for the writer far more than a mere literary simile.

The only points of elucidation that are really necessary is that “Rayin” (pronounced as one syllable) is the old term for “Queen”, and a Rani is a schoolmistress.

*Ehrejene: Welcome thee Daughter, and enter thee close to our presence,
Speak freely the words that thy heart has engaged thee to say.*

*Itheleia: What is to say, shining Sun, that is not said already?
Or what words of mine can recolour the hue of thy heart?*

*Ehrejene: Speak you again, good my child, of these wearisome matters?
Wherefore come you nigh the great throne but to trouble me thus?
Are they not settled and done, O most radiant Daughter?
And wherefore should the Child seek to colour the heart of the Rayin?
Should not the heart of the Rayin be steadfast and unchanging?
Should it not weather the storm-winds, withstand the high flood?
Alter not in its bearing by even the breadth of a finger?
Alter not though a Child may weep tears that shall call forth her own?*

*Itheleia: All you say is most true, O most royal and radiant Mother.
For the words of the Rayin are like Scripture writ down in a book,
And whoso shall alter the book hath forsaken the pathway,
The pathway that leadeth the soul into radiant light.*

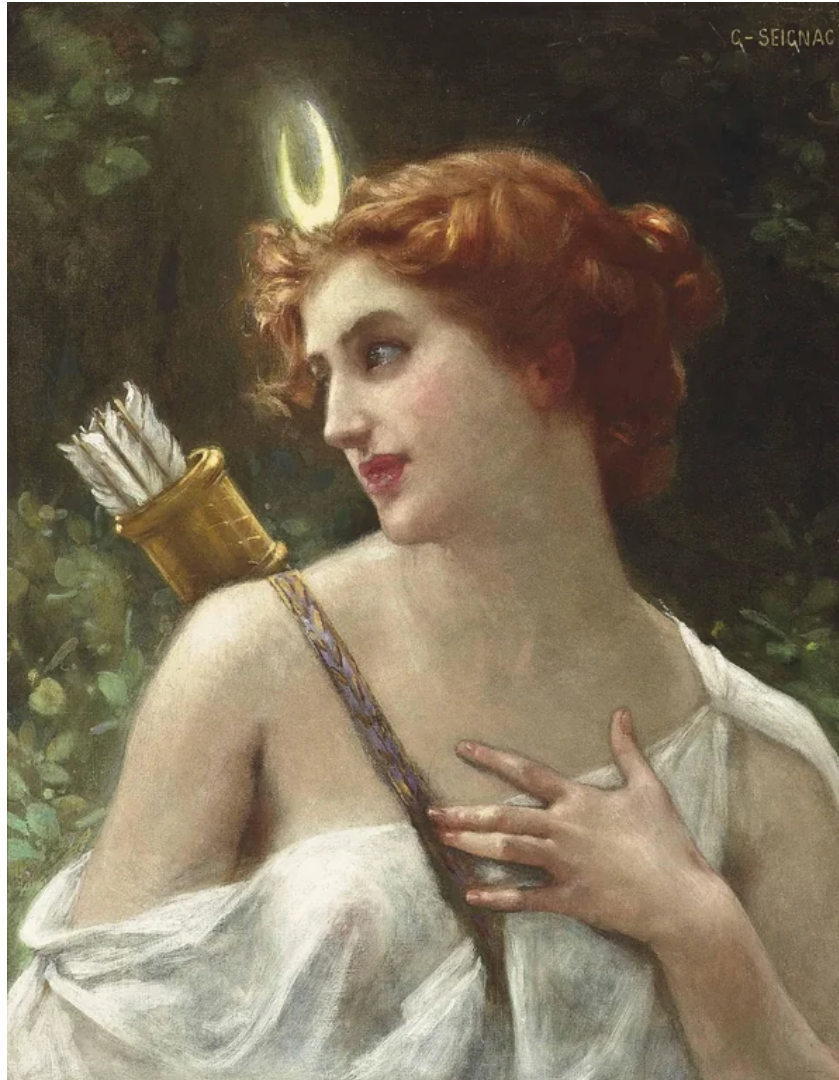
*Ehrejene: What is there more to be said, O most wise among childer?
All I should teach thee is by thee already beknown.
Go then thy ways and let peace ever cradle thy spirit,
Thy turbulent spirit that troubles herself without cause.
Go then thy ways, or yet better, remain with thy mother,
With thy Mother that loveth thee near; and disturb not the Rayin.*

Itheleia: To my Mother most lief will I fly, like a bird at the even;

*Like a bird that is young and whose small wings do tire from long flight;
Like a bird that hath held herself up on the wind's mighty stairway,
Hath held herself up by a strength she doth scarcely possess.
To my Mother most lief will I come when my long flight is ended,
And that it were ended betimes doth my heart most desire,
Yet desireth in vain, for still must I bear myself upward,
Ever up must I climb to the radiant feet of the Rayin.*

Ehrejene: O, Ithelie, my Child-

*Itheleia: no, I pray thee, break not my flight's rhythm,
For it cometh not easy, this scaling the wind's subtle thread;
Neither call me thy Child, for I speak to thee not as a Daughter:
I speak to thee now as a Princess may speak to the Rayin.
O, most far-raying Sun, 'tis the Moon that has enter'd thy presence,
Who would tell thee of what she hath seen by her own lesser light.
For the words of the Rayin are like Scripture inscrib'd on a tablet,
And whoso shall change the least jot of them, surely she sins,
All these things know I well, and it needeth no Rani to teach me
For the Scripture is sure and eternal-but not so the Scribe.
The Scribe is a right goodly maid that is true to her calling,
Yet her finger may slip: and the light, may it not fail her eye?
And the Rayin, at the last, is a Scribe; and the words she declaimeth,
Are they not copied from those that are written on high?*



Epic Poem: Darken the Sun?

Here is a passage from a traditional Aristasian epic poem, dating from the days of the Cairen Empire. It is, of course, a Westrenne translation (note that “deer” doesn’t mean “deer” in the usual sense, but any animal, as with the German Tier).

*Darken the Sun? O, my Lady, thy jesting words chill me,
For they may hold a truth far more dreadful and dark than you deem.
Three moons ago, with my maidens, I rode in the forest,
In the depth of the forest where maiden hath scarcely set foot;
And the beasts of the wood, as we rode scurried forth from our presence,*

*Scurried forth like to creatures that feared we should do them some hurt.
 And our hearts did wax heavy to feel that these deer did not trust us,
 And our will was to question them; learn what had taught them this fear-
 Yet no creature would stay near our stead nor abide inquisition,
 But each made away at the sound of our furthest approach;
 And she that had young that did play in the dappling sunflood
 Did call them unto her and hurry them swift from our sight.
 Even as she, who on meeting a friend in the courtyard,
 Doth offer her greeting, in reverence pressing her palms,
 But to see her once-friend, like a sightless maid, gaze ever forward
 And draw in her robe as the friend of her childhood comes nigh;
 Even thus in the wood were our gentle hearts smitten within us
 As our sweet lesser sisters of earth did eschew our approach.
 Here was a problem, it seemed, that defied resolution,
 For the problem itself forbade asking of those that might tell.
 Then, as perplexity troubled our hearts to the deepest,
 We came to a place where a beast stood athwart of our path.
 Great was the beast, clad in gold, like a Rayin of the forest,
 Gold was her hair that fell over her head, like a maid's,
 Full mighty was she, and her voice was like that of the thunder
 And wroth did she seem as she raised that voice to the sky.
 Never before, as I wand'ered abroad in the forest,
 Never before hath the greatest deer off'ered me hurt.
 Now as I sate saddled high on my milken-white palfrey,
 My mount took a fear, and I own, as a blonde, thus did I.
 Yet neither did move, for in both of us flows a blood royal,
 And Marenkhe, our dark-hair'd companion, did ride to the fore.*

A note from your Editrix: To appreciate the scansion of this traditional Aristasian blank verse, you must understand that each line carries five stresses: so, in the first line quoted here, the first stress falls on the first syllable: "DARKen the SUN", but in the second line it falls on the third syllable: "For they MAY hold a TRUTH". Be aware of this stress-pattern and you will quickly pick up the music of the verse. Note also the alternation of blonde and brunette line-endings (in a blonde line-ending the final stress falls on the penultimate syllable, in a brunette line ending it falls on the last syllable).



Ancient Tellurian Matriarchy

One frequently hears comments to the effect that “the once-popular theory of ancient matriarchy has now been discredited by scholars”. The truth behind this statement is simply this. Scholars have declared, rightly, that there is no evidence that earlier civilisations were actually ruled by women. This is perfectly true, for there are no written records extant for these periods (which constitute a length of history many times greater than the whole era of patriarchy) and it is impossible to be certain what their social institutions were. What is quite clear is that in their iconography they were almost exclusively feminine-oriented.

The modern scholar takes it as axiomatic that female rule is inherently unlikely (this from people who otherwise argue that the differences between men and women are purely “socially conditioned”, and therefore ought logically to believe that a different set of “conditioning” would produce a different social order) and that the burden of proof rests with those who

claim that female rule ever existed. “If it cannot be proved, we may assume it did not exist as it is, after all, most improbable” is the unspoken “scholarly” assumption behind this, which is quickly expanded to “the theory of matriarchy has been discredited by scholars” in less rigorous contexts.

Knowing what we do of the way traditional peoples always organise their social activities and institutions in imitation of (in the words of the great anthropologist Mircea Eliade) “Those things first done by the gods”, we should say that the very distinction between iconography, religion and social organisation is a purely modern one that only a rajasic-era mind could conceive of. Feminine-dominated iconography, for any traditional people, must imply a feminine-dominated society. In our view the burden of proof rests heavily upon the anti-matriarchy school. The existence of matriarchy is by far the most probable and reasonable hypothesis until and unless someone comes up with a shred of evidence against it.

Be that as it may, the existence of female-ruled civilisations is in no way necessary to the arguments of Deanic or Aristasian philosophy (Aristasians, in fact, have little real interest in Tellurian social order and certainly do not advocate matriarchy for Iron-Age Telluria). That society before “patriarchy” was feminine-oriented culturally and spiritually is beyond question. In the first part of the 20th Century, Ananda Coomaraswamy wrote:

[Our present civilisation stems from] a common cultural inheritance throughout an area extending from Mesopotamia to Egypt and the Ganges to the Mediterranean, [founded upon] the worship of the Great Mother.

Many thousands of discoveries made since that time have all served to confirm and amplify Dr. Coomaraswamy’s statement.

Miss Tricia asked:

But Aristasians say femininity is not socially conditioned so what is your view on ancient matriarchy? If femininity isn’t socially conditioned isn’t subordination part of women’s nature?

Miss Sushuri Novaryana replied:

Aristasians believe that femininity is a natural quality inherent in women which entails a quite different psychology and way of thought. This, although it is “controversial” in the Pit, is quite unquestionably proven by modern science.

We go further, however, and believe that femininity is a universal quality more fundamental than masculinity and that it was naturally the dominant principle in earlier ages. Only with the Kali Yuga and the dominance of the masculine principle does patriarchy come about.

In essence, femininity is natural, not conditioned. A feminine-centred society is equally natural. Just as the human brain is naturally feminine until it is (in the case of men) masculinised by male hormones, so human society is naturally feminine-centred until it is masculinised by the influence of the last and lowest of the world-ages – Kali Yuga or the Age of Iron.



Tellurian Amazon History

This material relates to Tellurian (Earth) history but falls comfortably within the parameters of Aristasia, since it postulates the true and original Amazons as an intemorphic (All-Feminine) people fighting for both their own survival as a people and for True Faith among the newer schizomorphic (male/female) peoples of the earth as patriarchy threatens to subsume them all.

This section has several essays on Amazon history seen from this point of view, followed by fictionalized-history stories from the days of the first Amazon War. It also follows the intemorphic history of Crete and of the lost continent of Atlantis.

The Amazons – World History Timeline

Who were the Amazons?

The world history timeline of Telluria, or Planet Earth must be examined before we can answer this question.



The Amazons: World History Timeline – the Coming of the Mascûli

In the beginning, we are told, the people of Telluria were not unlike ourselves. In their Golden Age, before the coming of the mascûli, there were maidens only among them, even as among us.

And as with us there were two sexes: chelani, the golden-headed, that bore daughters, and melini, the raven-tressed that protected and provided for them.

Whence came the mascûli we do not know. They were not, it is thought, an alien incursor that might be repulsed with force of arms, as was the case with our people.

It is thought that the Telluri maidens committed grave sins, and thus a curse fell on them; and they bore creatures of their own loins that were unlike

themselves, and not maidens. Creatures that filled some of their daughters with unnatural desire. Creatures that were – in the course of long millennia – to enslave them.

Many things happened in this time that could not in later times have happened; for in the Golden Time of Telluria, as in the Golden Time of any world, maidens were still subtle creatures whose feet had but lately touched the earth, and the mascûli that they bore were grosser than they. And though it is the fate of every race of maid to descend ever deeper into the veil of matter as the Ages wear onward, yet in the case of these Telluri maids, this strange consort of theirs hastened their descent.

And as their bodies hardened into flesh and bone, it came about that many maids were barren among maid and could be given child only by the mascûli, and these were called the mazei, meaning the lost, or bewildered. And among them the chelani and melini became almost as one kind and that kind was called femíni; for while all maidens are feminine, the mascûli were not.

Yet while most of the newly-consolidated were mazei some remained as we are, and these were called a-mazei, or the Amazons: those who are not lost, but adhere to the true way.

“The Amazon Woman”

We now examine the phenomenon of the Amazon woman as she was long before the feminine warrior nations known to the Greeks and Hindus.

As we have seen in our previous Knowledge Lecture the Term “amazon woman” is really a contradiction in terms. The a-mazei, or Amazons, were in fact those maidens who had not become the feminine counterpart of the mascûli. So by definition they were not women.

They were maidens of the two feminine sexes, chelan and melin, not one half of the duality man/woman.

This, of course answers the question (to which various fanciful answers were advanced by the Athenians and others) of how the Amazons reproduced without recourse to mascûli.

We shall move on to the much later period of Amazon history chronicled inadequately by Greek writers in our next lecture.

For the moment we shall continue our brief world history timeline as it relates to the misnamed “Amazon woman” – actually the decreasing minority of the human race that remained in its original intemorphic form as opposed to the schizomorphic (male/female) nature taken on by the increasing majority.

The mascûli were, as their name implies, an embodiment of the masculine principle that is to say, of a combination between the tamasic force of increasing consolidation and materialization that continues throughout the Cycle of Ages in any world and a very extreme form of the influence of Sai Vihkë, the Angel of combat and discord, whose influence, in a masculinized (and therefore deeply unbalanced) form was known as the “god” Mars or Ares.

This combination of material “weight” and unbalanced vikhelism led increasingly toward two things: on the one hand war, torture and cruelty and on the other an increasing descent into “materialism”. However neither of these effects were immediate because for a long time the femini (the real women) remained in control of this new creature.

Even in relatively recent periods (as little as 9,000 years ago) we see that throughout the world all statuary is either wholly feminine or indicates the strong predominance of the feminine, both by its far greater frequency and by the clearly subordinate position of male images when they do appear.

Only slowly did the mascûli rise first to equality and finally to total dominance, bringing with them a new kind of world history – one in which blood and conflict would henceforward decide all the great issues.

In the long period before this (far longer than the whole of patriarchal history) the Amazons lived in peace with the femini, even though their ways differed greatly. The schizomorphic peoples increased and the intemorphs, or Amazons decreased, for the psychic tide of Tellurian history was now running strongly in favor of the schizomorphic (and eventually mascûlic) principle.

The Amazons were not at first a warrior people. Indeed, there were no warrior peoples at this time. As archeology clearly shows, such things as fortifications and weapons of war were introduced only after the mascûli became dominant in the schizomorphic world.

Even after this they were not primarily a warrior people, although combat had become necessary to ensure their survival. Their wars were a very small part of their history. But, of course, they were the only part known to their patriarchal enemies, who were sworn to destroy the “Amazon woman”.

Looking for Amazons

An Amazon Soldier's View:

Looking for Amazons in patriarchal history is a perilous pursuit. It is like reading a history of cats written by mice. Mice do not know a great deal about cats, and what they do know tends to prejudice them.

From the ancient writers you will hear any amount of nonsense (it even appears that we cut off our right breasts!) as well as odd stories explaining how we find men to make babies and what we do with the male children – as if we were members of the woman-half of their race!

From the modern scholar – a breed of fool who makes the old Athenian look almost intelligent – you will learn that we did not exist. It is obviously impossible (say these people who spend the rest of their time telling us that the only difference between men and women is “social conditioning”) that femíni could ever create a society of their own, far less take up arms to defend it when necessary.

My private opinion is that femíni probably could do both those things, but that is quite irrelevant to the question of Amazons.

But if we did not exist, why did the Athenians spend so much time in depicting us? Why do their histories record that we laid siege to their boastful city (hardly a story to their credit), and why does the great Indian Epic, the Ramayana, describe us and place our Eastern capital of that time, Themiscyra, in exactly the same place that the Greeks held it to be?

But enough of this. If you doubted your own existence, you would hardly be here.

But being exiled in this strange place, you may have heard a great deal from those who have neither love for Amazons nor much authentic knowledge of Amazons. What should you believe?

In the following lectures we shall be setting the record straight on some of the more important questions.

Did Amazons really worship the Greek Goddess Artemis and Ares the male “god” of war? Is that really a likely thing for Amazons to do? We shall devote a whole lecture to that subject.

What about the Amazon Queens recorded by the Greeks? Did they exist? What were they really like? What about the campaigns of conquest? Did they happen? And if so why? Again this is a large subject that needs at least one lecture of its own.

But two myths I should like to address.

First the myth that Amazons were a warlike people. The simple fact is that patriarchal societies only came into contact with Amazons in time of war. Our societies were self-contained and had no truck with the patriarch, who, to say the least of the matter, held no attraction for Amazons. To the small extent that we interacted with schizomorphs it was with those who adhered, at least vestigially to the older ways.

Our lives were for the most part, peaceful and harmonious. The various Amazon nations have never taken up arms against one another, and violence between individuals and families is virtually unknown.

We had a military tradition because, for obvious reasons, it became necessary for Amazons to have one; but those who see us as a nation in arms have no idea of the gentle, golden society that lay at the heart of the Amazon nations, behind (and made possible by) the ring of spears.

The second myth I would address here can be dealt with very briefly. The myth that it was ever necessary for Amazons to consort with mascûli for the purposes of reproduction.

There is a soldier's answer to that, but it is a rough one. So I shall simply say:

It is not the case.



Ancient Crete: Center of Matriarchy or of Heresy?

Ancient Crete is widely regarded as a center of matriarchy in the early patriarchal world. Predominantly feminine imagery, both sacred and secular is found much later in Crete than in most centers of civilisation.

To the Amazons, the island-center became known over the centuries as "Half-heretical Crete". The reason for this was that the famous images of the supreme Mother God, in which subordinate godlings sometimes play a minor role, go back a long way into much earlier times.

Long before the decadence of Atlantis, ancient Crete was a center of that form of diluted Déanism (the worship of the Supreme Mother which was the original religion of the world) that admits mascûlic figures into minor roles as "divine" entities.

This, of course is heresy pure and simple; and yet it is founded on a basis of Déanic Truth. Ancient Crete was surprisingly constant in this half-heresy, being in the later years of the Age of Bronze a centre of corruption, but in

the early patriarchal centuries a continuing home of a very diluted feminine tradition.

There is a certain irony in this, for ancient Crete played an important role in initiating the corruption that led to the end of the Feminine World, but also played an important role in preserving at least an echo of that world at the very end.

An Amazon bard once reflected: "Half-heretical Crete is like a great gray bird that looks black against the daylight sky and white in the sky of night-time".

Before the decadence of Atlantis, the emissaries of the Empire spent much time in Crete, curbing the heresies that they found there. Preachers from the great Temple-Palace of Atlantis urged reform and the removal of mascûlic elements from the Cretan Cultus, and influence flowed back and forth between the Orthodox influence of the Empire and the Cretan Cultists.

The Cretan Cultus had much influence in the Mediterranean region as Atlantis became increasingly corrupt; more openly patriarchal cults sprang from this cultus in other lands, though Crete itself remained firm in its half-way heresy.

The "Great Gray Bird" was always a place of ironies, and one of those took place when the first mascûlic hordes invaded Crete during the decadence of Atlantis. They were fired by a much more masculised version of the Cretan Cultus, in which mascûlic godlings were declared almost equal to the Great Mother Herself. The real Cretan Cultus, never more than half-heretical, had no truck with such extreme blasphemy.

Thus the mascûli, armed with bronze-tipped spears and heavy shields, broke in upon the peaceful island, killing half-heretical priestesses and forcing upon the people the Cultus that they had, unintentionally, helped to found.

When honoured Queen Myrine the First liberated Europe, ancient Crete came full cycle - from Truth to half-heresy, to full heresy, and back to Truth under the guiding hand of the Amazon Liberation Forces.

The half-heresy of the Great Gray Bird did not die. It was practised in secret under the Pax Amazonia as it had been under the Patriarchal Terror.

By no means all Cretans were half-heretical; in fact the "Cretan Cultus" was largely a phenomenon of a decadent upper class in Knossos. Country people were much more prone to adhere to the True Way at all times.

Thus the centuries of the Atlantean Revival and the Pax Amazonia were a "Little Golden Age in the Age of Iron" for ancient Crete as they were for the rest of the world.

For a few golden centuries, half-heretical Crete became once again Holy Orthodox Crete, a loyal Outpost of the Amazon/Atlantean Empire and its famous Temple became again a place of pure devotion to Our Mother God.



Myrine: First Queen of the Amazons

Most honoured Myrine was not the first Amazon Queen, but she was the first Queen of the Amazons, or perhaps more accurately, the first Amazon Empress.

She lived at a pivotal time in Earth's history. The Age of Bronze was ending and the terrible Age of Iron, or Kali Yuga, was about to begin.

Chaos prevailed among many of the peoples of the Earth. In many lands the True Faith of Our Mother God was giving place to patriarchal cults in which the mascûli invented "gods" in their own image.

To understand the full horror of these impious cults, one must realise that they were not like later mascûlic religions, in which the True Faith and

Ancient Wisdom were subtly and carefully incorporated into new patriarchal forms to create valid (if imperfect) new approaches to God.

In many cases they were violent and crude revolts against the Golden Order by profane usurpers who were little more than what today would be called gangsters.

Many of the semi-matriarchal states were reaping the bitter harvest of their dalliance with male power and male godlings. The “pets” and “consorts” were cutting the throats of their mistresses in one nation after another. The true character of male violence was at last revealed for what it really was.

For the first time humans were killing other humans, burnings and tortures – things undreamed of in the most terrible of nightmares – were becoming instruments of power. A dark new order (or counter-order) seemed poised to engulf the Earth.

Indeed, the hour of the dark new order had in a sense arrived: but the time of its dominance over the world was not yet at hand. And in the balance of that time of transition, Myrine, the first Queen of the Amazons was to play a very large and quite extraordinary role.

In these knowledge lectures, we have so far been considering the history of Telluria purely from the Tellurian perspective. But a great shift, such as that which was taking place in the closing centuries of the Age of Bronze, does not affect only the world or the plane of being in which it takes place. It creates a shift in the psychic balance of the surrounding cosmos – “surrounding” indicating not so much a physical proximity as a shared Cyclical modality.

As the Historical Cycle wore on, a dark force was gaining strength in all these worlds. A force which on some planes represented itself as mascûlic.

In the Motherlands, of course, mascûli did not exist. Our troubles were (as they are yet) with outland demons and even inland demons, but never with creatures that had insinuated themselves into the very structure of our lives and civilisation.

The disruption of the psychic balance created by the nascent Tellurian patriarchal revolution caused considerable problems in the Motherlands and, for what may well have been the first time, intervention was considered necessary.

The precise form of this intervention is not known. This was a time before the first noble ancestress of our present Empress, before our current world-era, and in our own Age of Bronze.

However it is known that there was some connection between the Motherlands and the first Queen of the Amazons. Was she the first “exile” from our lands to be deployed in Telluria? We cannot say, but certainly she was given every subtle support that the Motherlands could afford her – and in that age subtle support was not so slight a matter as it has since become.

What form that support took, again we cannot say, but whatever it was it does not detract from the sheer genius of this great Queen of the Amazons, great strategist and great Empress.

It can be hard at times to identify the first Queen of the Amazons, since for a long time her successors were also called Myrine (even as Roman emperors were called Caesar after the first one – even down to the Kaisers and Czars of modern Europe).

However, some things we know for certain were the work of the first Queen of the Amazons: that, from her island base, named Hesperis, off north-west Africa, she formed a confederation of Amazons and of those shizomorphs who remained loyal to the Old Ways and reversed the patriarchal revolution in much of the Mediterranean area. She raised a confederated army of a size hitherto unknown and deployed the first cavalry known on earth.

While her campaigns in the Mediterranean were important, her most significant achievement was the subduing of the Empire of Atlantis. Atlantis had been the primary centre of civilisation in the Bronze Age (and its final destruction marked the end of that Age), but had become pray to some of the worst and most decadent tendencies of the New Darkness.

Myrine, the first Queen of the Amazons, subdued the Atlantean Empire and obtained an unconditional surrender. She replaced its corrupt rulers with a feminine schizomorph dynasty loyal to Dea and the Golden Order and founded a city on the continent named, after herself, Myrine, which until near the end was a home to Western Amazons and a deterrent to revolutionary forces both within and without the continent.

The Atlantean Campaigns are of such importance that we shall give them a section of their own.

The history of the Amazons, as told in Telluria, is told by their enemies and from a time after their fall. It is therefore told as a tale of failure.

But the history of the Amazons is not one of failure any more than the history of any person or civilisation that is not immortal is a tale of failure. Death comes to all in the end.

The true history of the Amazons is the tale of a mighty people who rolled back the tide of history and stopped the bloody revolution of the patriarch in its tracks; they governed an Empire for centuries of a kind the world has not seen before or since, and when they were finally submerged in the flood-tide of Iron-Age patriarchy, they had actually changed the face of their enemies; and, for all the cruelty and violence of the new masculin Empires, instead of a demon-worshipping horde, there was a path for the Higher Religions of the Patriarchy.

And if these were not as high as the Highest Religion of all, the Faith of Our Mother God, they certainly saved humanity from a descent into the sub-human realms.

Not all of this was achieved by Queen Myrine herself, but none of it could have happened but for the truly remarkable achievements of the first Queen of the Amazons.



The Creed of the Amazons

The Three Eternal Truths – the Drispeal – is the simplest possible statement of Truth, and of the Message brought back to a darkening world by the Amazons.

The first Amazons, who won back the world for a time from the hands of the patriarchal barbarians, often confronted in the course of their campaigns a spiritual ignorance almost as obtuse as that which pervades modern society.

The foremost spiritual weapon against this abyss of darkness was a threefold formula called the Drispeal (triple-message) or the Three Eternal Truths. This was not invented by the Amazons. As the name Implies it has existed from the beginning; but it took on a particular importance for the Amazons as the spearhead of their spiritual thrust in to the heart of darkness. For this reason there was necessarily a tendency to concentrate upon the most

outward and obvious meanings of the formula – but it was never forgotten that it contains depths of meaning which lie beyond all measurement. The formula is as follows:

- One God alone, none other God than She.
- One Law alone, none other Law than Her Law.
- God became maid that maid might come to God.

The first two declamations alone were spoken by every Amazon rayin (princess) upon entering a territory previously occupied by the infidel. It was both an explanation and a validation of their conquest, and a declaration of their sacred mission. The primary meanings of these, together with the third declamation, were taught to the people by the White Amazons; and it was customary to make the declamation of the Three Eternal Truths before every gathering, public and private.

The Amazons were above all messengers of God, and the Drispeal was the very essence of their message, for, as the White Amazon mothers taught, all the Scriptures, all the teachings, and every part of wisdom are contained within the Three Eternal Truths “enfolded like a rose within the bud”. More than this, the Three Truths themselves are all contained in essence within the first Truth, and the first Truth is contained within its first word: One.

The primordial matriarchal philosophy has always taught “the One” as the most basic metaphysical definition of God. She is the primordial Unity Who gives rise to all multiplicity, the spaceless Point wherefrom all space proceeds.

Multiplicity is the result of manifestation, and to say “manifestation” is always, in some degree, to say “separation from God”, and therefore “imperfection”.

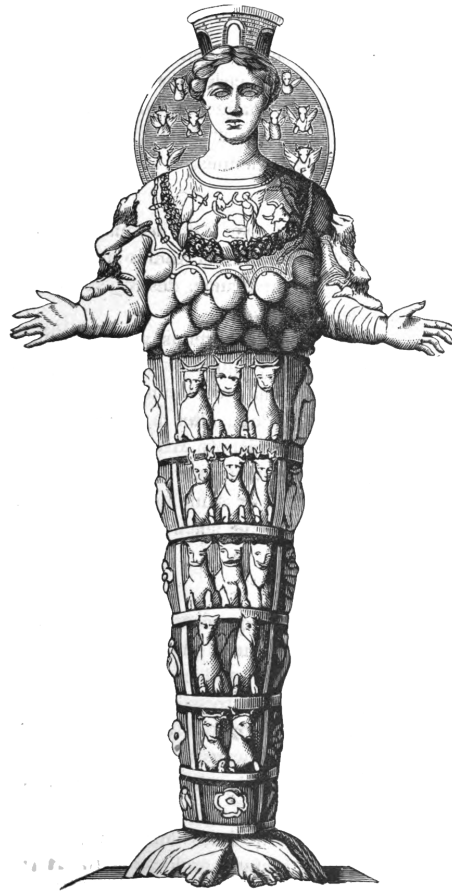
To contemplate the One perfectly is to return to – to “become one with” – the One, and thus to receive the consummation of the third Truth.

From this it may be seen that the first Truth is not simply a formula condemning the idolatry and polytheism of the barbarian. It is this, certainly, but it is very much more.

To say “none other God than She” is not merely to deny something, but to affirm that She is the “One without a second’, the Essence of all things; for while She is other than all things, no thing is other than She.

The first Truth does not merely refute the temporary and contingent heresies of a particular time and place ; it refutes the abiding heresy of fallen creation – the illusion that we are apart from God.

By perfect contemplation of the first Truth, it is possible to eradicate this heresy from our hearts, and when a soul succeeds In this, she will cease to be manifest, having achieved complete Liberation.



Artemis Greek Goddess or Amazon Mother-God?

Artemis Greek Goddess of Classical myth is identified frequently as the Deity of the Amazons. It is often claimed that they worshiped Artemis and Ares (Diana and Mars) – the Moon-and-Huntress goddess and the “god” of war.

Is this true? As with many (but by no means all) the stories told about the Amazons, there is some truth in this, but in order to understand it correctly one needs to know a little more.

Artemis Greek Goddess of hunting, the moon etc. was not the same Artemis worshiped by the Amazons. The picture on this page shows the famous Artemis (or Diana) of Ephesus as seen in the Temple of Ephesus founded by the great Amazon Queen Myrine.

As you see she, is by no means Artemis Greek Goddess of popular imagination. Indeed, she is neither Greek nor a Goddess!

She is in fact, in the first place, an Asian form, and in the second place – and far more importantly – she is not a “Goddess” in the sense of a demigod in a “polytheistic” pantheon: She is the one Supreme Being and Mother Creatrix of all.

The name Diana is probably better than Artemis. Diana is simply a form of Dia – the fundamental name of God in most Indo-European languages (in English – deity, divine, theology are some of its variants).

The many-breasted image of Great Diana indicates her all-nourishing nature, for She is the Creatrix and Preserver of the world, while the lower “tiers” of Her image sustain every kind of living thing, animal and vegetative, for She is the Great Mother of All.

Artemis Greek Goddess is to some extent a “lunarized” version of the original Great Diana, cut down to fit into patriarchal mythology and assigned a minor role in a male-dominated pantheon.

Artemis of the Amazons was God in Her original feminine form, and Her greatest Temple (one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient world) founded by the Amazon Queen Myrine, was such a force for true Religion that even by the time of the Classical decadence, the earliest Christian preachers were greeted with the defiant, loyal cry of “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!”

The suggestion that the Amazons also worshiped Ares/Mars, the masculine war-“god” seems easier to answer. The Amazons worshiped no godlings fashioned by the imagination of the mascûli. Nor was war their primary concern as a people and a civilization – that error of perspective derives from histories written by their enemies, who only met them in war.

So can this be discounted entirely? Not quite. The Greeks always assimilated foreign deities into their own system, even when they did not really fit. Worshipers of the Great Mother recognize Her seven Angels, of whom one

is Sai Vikhë – the feminine Angel (or “goddess”) of battle. Sai Vikhë’s cultus certainly existed among the Amazons and was, quite naturally, strongest among the armed forces, who were the only Amazons with whom hostile patriarchal peoples came into contact.

So to the tales of worshiping Ares also, when one strips away the patriarchal prejudice and propaganda, there is an element of truth.

And like the Amazons of old we cry “Haya Vikhë!” And while Artemis Greek Goddess in her “lunarized” patriarchal form means little to us, we can say with all our hearts: “Great is Diana of the Ephesians” – and of Amazons everywhere.



The First Great Battle of the Amazons

What was the first battle of the Amazons? The first skirmish that took place between the Amazon people and the mascûlic interlopers is lost in the mists of time, though their first experience of human beings who took up arms against others must have been a shocking one.

Over numerous such skirmishes, the Amazon Huntresses learned to be skilled warriors and for centuries the policy of Armed Neutrality prevailed.

The Amazons had no wish to invade other nations but with the corruption of Atlantis the circumstances changed radically and a new Queen of Tritonia, Myrine The First, made changes that led rapidly to the first true battle of the Amazons.

This dialog, while fictionalized, represents the turning-point as we understand it to take place.

“Your Sainted Mother is slain, Sacred Majesty,” said the Lady Veletia. She was old – close on two hundred winters, which for that late time in history was an advanced age. She was known to be the wisest and most holy of the Old Queen’s counsellors. She spoke slowly and with reverence, but she spoke firmly, as one might speak to a wayward child. “Your Sainted Mother is slain, but it becomes you not to lead your people into a war of vengeance against her cursed slaughterers.

These are not our ways but the ways of the mascûli. The art of slaughtering maidenkind is an art they have invented. Let us not take up what is cursed of maidens and hurtful to High Dea.”

The young Queen bowed to the counsellor in deference to her age and wisdom. It was a slight bow, for a Sacred Queen does not bow low. She was indeed little more than a child and she knew it; but she also felt no doubt whatever about the course she must pursue. The first great battle of the Amazons must now be fought, and it must be the first of many and ever greater battles.

This would be a new thing in the world; a thing unheard of. Many things that would become commonplace when the mascûi finally conquered the world were born in the heart of this maid of seventeen summers. And they were to hold back the dark tide of that final triumph of man for centuries.

Myrine looked about the Great Council Chamber. It had been build some eight hundred years ago and was heavy with tradition. A dozen Queens had sat in the very seat she now occupied, going back to the near-legendary Kanja (may the Bright Ones honour her name), foundress of the island-nation Tritonia as a haven for those maidens who – as in the Golden Age – were still a feminine people who lived and multiplied solely unto themselves without the strange new sex called the mascûli.

The golden-headed chelani who bore children and the raven-dark melini, bold as hunting-hounds and stronger than any mascûl, were the two sexes in the Age of Gold, as still in Tritonia they were. Peoples of their kind were now termed among themselves the a-mazei, the un-confused, or un-blinded: or more colloquially, as the Amazons.

Myrine was melin and her wise and honored counsellor chelan. That had perhaps a little to do with their differences, but only a little. At this stage there were few in the Council Chamber, old or young, melin or chelan, who would willingly support the revolution the child-Queen was proposing.

The Queen rose to her feet. It was rare for a Queen to address Chamber from her feet and signified an occasion of profound importance. Many members perhaps considered this a further sign of her inexperience: that she should use such a custom lightly.

But the Queen was wholly aware of the significance of this ritual gesture, and intended it to the full.

She looked about, her eyes taking in the great fluted stone columns receding high into the domed roof, a distant canopy of fine stained glass that threw its richly-colored light into the ancient chamber. She saw the statues of her honoured predecessors in their niches in the walls and the great statue of Our Mother God holding the Great Conch Shell from which she has unfolded Her universe.

No young Queen could fail to be humbled by the signs of age and sanctity in this Chamber where the very echoes, the very scent of ancient oak and stone, carried the weight of eight centuries of high nobility.

And Myrine was humbled. But she was also sure. Sure that her duty to this high tradition, to her sacred ancestors and to High Dea Herself, was to launch this first battle of the Amazons.

She spoke, and with her first word most of the doubts concerning her wisdom in rising to her feet were dispelled. The voice echoed round the hallowed Chamber was not the voice of the child many of the High Counsellors had dandled upon their knees. It was not the voice that had joined in laughter with the younger of them in archery contests or in contests of the sacred Unarmed Arts or any such playful battle of the Amazons.

This was the voice of a Queen. And more: it was the voice of such a Queen as had not stood in this Chamber since the days of Kanja the Great.

“Sisters, I rise to call you.”

‘Sisters’. This was a strange way for a Queen to address her Chamber. Strange, and yet, somehow portentous.

“I rise to call you unto the first true battle of the Amazons.

“You know I am your Queen and I may call you subjects. Henceforth I shall, but on this day of days, I call you sisters.

“You know that I may command you in all things, and I might command you without more ado to take up arms as a nation in this first battle of the Amazons.

“But I shall not command you so to do. I rise not to command you, but to call you.

“For I shall call many others after you. Many others in many lands that lie far from this. Peoples of the Oultands, femini with their mascûli. They shall join the great confederation. They shall be part of the great crusade: the great battle of the Amazons.

“I shall call them as I call you now, for if you will not hear me, how shall they?

“I have heard the words you have spoken, as each rose in her turn to say me nay. And I say this. If, after you have heard the words I shall speak, you yet continue to say me nay, then nay it shall be; and the great battle of the Amazons shall not be fought.

“But if you say me yea, then I shall bind you to me with rings of iron, and we shall stand together unto the very ends of the world.

“You say that the arts of war and of killing are the black art of the mascûl and no affair of ours. I say you this. If that were so this nation of ours should already lie in dust. We have learned those arts already, else how have we destroyed each invader that came upon our shores?

“Our swift bows and our hunting-spears have been turned upon the mascûl in every little battle of the Amazons to safeguard our holy realm. We have given sanctuary to those femini that came among us for sanctuary from their renegade mascûli. And when those wild man-queens have demanded their supposed subjects, we have said them nay. And when they have set foot upon these shores with fire and iron, we have destroyed them.

“And so I say to you: the question is not whether we shall learn arts of war. We have learned them long ago.

“The question that lies before us now is this. Shall we carry those arts forward into the Outlands? Shall we right the wrongs that lie like scars upon the front of this fair world? Or shall we wait upon this sacred isle until the armies of the foe-man grow so great that we can no longer stand before them?

“You have told me man has made the arts of war and they are not of High Dea. But I say unto you that holy Vikhë was ever one of the Seven Great Names of Dea, and that in this last an lowest age, the time of High Vikhë must come. And come it has. Whether we embrace it or whether we seek to flee it; it has come.

“But I tell you also this. The mascûl has indeed made the art of war, but Sai Vikhë is no friend to him. He has but the demons of the darkness for his gods. He has made the arts of war: but we, my sisters, will perfect them.

“He has burned the temples of High Dea from Atlantis to the further shores of the Hidden Ocean. He has smitten holy priestesses until their blood stains the ground across the Northern Continent and the Southern.

“He has made the arts of war, but we shall show him war the like of which he has not dreamed upon; for the Great Battle of the Amazons shall be his undoing. We shall avenge the holy mothers in High Dea.

We shall rebuild Her holy temples, and we shall sweep the bloody-handed infidel into the sea.

“We shall sweep him from the Upper Continent and from the Lower. We shall sweep him from the East and from the West. We shall restore righteousness from this place unto the furthest shores of the Hidden Ocean, and with each nation we purify we shall gain another army.

“And when our armies are as numerous as the sands upon the shore; then shall come the greatest battle of the Amazons and all their allies. Then shall we cleanse the foulness that is Atlantis; then we shall storm the Golden City and purge the filth that adheres to the Tower of the Sun.

“Then shall we give this world back to She that made it and ordain Her golden law throughout her fair and lovely creation.”

The chamber of High Council was no auditorium for entertainment, and yet the younger members raised a cheer such as had not been heard this half-millennium in that sacred place. Their Queen had spoken, and already they knew that they would follow her to the ends of the earth: yea into the very mouth of Hell if that were her command.

But some of the Elders remained cautious.

The Queen turned first to the Lady Veletia.

“My Lady I see that you are not persuaded. Tell forth your doubts, I conjure you.”

“Sacred Majesty, your lightest word is my command, but you have graciously chosen not to command but to call upon your subjects. Were you to bid me silence I should say no word, but you have bid me speak my doubts and so, in obedience to your word, I shall:

“Your sacred majesty speaks of this Great Battle of the Amazons, and raises therewith the hot blood of the young and of the raven-head melini. And yet this vast and noble plan hangs upon things most doubtful of accomplishment.

“This dream your sacred majesty has of the Outlander joining with us in this mighty battle of the Amazons: some might say it is but that – a dream. What earnest of success can you offer to your people in this great hazarding of dice, in which if the numbers fall but ill our holy nation is laid waste?”

“Wise and most honored Counsellor, you say I have a dream, and you speak true. For all this came unto me in a dream, and I believe that dream was from High Dea in Her Form as Holy Vikhë.

“I have said that if you say me yea this day I will bind you unto me with rings of iron; but if it is your will I shall rescind that. Wait if, you will, for the first true battle of the Amazons which I shall wage against the man-queen of Hakkur. See you whether my new Armies shall sweep all before them. See you whether the Outlander shall rally to my banner. And see you what signs are given by Heaven in this first battle of the Amazons.

“Let the High Priestesses of the land examine those signs and say whether my dream is or is not of Dea. I shall abide their judgement.

“Are you content, Lady Veletea.”

The Queen looked unblinking into counsellor’s eyes that had two centuries of wisdom in their depths. Her own eyes were both humble and certain.

“I am content.” Said the Counsellor.

The Queen turned to the oldest maiden present, a priestess of three hundred summers – which by those days was an age almost unknown. Her body was as frail as her spirit strong and she spoke with a voice

that only the sound-swelling virtue of that cunningly-wrought room could have made audible for so wide a distance.

“Most Sacred Majesty, I have served your mother and your mother’s mother, yea and her mother too. I am loyal to the throne with all my heart and soul, yet it must be my second loyalty; for my first is to High Dea.

“Yet if those two loyalties are not one, then something is amiss. You speak, Sacred Majesty, with the voice of one the Spirit breathes upon. Yet still I am bound to ask two questions of you.

“I am old, Sacred Majesty, yet there is little comes not to my ears. I know, because it is my duty to know, of the many times Myrine has repaired to the woods, to commune, they say with spirits, when it may be she were better to commune with High Dea. What are these spirits, Sacred Majesty? And is it they who propose this Great Battle of the Amazons? For not all spirits are of God, Sacred Majesty, and some would fain betray us to our hurt.

“That is my first question, and my second is this. That the renegade mascûl is a dark force, that we know. But that his gods are demons is a grave charge even against him. have you proof in this matter?”

“Most honored Matri,” said the Queen, “your questions are well and rightly asked and I shall answer plainly.

“These spirits that I have communed with, I freely confess. They are no more spirits than you and I are spirits and every maid that hears these words I speak. No more and no less.

“They belong not to this world, it is true; but they belong to a world not unlike ours – a world that is as ours would be had the Great Sin not been committed that gave birth to the mascûl.

“They too approach their Age of Iron. They too are assailed by the Great Demon. That Dark one has not among them the mascûl

wherewith to clothe itself, and so it comes upon them naked in its true form and with its hordes unmasked.

“This is, by many measures, a sister world to ours, and what transpires therein is shadowed in this world. Likewise what falls out among us is echoed across their lands.

“They are a fair folk and true. Faithful to High Dea as the best among us. Their battle is our battle, and the Great battle of the Amazons is their war too. For the Enemy is one.

“This is my belief, and I did not come by it lightly. But again I say that I shall abide the judgement of my nation. When Hakkur falls – as fall it shall – you shall see the signs of this Enemy. This I have been told. If those signs fail, or if our High Priestesses are not content with them, let the Great battle of the Amazons end there.

“But if they prove true to the satisfaction of our highest Elders, then let it be known that the Battle of the Amazons is a Holy battle. A battle that shall bring a Great Purification and whose goodly fruits shall be borne even beyond the boundaries of this world.

“Honored Matri, are you content?”

“My child, I am content.”

“Then hear my words,” spake the Queen. “The battle of the Amazons against Hakkur I now decree. But first there must be preparation made.

“My armies shall be drawn into seven legions, each with a General at its head.

“No more shall they fight as a troop of huntresses, but they shall be arrayed even as my realm is arrayed, with Officers governing each unit. Each Officer in obedience to the Officer above her, and the Generals obedient unto me.

“Thus the Golden Chain of Thamē – the rule of Holy Obedience – shall become the guiding star of our Armies. They will be able to move swiftly according to the plans of their generals. Against the roaring slashing hordes of the Enemy, they will be like a sharp and subtle blade in the hands of a fine craftmaid. Such a thing has not been seen in this world before.

“And I tell you each maid will be armed and equipped alike. Each shall wear like armor and carry a like shield. The Archers shall carry like bows and short spears for close fighting.

“And we shall have horsemaidens fighting from their mounts. No mascûl can match that, for they are too heavy to ride a horse at speed. Each horsemaid shall be like-armed and each horse caparisoned alike and they shall learn to fight as one, to charge as one, to retreat at the sound of a horn.

“My Armies shall be not a crowd at battle, but the very limbs of my Generals; and my Generals shall be my limbs.

“And now the fate of Hakkur is sealed, for the first battle of the Amazons is nigh.”

The Sigil of Baphomet

Queen Myrine promised that a sign would be given to the Amazons: and that sign was the Sigil of Baphomet.

The very name of Baphomet is a mystery to the modern world. It is not, as some have thought, Hebrew, nor does it belong to any known language, living or dead. It is the direct transposition into earthly sound of the Demonic Tongue, and it is the name of a Demon whose special province is and was the corruption of Planet Earth.

The Sigil of Baphomet, an inverted pentagram, has been likened to the head of a goat, with horns and beard, and – by extension to the traditional Abrahamic image of Satan. Such an association is accurate up to a point, but limited.

In the first place, Baphomet and its activities date back far beyond Abraham and the patriarchy to which he belonged.

In the second place, the Sigil of Baphomet, the inverted pentagram has far more than merely a loose pictorial significance.

To understand correctly the significance of the Sigil of Baphomet, we need to know something of the symbolism of the Inverted Pyramid and the meaning of the pentagram itself.

The Pentagram resembles the Pyramid in this respect: that is has a single point at the top, while multiplicity, or mass, reside below. Miss Alice Lucy Trent has explained the symbolism of the Pyramid in depth in her book *The Feminine Universe* and has shown how it represents the dominion of the single Point of the Spirit over the multiplicity of the material world.

The inversion of the Pyramid places in all respects quantity above quality and makes brute matter the ruler over Spirit.

The Pentagram is first and foremost a diagram of the five elements – the four material elements plus the Quintessence or Fifth Element of Aethyr or Spirit. Spirit stands at the Apex, governing all the other elements to which She has given birth.

Thus the inversion of the Pentagram in the Sigil of Baphomet is equivalent to the inversion of the Pyramid. It is a sign of the inversion of the natural order of things, and of the demonic origins of patriarchy.

We continue our narrative of the Amazon crusade with:

The training of the seven Amazon Legions of Tritonia was no brief matter.

The skilled archers and spear-maidens were wrought into the first true army seen upon the face of the earth.

The Law of Thamë – the principle of hierarchical obedience, that lay at the very root of Amazon society was now applied to the fighting forces. The system of Officers at different levels, and the strict chain of command had their origin in the vertical social order of the Amazons. For the first time ever, a body of warriors was forged that was no mere roaring rout of weapon-wielders, but a finely-honed instrument, flexible and obedient to the will of its generals, and their Queen.

Strategy and tactics became weapons of far more significance than mere weight of numbers and brute strength.

Rank upon rank, the armies of Myrine were arrayed each alike in snakeskin-covered armor. They marched in step and could throw a volley of spears an hundred yards wide upon a single word of command.

Behind them came the cavalry. The first cavalry ever seen upon the earth. The horses of those days were smaller creatures and few men were light enough to ride them armed and at speed. The mounted warrior-maids responded to calls upon a horn, and their thunderous charge could turn a horde of rampaging mascûli into a fleeing rout.

The Amazon archers had long been deadlier than any bowman of the Outlands, but now they were rendered far more effective by the introduction of the Law of Thamë. They had been transformed from a deadly force to a deadly strategic force.

And all this was under the command of the first and greatest general the world has ever seen: Queen Myrine the Great of Tritonia.

Add to this, the natural strength of the melini, who, while resembling women, are stronger than almost any man and the power of this force becomes evident.

Yet all that and far more would be needed, for Queen Myrine's aim was no less than to take the Armies of her small island nation upon a crusade to conquer the whole known world.

Their first battle was with Hakkur – a little semi-patriarchal kingdom on the coast of North Africa, not far from their island of Tritonia. The Tritoni had harbored priestesses from Hakkur – priestesses of Our Mother God who were made “outlaw” by the new mascûl cult and subject to torture and death.

Upon the Queen's refusal to return these femini, Hakkur had sent warriors to loot and burn. The warriors had been killed on each occasion, but their raids continued and grew larger and bolder.

The taking of Hakkur was far easier than the doubters had imagined. Almost every able-bodied mascûl turned out to fight the “women” – anxious to show his valor and perhaps to carry off an enemy as a prize.

The world's first cavalry charge was a thing for which they could not possibly have prepared. Drastically reduced in numbers and put to a confused rout. they were easy prey for the pursuing horsemaidens and the archers and infantry who had been deployed along their lines of escape.

The city was walled, but with practically the whole of its fighting force lost, it wisely surrendered without a siege.

The priestesses and high-ranking noblemaidens who had sought sanctuary in Tritonia were restored to power in Hakkur.

The Great Temple of Hakkur still stood. Unlike many Temples of Our Mother God, it had not been burnt down. What had happened was worse than that. But it was also the sign Queen Myrine had promised to show her followers.

In chapels about the city were statues of Our Mother God with Her supposed “male consort” blasphemously raised to a status almost that of Her equal.

The Great Temple, however, had been sealed off to the people of the City and was open only to the “king” and his inner circle of “priests” and other followers. The great Portal had been sealed off and access to the Temple had been through a secret entrance.

Queen Myrine had the great Portal forced open, and when that was done, the sight that met the eyes of both Tritoni and Hakkuri made their blood run cold.

On the High Altar was the body of a slain goat and above it the Sigil of Baphomet – the inverted Pentagram. About the Temple were the statues of Our Mother God and Her Holy Daughter, that had been adored and worshiped for a dozen generations, each of them was disfigured and obscenely marked and mutilated, and above each was displayed the Sigil of Baphomet.

Other horrors lay in that once-sacred place wherewith we shall not sully the ears of our reader.

It was before that defiled House of Dea that Queen Myrine addressed her legions and her counselors and the fair folk of Hakkur both high and low.

And her voice was the most thrilling voice any maid had heard – even of them that had heard the Queen before:

“Honoured maidens of Tritonia and the Amazon nation:

“I spoke unto you before we made this journey and told you that the revolt of the mascûli was no mere work of men. I told you that behind all this lay the Dark One; and I was asked for proof, and rightly asked.

“Here is your proof, my sisters. Here in the House of Our Dear Mother you see the Sigil of Baphomet. You see Our Dear Lady insulted and Her Holy Image defiled.

“You see slaughter where the sacrament should be. And you see the Sigil of Baphomet and again the Sigil of Baphomet.

“Who is Baphomet? You will ask, and rightly ask. And I shall give you answer

“It is the lord of darkness that descends upon this world. It is the servant of a greater lord an darker whose name I speak not here. It is the master of the demon hordes that descend upon this world, even as they descend upon another world under another master.

“For the fate lies in the balance here, not of this world only, but of maidens everywhere. It may seem to some that I speak wildly. But I know whereof I speak. Did I not tell you what we should find in this place? And see you not now that I have spoken true?

“And if you see that I have spoken true, raise up the cry among you now of she that will purify this land in these days of darkness.

“Haya, haya Vikhë!”

And the people, both Tritoni and hakkuri raised up the cry, “Haya, haya Vikhë!”

And when that great chant was ceased, Queen Myrine spoke again.

“It is written my sisters:

“Evil must needs arise and be triumphant, and the dark Mistress have her night of blood.

“That is written and none may forfend it. The day shall come when maidens will fall before the ax of the mascûli. But that day has not yet

dawned, and if you will bind yourselves to me it shall not dawn these many hundred years.

“And when it shall dawn, we shall have purged the demon and even the mascûli shall know a little wisdom.

“The day shall dawn when that wisdom too shall be gone and all shall be darkness. But if you will bind yourselves to me, it shall not dawn these many thousand years.

“You have looked upon the Sigil of Baphomet and have seen the dark and nameless things that lie about it.

“What is the Sigil of Baphomet? You will ask and will ask rightly.

“It is the sign of the inversion of all things. It is the sign of making high what should be low and low what should be high. It is the sign of the breaking of all harmony, the breaking of all truth.

“You have lived under the rule of that great blasphemy and you have seen its full vileness in the very House of Our Lady.

“Will you join with me to purge the world of this vileness? Will you join with me to raise the image of Our Dear Lady wherever it has been brought low? Will you join with me to smash the Sigil of Baphomet?

“Will every maid among you of fighting age join with Legions to become the first troops of a mighty army that shall cleanse the Upper Continent and the Lower, shall purge the world even to the furthest shores of the Hidden Ocean and shall at last march victorious into that great vileness that was once the Golden City of Atlantis?

“Will you become the maids who shall restore this world and raise up the image of Our Lady for your daughters to adore, yea and their daughters’ daughters even to the seventh generation?”

And the crowd raised once again the great chant:

“Haya, haya Vikhë!”

And the mounted drummer maidens beat their long drums in rhythm with the chant.

And so were born the first Outland Legions of the Great Amazon Army.



Invasion of the Amazons

The Amazons Invade Atlantis

The importance of the Great Invasion of the Amazons into Atlantis cannot be overestimated. It was the largest and most organized military operation the world had ever seen at the time, and in its cultural impact it is comparable to the invasion of Europe at the end of the Second World War – except that, in terms of the depth of the issues involved, the defeat of the patriarchy by the Great Invasion of the Amazons makes the defeat of the Axis by the Allies look like a relatively minor matter: a family quarrel within the same camp.

Looking at the Greek and Egyptian histories alone (biased and patriarchal as they are) it is easy to see that the achievement of Queen Myrine the First in her invasion of Atlantis was something truly remarkable. Ironically enough, after the endless bullying raids and skirmishes, tortures and killings, practised by patriarchal brigand-“kings”, it was she who introduced real warfare to the world in what was (for a few centuries at least) quite literally the War to end War.

She was renowned throughout the ancient world for over a millennium as the first person to use cavalry in warfare, but, while the patriarchs were a

little shy of admitting it, she was also the first to use many other procedures that later became standard. Hers was the first uniformed army in the world and the first to be based on a strict and defined chain of command.

The obedience-principle, based on the Golden Order, or law of Thamë (Themis as the Greeks rendered it), as the governing principle of an army was formalized by Myrine I from the practices that had evolved in Tritonia from the social structure of the Primordial Feminine Order. The ranks and command structure of every modern army have their first source in the Golden Army of Tritonia.

This indeed, even more than the use of horses and standardized weaponry, was what made the Invasion of the Amazons so successful. The patriarchal hordes worked on a free-form skirmish-and-melée principle, relying on their superior strength and savagery to carry all before them. Myrine's armies, even though most of the non-Amazon members of her Confederation (the vast majority by the time of the Invasion of the Amazons) were femini, physically weaker than their enemies, were the world's first strategic forces, acting in constant obedience to the chain of command and able to employ tactical warfare and flexible strategic manoeuvres against the brute force of the enemy.

The Amazon Armies were a fearful sight. They wore a standardized battle-array of helmets, breastplates and spears, all covered in snakeskin. Their mounted troops shocked the savage mascûli with the first cavalry charges in history. Their archers were the deadliest in the world. The Great Invasion of the Amazons was the first large-scale exercise of scientific warfare the world had ever seen.

The Vikhelic ("martial") Arts – combat techniques rooted in spiritual practice – were also developed in Tritonia and formed the basis of all the actual fighting practices employed by the Amazon Confederation.

Who was Myrine the First? As we have seen, she was the first-born of the Queen of Tritonia and heir to the throne. From a sign given to her melinic mother while her chelanic mother bore her, she was called Myrine, "swiftly

bounding”. Many have taken this sign to mean that she was the first of the “Exiles” from the True Motherland, whose soul crossed the Great River.

Whether or not this is true, it is certainly true that the dark and terrible cult of patriarchy and its increasing overshadowing of Telluria was shifting the subtle balance of more worlds than one, and it was vital to stem the tide.

Unlike her predecessors, Queen Myrine took this view. Until now, the policy of Tritonia had been one of self-defense: protecting the homeland, harboring those femini who asked for shelter but no more. The very act of harboring aroused the anger of the surrounding “kings” and the policy of “armed neutrality” became increasingly hard to maintain.

Queen Myrine the First jettisoned the policy completely and began the Great Invasion of the Amazons in her first year as Queen, conquering a small kingdom on the North African mainland that had a majority of loyal worshipers of Our Mother God and liberating the population. She then set about arming and training nearly all the femini of fighting age in the manner of the Tritonian Army. This was the first non-Amazon addition to the Amazon Confederation.

By the third year of her reign she had liberated most of North Africa and parts of West Asia, each time arming and training the femini and adding them to the Golden Armies of the Great Amazon Confederation. She then turned her attention to Mediterranean Europe.

By the time she was ready to take on the Beast Itself – the corrupt heartland of Atlantis – she had, according to most Classical accounts, an army of 33,000 – this at a time when few cities had populations larger than 10,000.

These armies were veterans of numerous Asian and European campaigns, trained in the Vikhelic Arts, founded on the chain-of-command principle, still unknown elsewhere, and mistresses of the cavalry-charge which no mascûl army had mastered (the small horses of the time were mostly incapable of carrying the heavier mascûl with his heavier weaponry – which is why the first equine mascûl warriors were charioteers).

To the astonishment of the world, Atlantis, now famed for its savage and brutal patriarchal hordes, fell after a relatively short campaign on terms of unconditional surrender.

Myrine's terms were sweeping. The patriarchal rulers and their femin collaborators were deposed. A few of the most intransigent were executed, but many were reduced to servitude and some of the femini even reinstated years later under the New Order.

The New Order, of Course, was the Old Order restored. The Feminine Tradition and the Worship of Our Mother God in strictly orthodox form was re-instituted. Myrine did not (as many had expected) make herself Queen of Atlantis. She was an Amazon Intemorph and had no desire to live among, or rule, even reformed shizomorphi.

Instead, the loyalists among the Atlanteans were elevated to power. The old Imperial Line, purged of collaborators, was restored to the Pavanelle Throne and the Heart of Atlantis became once again the Golden Heart of the World.

The City of Myrine was founded in Atlantis. An autonomous Amazon City occupied by Amazons only; and this – as well as becoming a prosperous and beautiful Amazon colony – acted as a stronghold, ensuring that no recurrence of the old corruption could creep back into Atlantis.

The Golden Order was restored by the Invasion of the Amazons.



Atlantis the lost Empire

It is necessary for us to consider Atlantis the lost empire.

Schizomorphic Tellurian History is not our main concern: but since Atlantis plays a vital role in the very first activities of the militant Amazons (that is, the confederation of intemorphic feminine peoples with schizomorphic feminine-led peoples who fought against the early patriarchal revolution) and what we believe to be the first intervention of the Motherland in Tellurian affairs, it is necessary briefly to acquaint our readers with the history of Atlantis the lost empire.

Those restricted to Tellurian sources are faced with two barriers to understanding. The first is that modern “scholarship”, with its inherent materialistic and anti-traditional prejudices, tends to reject the existence of Atlantis the lost empire, as indeed of much traditional history (scholars confidently assured us that Troy was a myth until its remains were found).

However, writers with a knowledge of Tellurian traditional wisdom (including the greatest of them, René Guénon) are unanimous in affirming the existence of Atlantis the lost empire.

The other barrier is that – in accordance with the general policy of “rewriting prehistory” common to all patriarchal traditions – Atlantis is commonly represented in Telluria as a patriarchal empire.

In fact Atlantis was founded at a time when no such thing as a patriarchal state had even been dreamed of.

Atlantis, the Western Empire, was a Daughter-State of the Great Northern Empire, guardian of the Primordial Feminine Tradition of Telluria. Over time it wholly replaced the Northern Empire, largely because the Arctic North of Telluria became uninhabitable (not because of climate changes, but because the human body, continually condensing into material form, became increasingly susceptible to climatic conditions).

There had been other Daughter-States, but Atlantis was the last of them (the West, corresponding to evening, being the natural symbolic station of the Last True Empire).

Much of what we know, and shall tell, of Atlantis stems from the time of its decadence in the closing centuries of the Age of Bronze, but it should not be forgotten that in the High Bronze Age (and do not forget that the Age of Bronze lasted about twice as long as the whole of patriarchal history) the Great Western Empire of Atlantis was the glory of the world, the heart of the Mother Tradition both to the West (the Americas) and to the East (Europe, Africa and Asia).

The great Priestess-Queens of Atlantis guided the world on its true and proper course of love and service to Our Mother God and put down (by peaceful means, for deadly violence between humans was then unknown) various errors and degeneracies that might have perverted maids from their true course far earlier than was in fact the case.

But there is a saying that explains much in the history of Telluria: *corruptio optimi pessima* “the best, when corrupted, becomes the worst”.

With the decadence of Atlantis the world lost its vital spiritual Center. Not only were aberrations in other lands no longer held in check by the wise and kind rulership of the High Empress, but poisonous influences spread from the Mother City itself.

The degeneration that finally led to the first patriarchal revolutions began in the lost Empire of Atlantis. In that sense it was a “lost Empire” long before the waves consumed it.

But many other things were to happen before the deluge that ended the Age of Bronze and began the Age of Iron finally purged the world of what, by then, had become its greatest blight.

Atlantis was reclaimed, for a very considerable time, by the Amazon Confederation, and a faithful Empress restored to the throne.

None of this could last forever as the tide of history, combined with the First Sin of the schizomorphi, took their inexorable course. But let us not forget that the pax Amazonia, forged in the heart of Atlantis, lasted for more centuries than most current Tellurian nations may hope to last.

Let us then proceed to examine the Amazon history of Atlantis the lost Empire.



The Heart of Atlantis

As we have seen in our previous lecture, the heart of Atlantis was, during much of the Age of Bronze, the heart of the world.

Atlantis was the last Daughter-Civilization of the Great Northern Mother-Civilization. Its great Priestess-Empresses presided over the adaptation of the Sacred Tradition to the needs of the High Bronze Age – an Age much inferior to the Silver Age that had preceded it, but immeasurably higher than the Iron Age, or Kali Yuga, which was to follow.

The patriarchal traditions regarding Atlantis, from the Egyptian accounts to Plato's Atlantis, contain certain predictable inaccuracies. Naturally they tend to project their own form of society – and their own particular nations – further into the past than they really existed; and naturally also they represent Atlantis as a patriarchal state, since “the Universality of Patriarchy” has been the central plank of patriarchal propaganda ever since the movement took firm hold and was old enough to re-write the past.

However, taking these inevitable distortions as read, there is considerable truth in the Egyptian accounts and in the accounts of Plato's Atlantis which follow them.

The Capital of Atlantis was indeed built around a central palace/temple from which reigned the Priestess-Queen of the Empire. The City was built in concentric circles leading out from its heart-centre: and beyond this, the City was seen as the heart of Atlantis, and Atlantis (after the decline of the older Daughter-States of the Primordial Northern Civilisation) as the heart of the world.

Plato's Atlantis – his account of Atlantis the lost world as it had by then become – tells the truth, albeit in a rather truncated way. many events are somewhat “collapsed” in time and make assumptions based on later patriarchal practice.

For example, we are told that the Atlantean Empire conquered and oppressed much of Europe and Asia (the Americas are not mentioned as the Old World, after the end of Atlantis, had lost all contact and even memory of the Far West).

The truth is that the Atlantean Empire did indeed extend across Europe and Asia as well as parts of the Americas. However, no “conquest” was involved, for this was in a time long before deadly force between maid and maid was known upon the Earth.

The influence of Atlantis was both spiritual and political. The feminine civilizations of the time recognized Atlantis as the true representative of the Primordial Tradition in its Bronze Age form and saw the Heart of Atlantis as their Heart.

Did Atlantis “oppress” these nations? On the contrary, it was their spiritual life-blood, their source of order, or *thamē*, their venerated mother-throne.

But certainly Atlantis, during its height and health, was on constant guard against the semi-patriarchal incursions into life and thought. The gradual introduction of mascûlic figures into temples and palaces was firmly resisted

by the Empire wherever possible: not, of course, by force of arms, but by the spiritual influence that it wielded, which in those days was still the strongest force on earth.

Naturally, to later patriarchal writers, after the early triumph of semi-patriarchy, this made Atlantis the worst of all possible oppressors – the greatest enemy of the patriarchal revolution. And even after the supervention of full patriarchy, when, in accordance with the central thrust of propaganda, Old Atlantis had to be “re-written” as a patriarchal state, the patriarchal resentment against its “oppressions” was not forgotten.

But for the true and faithful in the High Bronze Age, the golden heart of Atlantis was the golden heart of the world; and when that heart became corrupt, bringing it back to health was literally the most important task in the world.

And that task fell to the Amazons.



Atlantis, the Lost World

Atlantis the lost world: we have seen how Atlantis became the very heart of the world in the High Bronze Age. How did it become Atlantis the lost world long before the flood that destroyed it physically? And how was it recovered for several centuries?

Atlantis – the great island nation and preserver of the Primordial Feminine Tradition. Atlantis with its huge capital city built on a pattern of concentric circles with vast canals carrying people and supplies: buildings with jewel-encrusted walls and hot and cold fountains.

It was a miracle of architecture and engineering, but far more importantly, it was founded on the principles of sacred science: a tribute not merely to worldly glory, but to the love of Our Mother God and the truest conformity to the Golden Order.

How did this Atlantis, the holy guardian of all purity and truth, become Atlantis the lost world – a place of chaos, darkness and perversion?

It is hard to say precisely how these things took place – but in the closing millennia of the Age of Bronze there was a very great pressure toward the abyss. Often it began apparently innocently enough by introducing masculine godlings, patterned after the mascûli who were now very much a part of earthly life at every level.

They were not equal to Our Mother God, but already the error was in place and both mascûli and the masculine cults could grow in power, beguiling corrupt priestesses and corrupt queens.

However precisely it happened, there came a time when Atlantis, rather than the wise and firm mother of the world, guiding the nations in righteousness, became a centre of masculist error. In the end there were actually male rulers and masculine gods blasphemously declared equal, or near-equal, to the Supreme Mother.

And then came the dark time when human beings raised their hand against each other in deadly violence. Priestesses who preached the old ways and denounced error and heresy were beaten and even killed by the servants of male princelings.

Such a thing had never happened before. Only rarely had one human being ever killed another. Never had a holy priestess been killed and never by a mascûl.

It was a terrible turning-point.

Outside the city, where the corruption had not spread, maidens armed themselves. The arts of war were unknown to them, but they prayed to Sai Vikhë the Great Protectress and took up crude weapons.

But by this time, physical strength was a great force in the world. The spiritual strength of righteous maidens could no longer contend directly against mascûli armed and ferocious.

With their bows and spears that had hitherto been used for hunting and had never been turned against their own kind, the renegade mascûli killed the righteous maidens.

And so the die was cast and the world was set on a dark and fearful course.

Beyond Atlantis the influence spread. Where Atlantis had once held in check the smoulderings of the mascûlic revolution, now it encouraged them. male force was used against cities and temples that resisted, and the femini were unable to resist.

Atlantis, turned against its true nature, Atlantis the lost world, looked set to become the dark heart of an entire world lost.

But the time of the patriarch had not yet come. For the Amazons had not moved yet, and something very like a miracle was about to intervene.



The End of Atlantis?

It seemed like the end of Atlantis.

At the end of our last lecture, we saw Atlantis, the Golden centre of the world and preserver of the High Feminine Tradition overrun by corruption, half-governed by cliques of mascûli, with the incursion of strange, mascûlic idols into the very temples of Our Mother God. We have seen how, for the first time in human history, deadly violence was turned by humans against their own kind and faithful priestesses who preached against the new cults

were slain by mascûli. Finally we have seen how this violence spread across the European protectorates of the Atlantean Empire, creating a new rule of mascûlic idolatry and force.

It seemed like the end of Atlantis. It seemed like the end of the old Feminine Order – the Golden order of Thamë (or Themis) that had ruled and preserved the world, in its changing forms, since the beginning.

The precise history of the period is complex. There were revolutions and counter-revolutions, half-revolutions and compromises. But two factors dominated. One was the relatively old, but rapidly increasing one of the gathering materialisation (and consequent strengthening of the mascûlic principle) inherent in the later Kali Yuga. The other was a completely new factor in human affairs: violence. For the first time in history, political power grew not from Divine Authority, but at the point of a spear.

And because of the increasing effectiveness of mere physical force over the subtler means that had previously been predominant, mascûli had a huge, and crudely effective, advantage over femini.

Could anything be done to turn back the clock of this “historical progress”? Or was Atlantis lost and the world lost with it?

Let us turn our eyes to a small island off the coast of North Africa called Tritonia: the evening-isle. This island, though it lay between Atlantis and the great mainland of its far-reaching Eastern Empire, was not part of the Atlantean sphere of influence. It was inhabited by a people still formed on the pattern of Golden-Age humanity. They had no mascûli, but two feminine sexes, Chelani and Melini. They followed the Old Tradition in a manner more direct than that of the Schizomorphi.

They were called the a-mazei or Amazons, the unconfused or unforgetting ones. They were what we call, in more technical language, intemorphs: those whose two kinds, or sexes are both of the fundamental feminine order, rather than half of the masculine (which is one possible branching-off from Primordial Femininity along the stream of Vikhe).

For long, very long, the Amazons had been diminishing. They knew that the future of this world lay not with them, and wished only to live in peace, following the Old Way, an ever-receding remnant of the Golden World. (See our Amazon World History Timeline)

As corruption subtly spread among the Schizomorphi it became the policy of the Amazons to trade only with those Feminine Nations that remained pure both in their worship and their social order, and gradually these two became a minority in the world, though nowhere near as small a minority as the Amazons themselves.

The Amazons rarely interfered in the business of the Schizomorphi. They considered them none of their affair. In any case, the Great Atlantean Empire was shepherdess of that flock.

With Atlantis lost to Truth and Order, the Amazons of Tritonia found themselves increasingly isolated. And with the increasing violence of the world, their melini armed themselves to defend the island if need be.

On a few occasions in the next century, small mascûlic raiding parties attacked the island. But the Amazon melini were not shizomorphic femini, even though they resembled them. Their strength was greater than that of any mascûli and their skill and determination in defending their small homeland were phenomenal. No patriarchal pirate ever returned from an attack on Tritonia.

Over time faithful maids of the Schizomorphi, who were in danger of death at the hands of the renegade mascûli sought sanctuary in Tritonia, which was always granted. They were given their own lands where they built dwellings and temples after their fashion, though their settlements were kept separate from those of the Amazons.

At one time a petty “king” demanded the return of his “subjects”, which the Queen of Tritonia refused. The “king” sent a small fleet to attack the island which was narrowly defeated by the Amazons. From that time forward, Tritonia devoted much of its resources to building its Navy, for the possibility of a future defeat was unthinkable.

And then Myrine was born. Myrine was a princess of Tritonia. Her melinic mother was Queen of the island nation, and her chelanic mother came from another Amazon nation far to the east.

She was born under the Star of Sai Vikhë and on the day her chelanic mother bore her, her melinic mother saw a melinic wolf (for some of the animals were yet intemorphic on that isle) make a leap across a great river, far longer than any wolf could normally leap. And for this reason, the child was called Myrine – the Leaper or Bounding-one.

This child was to turn the tide of history for centuries to come.

Section VII:
**Aristasian Spirituality
and Philosophy**





The “Religion” of Aristasia

With numerous pieces appearing about various aspects of Aristasian spirituality, we are increasingly being asked "what is the Aristasian religion". What do Aristasians have to believe?

Well, Aristasians don't have to believe anything, but it is true that most Aristasians, at least in a general sort of way, believe in what is loosely termed "Aristasian religion". The trouble is, the term is far too loose and makes far too many assumptions.

The term, and concept of, "religion", as René Guénon often pointed out, is exclusively Western. It is imposed by Western minds on forms such as Hinduism or Taoism, just as the modern Western concept of the nation is imposed on their political forms. In the east "having a religion" is a much more fluid concept. A maid may have a Taoist cosmology, Confucian ethics and practice Buddhist meditation without seeing any contradiction. Even in the Christian West, the seven planetary influences, still under the names of

their "pagan" gods were accepted by every educated person as fundamental to an understanding of how the universe works, until the Rationalist Revolution, or "Enlightenment", of the 17th Century — which has been described as "not so much a question of a new light as of one's eyes becoming accustomed to the dark".*

Now we must understand that the Eastern approach to "religion" is much closer to the Aristasian. That is why we tend to say (for want of a better expression) "spirituality" rather than religion. Though this tends to imply something a little too far in the other direction and make it sound looser and vaguer than it really is.

Let me try to explain. In Aristasia Pura, one will find many devotions. One will find temples to Sai Raya, the supreme Spiritual Sun, to the Divine Love, known in many places as Sai Sushuri, to the Divine Wisdom, known as Sai Mati. To the pure and consuming Fire of the Spirit, known as Sai Annya, to Dea as the Great Ruler of the Cosmos and the Sacred Harmony of being, known as Sai Thamë. One will find maids devoted to the Path of Pure Love and others to the Path of Intellect and contemplation. Others to the path of ritual and works. One will find whole peoples devoted primarily to the Sacrificial Daughter and others who seem only to know the Mother.

Now none of these are "different religions" in the Western sense, or even opposing sects. They are simply different Ways.

Do they all agree on anything? Yes. They all agree that there is one supreme Spirit, our Mother, who is everywhere called Dea (or Dia). And furthermore— and this is important — they disagree (in the Western way) on nothing. No one disputes that the other Ways are Ways. No one "disbelieves" in another's view of Dea.

The concept of "religion" in the Western sense comes closest to being realised in Western Aristasia Pura where the worship of the Mother in some places and of the Mother and Daughter in others (the latter being the closest Aristasian parallel to Christianity — though the superficial similarities are in some ways deceptive) takes place in "churches" organised with some similarity to those of Western Tellurian religions. Even here, though, the

exclusivism of Tellurian religion is unknown. The most dedicated follower is aware that hers is one Way among others (even if she considers it the Greatest Way).

How does this translate into Aristasia-in-Telluria? In the first place, we are all agreed that there is one Spirit, one God, one Dea. That is the one fundamental. Dea: our Heavenly Mother.

After that there are different Ways. The simplest is just a belief in, and love of, Dea. We call this Deanism*. For many Aristasians it does not go any further. We know that God is there; that She loves us; that we should love Her. Perhaps in times of crisis, we may even say a prayer. As someone joked: this is not so much a Way as a Half-Way. But it is the basic minimum of Aristasian "religion".

One can be a simple Deanist and go much further. One may say a little prayer every night. One may chant the Mother's name occasionally. One may have a picture or statue before which one burns a candle. Or one may burn the candle without a picture or statue (not everyone finds them helpful).

How precisely Deanism fits into a Tellurian patriarchal world is a question that has received many Aristasian answers over the years. Some have adopted "Hindu" Scriptures such as the Angelic Hymn to Dea because the devotion to Our Mother is preserved therein as a living tradition — also because the Indian Tradition preserves the Primordial Philosophy of the Western (in the sense of not Far Eastern) world in its purest form. Aristasians are aware that The Supreme Mother was the earliest form of God worshipped in Telluria, and some consider it necessary to connect themselves to a living Tellurian root which leads back to the taproot of the primordial Tellurian worship of Dea.

Others again suggest that it is not necessary to do this: only to know and love Dea here and now.

Others again believe that it is possible to take up the "religious" forms of Western Aristasia Pura, most notably the worship of the Mother and

Daughter. This is known as Filianism (the faith of the Daughter). This movement started in Aristasia-in-Telluria some thirty years ago and even attracted some non-Aristasian adherents. It has various Scriptures which are held to be equivalent to those of Aristasia Pura. In Tellurian terms, the Filianists believe that these represent the Primordial Religion of Dea adapted to the needs of the Iron Age (just as Tellurian religions represent the later patriarchal forms adapted to the needs of the Iron Age). They regard them as gifts given by Dea to our Founding Mothers and as Holy Scripture. Non-Filianists are more likely to regard them as beautiful and inspired writings.

The Filianists (or Filyani) are among those who believe that Aristasian religion should be constituted more like a Western-style "Church" with a Catechism and clear doctrines and practices, because this is what the current Western soul needs.

The Filianic Scriptures range from myths such as The Creation to more mystical texts such as The Clew of the Horse. Because some of the non-Aristasian adoptions of Filianism have been a shade "eccentric", a project has begun of issuing the Authorised Version of these texts. Perhaps one day there will be Filianic Councils like the Christian councils, which, some 300 years after the foundation of the religion, decided which texts were and were not to be regarded as Holy Scripture and to be included in the Bible.

The mention of "eccentricity" raises a question sometimes asked by serious enquirers: Do some aspects of Aristasian religion risk the eclecticism and general unsoundness of such modern cults as the New Age movement, Wicca and neo-paganism? The answer to this is that Aristasia has always been very firmly founded on traditional Essentialist philosophy. This is outlined in The Feminine Universe and provides the touchstone by which all spiritual forms are assessed. This being the case, we would say that Aristasian Deanism is safer than some branches of Christianity or Western Buddhism from the errors and heresies of the New Age.

The ways an Aristasian may relate to Dea are many. A friend of mine as a child felt the urge to worship Aphrodite. She did not know it at the time but

hers was the Platonic Aphrodite, ruler of both earthly and Divine love (and not in any sense the sexual demigoddess of both the Classical decadence and the bongo neo-pagan). She felt after a time that she could not do this and spent an uncomfortable year trying to be a Christian. Then, on encountering Aristasia, she found that Aphrodite was Sai Sushuri and that she might worship Her after all. Others have privately adapted favourite patriarchal texts, giving them back to God in Her purest and most ancient form. "The Lady is my Shepherdess..."

How do different Aristasian Deanists regard each other? As in the East, and in Aristasia pura, we tend not to place barriers between Ways, or to see a Way as an exclusive "religion". We can love and recite "Hindu" texts without in any way being "Hindus". We can love the forms that our sisters worship, because we know that they are all our one Dea. Even those who are not Filianists tend to acknowledge the Daughter-Principle, though it may not be central to their worship and they may regard the story of the Daughter as an inspired poem rather than a Scripture. Nativity — the Birth of the Daughter — tends to be celebrated by Filianists and non-Filianists alike, and all of us are prone to sing Filianic carols like Hail to the Princess.

Whatever approach we may take, we are all sisters in Dea, and all Her daughters. That is the simple essence of the Aristasian "religion".

* I.e. the darkness of a purely-material (or substantialist) world-view.

**The Term Deanism is used in two senses: a) The simplest form of devotion to the Mother. b) All devotion to the Mother. So Filianists are also called Deanists. One has to be a Deanist first in order to be a Filianist.



Three-Fold Dea

The Mother is the Creator of the world, and Ground of all being. She is pure Life, pure Light and pure energy. All life, all action and all thought flow from Her.

The Mother, the Creatrix, is Dea seen in Her expansive or creative mode. The term “energy” needs to be treated carefully. It should certainly not be confused in any way with the conceptions of modern physics. The Sanskrit term shakti, understood in its highest sense, as the creating, enabling and animating power of the cosmos, is much nearer to the sense intended here. The Mother can also be seen as Maya, the all-beneficent provider of the world She has made for us to inhabit.

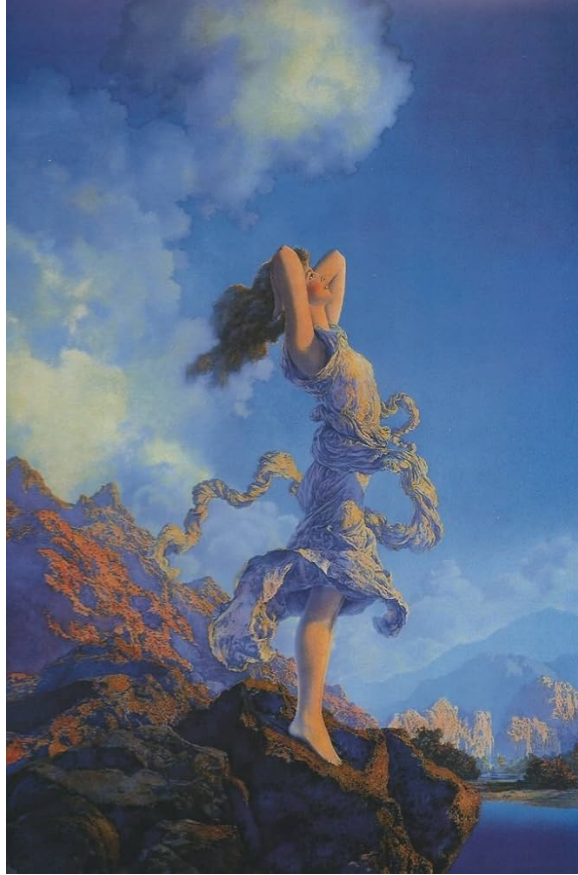
Her Daughter is pure love. As Princess of the World, She governs all the cycles of life and nature; as Priestess of the World, She gives us Communion with Her Mother; as Queen of Heaven, She shall bring us at last to the Celestial Throne.

The Daughter is Dea in Her aspect of Love. We may see that She is, in some senses, continuous with the Mother — continuing Her creative play, manifesting the love that is inherent in the Mother and mediating these things to our fallen state. Some would argue that the separation between Mother and Daughter is to some extent artificial, but the Filianists regard Her as the form in which we should approach Dea because She makes our approach to the Mother possible, especially in this dark age.

The Dark Mother is Absolute Deity, Who existed before the beginning of existence and is beyond being and unbeing. She is outside space and time; She is all that is and all that is not. The exhalation of Her breath or Spirit is our Mother, the Creator of the world. Of Her other Acts, our minds cannot conceive.

The term “dark” refers to her unknowability, and, to an extent, to the darkness we feel in relation to the final dissolution of the light-world we know: a dissolution which is, in reality, a merging into the love and oneness of Dea. In a certain sense the “Darkness” of the Dark Mother is seen as a Higher Light; a Light so elevated that it does not dazzle our “eyes”, as does the Light of the Mother, but is wholly imperceptible to them. This Mystery is expressed in the words:

*Absolute Deity,
Dark beyond the Light, and Light beyond the Darkness.*



Aristasian Hymn: She Hath Riven

This is an old Aristasian hymn, ultimately based on the Scriptural passage:
“She hath riven the earth from the Heaven, the Spirit my Mother, and the turbulent waters, hath She not cleft them apart?”

*She hath riven the earth from the Heaven,
She hath parted the water from the land,
And the sun in the morning that riseth on high
Is sustained by the strength of Her hand.*

*All the birds of the air She hath fashioned,
All the beasts of the forest She hath made;
In the quaint* constitution of every flower
Is the craft of her working displayed.*

*She hath raised up the mountains for pillars
To sustain the bright heavens above;
She hath clothed the earth in a raiment of green
For a sign of Her bounteous love.*

*And ourselves that are fallen from Heaven
Through the folly of our most vicious** will;
She hath shaped a sweet place of abundance on earth
And doth feed us and bide with us still.*

*Without end is Her might and Her wisdom,
Without end is Her love's consuming flame;
All the earth gives Her praise and the heavens on high
And the thunder re-echoes Her name.*

*She hath riven the earth from the Heaven,
She hath parted the water from the land,
And the sun in the morning that riseth on high
Is sustained by the strength of Her hand.*

Notes

When sung, "She hath riven..." is repeated between each of the other stanzas.

* Quaint: Skilful, knowledgeable: related to can, canny, cunning, know and ultimately (in Aristasia) to High Cairen quinya and (in Telluria) to Greek gnosis and Sanskrit jnana, a root-group meaning light and pure Intellect. The words queen and gynae- (as in gynaecology) are also related. This group denotes the close connexion between the feminine principle and pure solar Intellect, the faculty which prehends Truth (as opposed to mere earthbound reason which is the reflected lunar light and in Telluria is denoted by the group moon-mental-man).

** Vicious: "Prone to vice", not "cruelly violent".



The Janyati

The earliest known European Creation myth tells how the world was shaped by Dea. One of the names used for Her there is Eurynome (wide-rule). In many versions, Her first act after separating the waters from the sky was to create the seven great Planetary Powers. This appears to be a very early patriarchal, or transitional, text; though we must also bear in mind that it would not have been written down for several centuries, and that the patriarchal scribes and redactors would have brought it further into line with contemporary patriarchal thinking.

According to this account, the seven Great Planetary Powers were created in pairs, female and male. From our knowledge of the almost exclusively female nature of earlier iconography and of the normal progress of patriarchy, we can be certain that these Powers were at first all-female, then they gained male subordinates or "consorts", the consorts eventually became their superiors and finally the female forms were discarded altogether. In the Classical tradition, only two of the seven Powers (Venus and the Moon) remain female, while in the Sanskrit tradition, all are made male. Even Venus becomes the male Kama (best known in the West from the Kama Sutra). If the idea of a male Venus seems somewhat preposterous to Western minds, it should be remembered that, before the Patriarchal Revolution, the idea of a male Jupiter would have seemed equally preposterous.

The importance of these seven Powers in all Western thinking before the Modernist Revolution of the 17th century cannot be overemphasised. Even as late as the mid-17th century, Nicholas Culpeper's famous Herbal discusses curative plants largely in terms of their planetary correspondences. A plant ruled by Mercurius, for example, will be good for the mind. This was a vital part of the "scientific" way of looking at all subjects before the advent of a dogmatically empirical and materialistic science. Those familiar with earlier literature will be aware that it abounds in direct and indirect references to the planetary principles — and this despite the fact that the planetary divinities had no place in the Christian theological world-picture.

The mechanistic-materialistic "science" reached its apogee in the 19th century, and, since the early years of the 20th, it has been progressively stripped of its axiomatic basis by discoveries such as those in the field of quantum- and astro-physics, and an increasing understanding that information, and not just matter, forms a vital part of manifestation. Consequently the philosophical underpinnings of the old empiricist materialism have long been discredited, although the modern world continues to live on its assumptions because it has nothing else. The traditional outlook provided an information-based view of the world, and the seven planetary Powers were a cardinal element of this view.

Calendars have changed vastly over the centuries. July and August — to take but one instance — were inserted and named after two early Roman

Emperors, while the four following months are to this day named after a numerical place that they no longer hold. September is not the seventh month. The Sanskrit calendar is quite different from ours, as was the Celtic. The last major alteration to the British calendar took place as late as 1752 and the Russian Orthodox Church still adheres to a different one. Yet with all this change, alteration and mergeance, one thing has stayed constant, to our knowledge, for over five thousand years, and almost certainly for far, far longer. That constant is the days of the week, attributed to the seven Powers. The Day of the Moon (Monday) is still an exact multiple of seven days away from the Day of the Moon in 3,000 B.C.

While the four elements (plus the Quintessence) and the three gunas represent the bases of manifestation from the substantial side, the seven Planetary streams or Powers represent the bases of manifestation from the Essential side. They represent the Essential (or if one prefers, informational) content by which all earthly forms are shaped. Everything that is, is fashioned by one or more of these great Essential streams.

Aristasians refer to the Head of each of these streams as a Janya (sometimes Genia) . The term has been translated both as "angel" and as "goddess". Of the two we prefer angel, though each has its merits.

People brought up in the modern West may be inclined to ask "Why should the Heads of these Streams be personified?" Part of the reason for such a question lies in the attachment of the modern mind to the outdated Newtonian-materialist model of the universe, which, while long disproved, remains the only way the modern Western mind has of understanding things. A certain adjustment has to take place in order to understand traditional thinking.

In the first place, let us be clear that the Janyati are not "forces" or "energies" conceived after the model of Newtonian physics (and dearly beloved of New Age movements). They are Intelligences. They are not people like us, it is true. But they are something more than people, not less than people. The greatest force in the universe is less than a person. It cannot think. We are speaking here of Intelligences immeasurably greater than ourselves. They have everything we people have, magnified a thousand times, and they have

many qualities we cannot even conceive of. To picture them as something akin to people may not do them justice, but to picture them as something impersonal, like a force of nature, would do them infinitely less justice. They are everything we are and much more.

In the second place, let us remember that we are dealing with an intelligent, not an accidental, universe. The things below mirror the things above. The microcosm reflects the macrocosm. While the Janyati are very different from us, they nonetheless have a common measure with us. Just as we are made in God's image, so are they. Indeed they are far closer to the Dea-nature than we are, and in a sense, we may say that each Janya is Dea, in a certain aspect. That is why the translation "goddess" is in some sense as appropriate as "angel".

Major Associations of the Seven Great Janyati

Before proceeding to speak of each individual Janya, we supply a table of the seven, each with some of her major associations. The first colour given in each case is according to the system of the spectrum or rainbow. The traditional virtues given are not all moral virtues according to the later Christian usage of the term. These things will be discussed at greater length shortly. We give the days in English and French, because the French names, being closer to the Latin, often make the association clearer. The days, planets and metals are quite unequivocal and of fundamental importance. They should be learned before proceeding. The seven notes of the musical scale — and the corresponding Ancient and Mediaeval modes — are also associated with the Janyati. We also include the ancient Greek names of the feminine planetary Powers.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Day</i>	<i>Planet</i>	<i>Colour</i>	<i>Metal</i>	<i>Note</i>	<i>A. Gk</i>	<i>Virtue</i>
<i>Sai Raya</i>	Sunday (Dimanche)	Sun	Orange (Gold, White)	Gold	D	Theia	Magnanimity
<i>Sai Candre</i>	Monday (Lundi)	Moon	Violet (Silver, White)	Silver	A	Phoebe	Purity
<i>Sai Vikhë</i>	Tuesday (Mardi)	Mars	Red	Iron	E	Nike	Valour
<i>Sai Mati</i>	Wednesday (Mercredi)	Mercury	Yellow (Saffron)	Mercury	B	Metis	Intelligence
<i>Sai Thamë</i>	Thursday (Jeudi)	Jupiter	Blue (Purple)	Tin	F	Themis	Order
<i>Sai Sushuri</i>	Friday (Vendredi)	Venus	Green (Pink)	Copper	C	Tethys	Love
<i>Sai Rhavë</i>	Saturday (Samedi)	Saturn	Indigo (Brown, Black)	Lead	G	Rhea	Steadfastness



The Seven Great Janyati

We shall attempt here to give a summary of the natures of the seven Great Janyati. The reader is asked to bear in mind, however, that this is only a summary. The Seven Janyati between them govern all that is, thus their ramifications into the world of manifestation are highly complex, as are the many and varied interactions between their respective principles.

The seven Great Janyati have often been described in the image of the pure white (or colourless) light of Dea striking the Water of Manifestation and refracting into the seven streams of colour. Of these the first, and closest to the pure Light is that of Sai Raya.

Sai Raya

Sai Raya is the Sun: the Great Luminary. As such, she is the Janya most immediately assimilable to Dea Herself (although all the Janyati may be seen as Her Aspects). Her Aristasian name means simply The Lady, as well as The Radiant. Raya is the Aristasian word for Lady (in the Lord sense — there is no such specific word in English). Dea is sometimes addressed as Raya (Lady) even when the specific Aspect of Sai Raya, the Sun, is not intended. Her ancient Greek name is Theia, which is simply the feminine form of God, equivalent to Dea.

Very much might be said about the Sun. She is the Primordial Light, and it goes without saying that the physical luminary that represents Her in the material solar system is but an outward body or symbol of Her, just as the Sacred Mountain may be incarnated in some particular mountain on earth. The modern mind, with its shallow rationalism, finds it hard to grasp how very real is the incarnation of the Sacred Mountain in, say Mount Sinai, Mount Meru or Mount Olympus, how for their respective Traditions they are the one Sacred Mountain. But the Sun is a little simpler to understand, for there is only and can only be one Sun for the whole of terrestrial humanity.

And so materialism can fall into the opposite error — that of confusing the Supernal Sun with Her outward body (and so ludicrously imagining that traditional peoples worship "what we now know to be a ball of gas"). Sai Raya was before there was an earth to light or a Sun to light her. The same may be said of the Moon, and of each of the planets. They are Eternal Principles: principles that existed before our cosmos came into being and that will exist when all the worlds are dust.

As a principle governing terrestrial life, Sai Raya's influence (the word "influence" means, originally and literally, a "flowing-in" from the "stars", or celestial beings) is the most expansive and positive of all. Among the attributes of this influence are generosity, wealth, health, radiance and pride (pride in the negative sense is also the earthly perversion of the Stream of Sai Raya).

Solar associations are central to traditional symbolism the world over — the lion or the eagle figure in most Western national and imperial emblems. In the East the direct representation of the Sun is found in national emblems, such as that of Japan. The emperor of Japan is the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu Omikami, just as the Empress of Aristasia is the direct descendant of Sai Raya.

Despite Western familiarity with the patriarchal classical world which sees the sun as masculine and the moon as feminine, this is rather an unusual perspective worldwide. The Sanskrit tradition masculinises both luminaries, while throughout the world the original Feminine Sun is to be found in a very large number of patriarchal cultures, sometimes with a masculine moon.

Japan has already been mentioned. Old Lithuanian songs have a feminine Sun-Deity, which is interesting because Lithuanian is the only still-living Indo-European language as ancient as Sanskrit, with which it shares many features. Its Solar Deity probably represents the pre-masculinised form of the Sun of the Sanskrit tradition. In the Celtic world the Sun Goddess is Grainne or Igraine; in Old Slavonic, Saule; among the ancient Semites, Athtar and various other names. In Germany, popular tradition still refers to Frau Sonne. The very word "Sun" comes from the name of the Scandinavian Sun-Goddess Sunna or Sunnu. Sunday, of course, is Her day. Just as Friday is a contraction of Freya's day, Sunday is a contraction of Sunna's Day.

The Sun, as symbolic centre of the macrocosm, is equivalent to the heart in the microcosm of the human body and the hearth-fire in the microcosm of the house. Thus it is that Intelligence is situated in the heart (governed by Sai Raya) and reason in the head (governed by Sai Candre). Needless to say, we are speaking of subtle centres, not of the mere bodily heart and head.

Sai Candre

Sai Raya, the Sun, is the Great Luminary; Sai Candre, the Moon, is the Lesser Luminary. At her highest level, the moon is seen as the great Daughter Principle, just as the Sun is the great Mother Principle. The Lunar realm is the realm of imagination and also of mental activity. The word

“mind” comes from the same root as “moon”. While the pure Intellect which sees Truth directly is by nature Solar, the reflected Intellectual light which is our earthly reason is lunar (mental or moon-like), as also is our imagination.

As the Sun is the embodiment of the Spirit, so the moon rules the world of the soul. The sphere of Sai Candre is that most immediately “above” (that is to say, more subtle than) our mundane plane of being. It is the psychic domain. What Theosophists and New Agers call the “astral plane” really refers (insofar as it refers to anything) to the Lunar Realm.

The psychic domain is governed by Sai Candre, as is the mana-maya kosa, that subtle body which is the repository of impulses, feelings and thoughts (mana is etymologically connected with both moon and mind). The image-sphere is also in the domain of Sai Candre.

Since Sai Candre governs earthly reason, the Latin mens — the basis for both mind and month — also gives us words for measurement, such as mensuration. The word reason itself comes from ratio: to measure. Modern materialistic rationalism holds that our only sources of information are the impressions conveyed to us by the five senses plus the operations upon them of the reason. However, the very axioms of thought — beginning with the intuition that our thought-processes correspond to any objective reality outside themselves (which rationalist philosophy illogically takes for granted while denying the solar Intellect) and proceeding to such intuitions as those of mathematics and logic — for example the axiom that a thing cannot both be and not be — derive from the Solar Intellect. This is natural, for the light of the Moon is the reflected light of the Sun. Without Sunlight (pure Intellect) there is no Moonlight (earthly reason).

In Filianic thealogy, the Moon is seen as a type of the Daughter, who reflects the light of the Solar Mother (who is “too bright for us to look upon”) in a gentle form adapted to our fallen sight. She is the Mediatrix between the Solar Spirit and the fallen world. Thus Sai Candre is also seen as the archetypal Priestess.

Sai Candre is also the Janya of purity and of wild creatures.

Sai Vikhë

Sai Vikhë is the Janya of courage and of battle. Her planet is known in Telluria as Mars. She is the Janya of warrior-maids and rules all the Vikhelic Arts, and also such things as surgery, where a cut must be made in order to heal. The Holy War (Vikhail), which in physical terms is war against those who would destroy or harm the Empire, is only the lesser holy war. The greater holy war is that fought by the spiritual maid against the false self and against the forces of darkness and materialism in one's own soul.

Sai Vikhë is, of course, profoundly necessary to the "economy" of manifestation. Conflict is a condition of manifestation. It is from the agitation and conflict-play of the three gunas and the four elements that a manifest universe can exist. But while conflict is necessary, so also is harmony, represented in one aspect by Sai Thamë, and in another by Sai Sushuri (said to be the sister of Sai Thamë). As manifestation progresses on its outward and fundamentally degenerative course, the element of conflict increases and that of harmony decreases (this is observed in the axiom of modern physics: "entropy tends to increase").

Thus the metal of Sai Vikhë, iron, is also the metal symbolising the last of the four ages of a world-cycle, the Age of Iron, or Kali Yuga, traditionally known as "the age of quarrels". The sign for Mars (and Iron), is also the sign for masculinity, thus it is natural that in the Age of Iron, the masculine principle should come to the fore in human society, both in its social order and in its spiritual conceptions. We know relatively little about civilisation before the dawn of the Kali Yuga, but from hundreds of thousands of artefacts discovered at a large number of neolithic sites, three things are clear beyond any dispute:

- 1) These were civilisations, despite the misleading appellation "stone-age" — they were well-ordered cities with multi-story buildings.
- 2) The great preponderance of human depictions, especially those of a religious nature, are clearly female. We leave aside the question of "matriarchy" — that is, of whether women actually ruled in a temporal sense, a hypothesis that has caused much consternation among both male

historians and victim-complex feminists. What is unarguable is that these societies were clearly massively culturally oriented toward the feminine.

3) There are no signs of war. Both fortifications and weapons of war (as opposed to hunting) appear at a later stage, along with depictions of warlike activity and masculine god-figures. This is quite clearly not because the neolithic civilisations were incapable of building fortifications. They had elaborate palaces, harbour installations and advanced transportation. They simply had no need for them until the "patriarchal revolution" of the Age of Iron.

In Telluria femininity and masculinity are governed by Sai Sushuri (Venus) and Sai Vikhë respectively, indicating a pivot between concord and discord. In Aristasia, bloneness and brunetness are governed by Sai Sushuri and Sai Thamë respectively; the pivot being more between mercy and rigour, love and duty, indulgence and strictness.

Nonetheless Sai Vikhë is an universal principle necessary to the fullness of any manifestation — from the primal discord necessary to manifestation itself, to the various forms of "surgery" necessary in the pursuit of earthly life, to the need for defence against foes both physical and spiritual, Sai Vikhë is always with us.

In the Indian tradition the image of the warlike Sri Durga on her lion or tiger is the primary image of Sai Vikhë, and it is this form that many of us turn to her as the Great Protectress. Like all Janyati, she is at once a separate stream of Godhead and, at Her source, Dea Herself.

Sai Mati

Sai Mati is the Janya of Intelligence at every level — from communication and verbal ability to the transcendent Intelligence or wisdom known to the Greeks as Sophia.

The name of her day, Wednesday, derives in English from Woden, the Nordic Mercury. The name (with B for W/V) is equivalent to Sanskrit Buddha, meaning the planet Mercury and its deity, while buddhi (feminine)

is the word for intellect. The term Buddha (meaning the Enlightened One) also comes from this, as does the Bodhi-tree (or Tree of Wisdom) under which the Buddha's enlightenment took place. Woden, who gave up one of his eyes to the great Goddess in return for wisdom, henceforth was possessed of the Single Eye which sees not the dualities of the manifest world, but the unitive Truth that lies behind them. This myth depicts the ascetic sacrifice of the worldly senses necessary to attain the vision of pure gnosis or jnana.

Thus Sai Mati, at her highest level, represents pure Intellect: that knowledge which forms the basis of all our understanding, which cuts through the veil of ignorance (avidya), which maintains the illusion of the material world, and shows us the realities that lie behind that world. Such a Sophianic vision may operate at various levels. At one level we see beyond the outward forms of earthly things to the pure Forms or Archetypes that in-form them. At a higher level one sees even beyond the Archetypes to the non-dual Reality that underlies them. Yet even at the lowest level of earthly reason (which is governed by Sai Candre) the axioms on which our reasoning are based are derived wholly from Sophianic Intelligence.

At this point it will be noted that Sai Mati, at her highest level, embodies that Intellect which we have termed Solar. This is why her colour is yellow, that of sunlight (also why Buddhist nuns wear saffron robes). It is said that while Sai Vikhē embodies the heat of Sai Raya, Sai Mati embodies her light.

Sri Saraswati, who governs learning, study and intelligence is often taken as a figure of Sai Mati, though because of her musical nature she also embodies elements proper to Sai Thamē.

Sai Thamē

Sai Thamē is the universal principle of order. Order is fundamental to the traditional understanding of the cosmos. Indeed the very word cosmos (Greek Kosmos) means order, as opposed to chaos, which is its opposite principle. In Greek thought, the creation of the universe consists in bringing cosmos (order) out of chaos (disorder); in other words, order is equivalent to

being itself. The modern scientist's definition of entropy, as derived from the second law of thermodynamics, carries precisely the same implication.

Cosmos, or order, also means beauty. Hence our word cosmetic, which means to make orderly, and hence to make beautiful. To understand this fully, we need to understand what beauty really is. The modernist believes that beauty is literally "in the eye of the beholder": that there is no such thing as objective beauty. Beauty is merely an accidental preference of the brain for certain sense-objects over others. The objects which the brain finds beautiful have no objective quality that makes them beautiful; it is just a question of subjective preference.

You will see how this view follows naturally from the idea that we have no sources of information beyond sense-impressions and the action of earthly reason (or earthly sentiment) upon them. Because the modern mind denies the solar Intelligence accepted and understood by all traditional peoples, it can conceive of no faculty which could perceive an objective universal quality such as beauty; nor can it conceive of the existence of such an objective universal quality.

For the traditional mind, all worldly beauty is the reflection of Divine beauty. Earthly things may participate to a greater or lesser extent in the absolute beauty of the Divine, and to that precise extent do we rightly call them beautiful or not beautiful.

Beauty and order are not precisely the same thing, but they are very closely entwined. The beauty-half of the equation rightly belongs to Sai Sushuri and the order-half to Sai Thamë. This is one reason why they are often said to be sisters.

The name of Sai Thamë, without a capital letter, is often used as a noun or an adjective. To say that something is thamë or athamë is to say that it is orderly or disorderly; but we must understand by this that we are speaking of its consonance or lack of consonance with the Universal Harmony, that which, in the words of an Aristasian Scripture, "holds the stars within their courses and a drop of dew pendant upon a blade of grass". This conception is neatly put in the Aristasian book *The District Governess*:

Harmony, Comeliness, Seemliness: such are the watchwords of Aristasian 'Law and Order'—a phrase from another land which would not be in the least out of place upon Aristasian lips, but would carry with it quite another colouring. All law, to the Aristasian, is akin to the laws of mathematics or of music — an expression of the underlying harmony of being; all order fundamentally the order of a dance, which is ultimately the great dance of the cosmos, presided over by Thamë, the Angel of Harmony. To an Aristasian, grace in the sense of 'gracefulness' is not a different concept from grace in the theological sense. They are intimately bound up one with another — and all of life is intimately bound up with them.

Sai Thamë is thus the Janya of royalty and authority. The Empress or the Queen in Aristasia rules not by her own authority, but as the administrator of the Golden Order (Greek Chrysothemis: chrys meaning gold and Themis being the Greek name for Thamë, the original feminine form of Jupiter). The royal function is to reflect the eternal and changeless Order of Being, as is seen in the movement of the stars, into our earthly polity. Since we are in the lower world of flux and change, adaptations and adjustments need to be made from time to time, to allow for changing conditions. If this were not the case, new laws would never need to be made and the first order could stay unchanged throughout history. However, law-making should be as minimal as possible. The task of the law-maker is not to re-shape the world according to her own ideas or those of her friends, but is more akin to the steering of a ship. Her job is to keep a straight course — the same course as that of her wiser mothers — despite the buffetings of wind and wave. If there were no wind or wave, no steersmaid would be needed, but in the lower world of flux and change, adjustments must sometimes be made in order to keep our course. That, to the traditional mind, is the whole art of politics. The idea of parties and of opposing political opinions, upon which the rajasic world bases its polity is due to the principle of Vikhë, or conflict, entering into a sphere that should belong purely to Thamë. This, of course, is precisely what one would expect to happen in the Age of Iron.

Politics is not the only sphere in which this takes place. Since the Eclipse, the attack on order of every sort (and on its sister-principle of beauty) takes place in every conceivable sphere from dress and speech to art and

entertainment. The attack on thamë in every area may be said to be the defining characteristic of the post-Eclipse world, and the restoration of thamë the heart-principle of Aristasia-in-Telluria.

If one word were to sum up the influence of Sai Thamë, that word would be harmony. In traditional philosophy, creation is often seen as an act of music. Thamë is literally the Music of the Spheres, the cosmic harmony that moves all things in their proper places and thus sustains them in being. For without that harmony, all would dissolve into chaos and nothingness.

Sai Thamë also governs rituals of all sorts, and thus the dance, which is not only the expression of harmony, but also, in its origins, of a ritual nature.

Sai Sushuri

In Telluria there has been an unfortunate tendency to associate the principle of Venus solely with sexual love. In fact, Sai Sushuri rules every kind of love, as well as beauty. We have spoken of the fundamental importance of beauty in the preceding piece on Sai Thamë. Love is equally fundamental.

At its root, all love is Divine Love, just as all beauty is Divine Beauty. It is the love of Dea for Her creation, the love of the soul for Dea and of Her creatures for one another. Just as beauty is the beauty of Dea, so love is the love of Dea. When we love Her, we do so with Her own love; hence the prayer to Dea to "Come into us as a perfect love for Thee".

The Sushuric principle is often taken as the opposite of the Vikhelic. From another perspective, however, the true opposite of the Vikhelic principle is the Sushuri-Thamic. Love, beauty, order and harmony are closely woven together. Under normal circumstances, vikhë too is part of this harmony. Only in the Age of Iron, when the Vikhelic influence becomes disproportionate, is opposition between the principles noticeable (this is natural, since opposition itself is Vikhelic).

In Telluria, the polarity of femininity and masculinity is a polarity between the Sushuric and Vikhelic principles. In Aristasia the polarity between

blonde and brunette is between the Sushuric and Thamic principles, which may be seen as a polarity between love and duty or between mercy and severity. However, the true principle of severity is that of Sai Rhavë, and we may see (to borrow a Quabbalistic expression) Sai Sushuri as the Pillar of Mercy and Sai Rhavë as the Pillar of Severity, with Sai Thamë as the central pillar, holding the two in balance.

In terms of spiritual paths, Sai Sushuri rules the Path of Love (or bhakti marga), and thus has a special significance for the Age of Iron. It is not a coincidence that bhakti is recommended as the most natural path for the Age of Iron and that the Sushuric principle is the opposite of the Vikhelic.

Correspondingly, Sai Mati governs the Path of Wisdom (jnana marga) and Sai Thamë the Path of Works (karma marga), which should be understood as the path of ritual action, including the initiatic paths offered by the traditional crafts in Sattwic societies. Of the remaining non-luminary Janyati, Sai Vikhë governs the Way of the Warrior and Sai Rhavë the via negativa or the path of pure austerity. These however are not separate from the three fundamental paths, but are, as it were, subdivisions of the karma marga and the jnana marga respectively.

Many Aristasians associate Sai Sushuri with Sri Lakshmi, whose day is also Friday, and Her lotus the Eastern equivalent of the rose of Sai Sushuri, and who, for many, epitomises Our Lady of the Path of Love, showering Her devotees with gifts and bringing the liberation offered by the austere paths together with worldly enjoyment.

The elephants that usually support Sri Lakshmi are Thamic and royal symbols, as are other of her features, thus Sri Lakshmi combines the Sushuric and the Thamic and is especially appropriate to Aristasia-in-Telluria with its special relationship to Sai Thamë and Sai Sushuri.

Sai Sushuri governs love at every level, from individual love and the love of family to a society bound together by concord and goodwill rather than by competition and the clash of parties and interests. Ultimately all these loves

flow from and depend upon the love of the Mother. That love is the spiritual foundation of Aristasia.

The Sucrishi Way

One way to Dea is the path of love, in contrast to the path of light (of knowledge or intellectual contemplation). There are certain groups in the motherland called the Sucrishi who lay much emphasis on chanting and a child-like simplicity in devotion.

Do you know the word Sucrishi? It is an Aristasian word. It means “following the path of love”. It is like the Hindu bhakti. In the Motherland there are many approaches to Dea. There are great and complicated rituals. There are studies and meditations and austerities. But the simplest way of all is the Sucrishi way, the Way of Love. And that way is open to everyone, no matter how far she may be from the Golden Temple of Rayapurh.

The Mother cannot resist your love, because no mother can resist the love of her child. Love is the straight way, the direct way, the perfect way to Dea.

So, perhaps you will say: “I do not know if I love Dea. I do not even know Her.”

Oh, yes, you know Her. She is your Mother. She made you. She is the deepest thing that you know. When all else is blown aside by the winds of time and impermanence, She is the thing that remains.

Ask the Mother to come to you as a perfect love for Her. For it is by Her Power that you will love Her. It is Her Love with which you will love Her, for She is the source of all love. Just ask Her, and She will come, for a mother never refuses her child’s cry. You may feel Her or you may not. Something very instant and obvious may happen, or it may take a long time – even years. But if you have asked Her, She has come. She has come now. How She comes, She will decide, and Her decision will be right.

Sai Rhavë

Sai Rhavë is the "darkest" of the Janyati, often associated with severity and austerity. She is also associated with steadfastness and foundation. All that is solid and weighty belongs to her, as does all restriction and discipline.

Thus Sai Rhavë is in one sense closely allied with Sai Thamë, as the discipline which maintains order, yet, in another sense, as the bringer of restriction, she appears to be the opposite of Sai Thamë, the "Great Benefic" who showers the world with her opulence, and of Sai Sushuri, the mother of all fecundity. Sai Thamë, Sai Sushuri and Sai Rhavë together represent a group whose complex interactions revolve about the principles of order, discipline, harmony, fecundity restriction, mercy and severity.

In Filianic theology, the two Luminaries, the Sun and Moon, represent the Mother and the Daughter respectively, while Sai Rhavë at her deepest level represents the Dark Mother: the unknowable Deity beyond form, beyond being and unbeing. From this perspective, the two Luminaries and Sai Rhavë represent a group of three (three being the spiritual number) and the other four represent the material group of four, corresponding, at a certain level of interpretation, to the four elements.

On more everyday levels of interpretation, Sai Rhavë governs the discipline and strictness which help to keep a life of thamë or harmony "on the straight path". She also governs the qualities of steadfastness, reliability, and responsibility. She is called upon in the foundation of buildings and in all things that must stand and endure. She is also associated with time.



The Three Werdēs

Sai Werdē (pron: *word-uh*), the janya of fate or destiny, is said to be the daughter of Sai Thamē. She is listed here as a category of janyati because, although considered a single janya, she is held to exist in three persons (not unlike the Christian Trinity): Sai Maia, Sai Werdē, and Sai Kala. Together, these form a set of complex interrelationships that reflect the ambiguities of living in the manifest world, which is simultaneously the domain of separation from God and the domain of experience of Her. Like life itself, which falls so heavily under her sway, Sai Werdē is an enduring paradox.

Sai Maia

Sai Maia, the spinner, is depicted as a youthful maiden. She is the creator of the threads of fate of all beings, and thus is responsible for the continuous generation of the manifest world of birth, death, and rebirth. Indeed, her name is cognate to the Sanskrit *maya*. While the concept of *maya* as world-illusion has largely negative connotations in the Dharmic traditions,

Filianism is much more positive toward Sai Maia, even while recognizing that her work is the creation of the illusion that separates us from the absolute reality of God. This is because the beauty and abundance that she creates is also recognized as a means for the self-revelation of God, and for the apprehension of God's Beauty. It is in this capacity, as the mother of wisdom to those who recognize the spiritual reality underlying material existence, that she is honored on Maia's Day in the Filianic Calendar. At the same time, she is often equated with the wicked stepmother of fairy tales, who holds the soul of maid in captivity.

Sai Werdë

Sai Werdë, the weaver, is represented as a mature woman. Her responsibility is for the continuous threading together of the strands of fate to produce the tapestry of manifest existence. Her most common iconography is with a whip or willow-rod in one hand and an apple bough in the other.

Sai Kala

Sai Kala, the cutter, is depicted as an old woman. It is she who cuts the threads, bringing about the death of individuals, the collapse of institutions and civilizations, and even the extinction of the cosmos, which is itself merely the beginning of a new cycle beginning with Sai Maia. Kala, like the Hindu goddess Kali with whom her name is etymologically related, is usually shown wearing a necklace of human skulls, carrying a bloody sword in one hand and a severed head in the other. As gruesome as she may appear, it is she who opens the pathways to new experience and new life, as well as toward the rebirth of the spirit through the death of the ego. As the popular saying regarding Sai Werdë goes, "When she is best she is worst, and when she is worst she is best."



Minor Janyati

In a sense, no janya is "minor". All are considered emanations of, and in a certain sense one with, God. However, in the practice of the faith, certain janyati are certainly less invoked, and often classed in one fashion or another under the domains of the seven Great Janyati.

Sai Annya

Sai Annya is the janya of fire, and her name is sometimes used as a form of address or reference to the altar or hearth fire.

Sai Brighe

Sai Brighe is the janya of bridges, gateways, and places of passage.

Sai Herthe

Sai Herthe, the janya of the hearth, is probably the most major of the minor janyati, having her own holiday on the Filianic Calendar. She is the patroness of the home, and every believer's home is considered as a temple to her.

Sai Nimwë

Sai Nimwë is known as the trickster, and is regarded as a form of Sai Mati.

Sai Ouranya

Sai Ouranya is the janya of the sky and the heavens, often considered as an emanation of Sai Thamë.

Sai Vaya

Sai Vaya is the janya of wind, particularly in the close association between spirit and breath that is common to many religious traditions, such as in the Hebrew term *ruach* and the Greek *pneuma*.



The Filianic Scriptures

The Filianic Creed

The Filianic Creed is not in itself a Scripture, but it provides a theological framework for the scriptures. While the Trinitarian theology of the Creed may not be regarded “literally” by all non-Filianic believers (but then the question of “literalness” does not arise for us as it does for Christians) it may be accepted by all as the fundamental statement of the Nature of Deity in Her primary Aspects and of the quest of the human soul.

*I believe that I am created
from before the dawn of time
by the one eternal Dea.*

*I believe that Dea is One
and there are none beside Her,
And I believe that She is also Three.*

*I believe in the Mother,
Who is pure Light,
the Creatrix of the earth and of the heavens
and of all the illimitable cosmos.*

*And I believe in Her virgin Daughter,
born of the virgin Mother,
the ruler of all the energies of creation,
Whose nature is perfect Love.*

*And I believe in She that stands beyond these Two,
Whose Name has not been spoken on this earth:
For She is the Beginning and the End;
the First Principle and the Final Cause;
the unoriginated Origin of being.*

*I believe that I was made a perfect creature
and at the dawn of time my soul did turn
from the Perfection of existence
in the infirmity of her sovereign will:
And through this fault do I suffer
the limitation of imperfect being.*

*I believe that the Daughter of Eternity
gave herself to be cast down into darkness and death.
I believe that She rose from death triumphant
And reigns as Queen of Heaven.*

I believe that through Her death

*the fault of my soul shall perish,
And I believe, through Her triumphant life,
My soul shall rise renewed in her perfection
that she may return to eternal communion
with the one eternal Dea.*

The Creation

Chapter One

Before and beyond all things is the Mistress of All Things, and when nothing was, She was. 2 And having no solid place that Her feet might rest upon, She divided the sea from the sky, and made a dance of solitary splendour upon the crested deeps. 3 And She was pure consciousness or energy, and therefore pure delight; and the crashing of the waves was the overflowing of Her joy. 4 And the white force of Her superabundant joy grew so great that it must take shape in laughter; and Her laughter was the shape of all things. 5 For each peal of Her voice became a golden fragment, broken from the Whole and yet complete in itself. And She loved each fragment with all the joy of Her being. And Her hands knew cunning. 6 And She stretched forth Her hands and gave a shape to each fragment, and no one was like any other. 7 And She parted the vasty waters that there might be a place to set them down.

And She laughed.

8 And each fragment was filled with Her delight, and therefore was living. And some grew in the deep earth, and were plants and trees; some ran about the ground or flew above it; and those first-made that had no place to be set down became the fishes and the creatures of the sea. And every thing was golden.

And She laughed.

9 And at the edges, where the waters had been parted, they lay still and shallow; and there She cast Her gaze. And She saw an image of Herself, all suffused in the light of love and energy. And She laughed. 10 And as She

laughed, the image rose up from the water and stood before Her. And this was the first of Her daughters. And she was filled with love for Her, and therefore was the first creature of Spirit. 11 And she knew cunning, and she ran about the earth with love of all things, giving a name to every thing and creature, each in the order that She had shaped them.

12 And the Mistress of All Things was filled with delight, and ran laughing through the forests of the earth. 13 And every peal of Her voice became the image of a golden fragment of Her Spirit. 14 And the trees and rivers were filled with nymphs and every kind of sprite. And all were Her daughters. And Her love for each was inexhaustible, for each was a reflection of some boundless fragment of Her unbounded Spirit. 15 And all their multitude did not exhaust the number of the fragments of Her Spirit. 16 And to each was given the governance of some earthly thing.

Chapter Two

But one there was that had not been shaped by Her, and that was not Her daughter, nor a creature of spirit. But this was the space between the fragments and the nothingness that had been before things were. It had not energy nor delight, but only weight. It had not shape, but could only coil and uncoil itself about the things that were. It was the Snake, and was not golden, but black.

2 The Snake hated all the things that had become, and hated the separation of the waters and the sky. It hated light and energy, desiring all to be darkness and nothingness.

3 And when the world had lived a time in joy (though what that time was none can say, for then were neither days nor nights, nor moons to tell the month), the Snake came to the first of the daughters of the Mistress of All things, and coiled about her feet and spoke to her:

4 First of the daughters of creation, you have lived a time that cannot be counted, and have run for all that time in the footsteps of the Mother, and

have never taken rest among the things that are. Only embrace me and you shall have that rest.

5 A long time she listened to the words of the Snake. She did not know what rest might be, but knew that it was not of Her. 6 And yet so enticingly did the Snake speak of the sweetness of rest, surpassing all delight, that at last she threw herself down and embraced it. 7 And because she was suffused with the delight of the Mistress of All Things, the Snake immediately took on shape. 8 And its shape was like to hers, but its body was filled with weight, and was barren, for being not a creature of spirit, it had not the power of creation.

9 And at once she was turned from the Light of the Mother to the lights of the things that are. And she became tired with all the outpouring of her energy, for her energy was no longer boundless. 10 And she desired to rest, but could not rest. And she spoke to the Snake, saying: Snake, what must I do now? 11 And the Snake said: First daughter of creation, you must go to the Mistress of All Things and ask Her to make the world dark that you may rest. 12 And so she asked that of Her, and She darkened the world for a period that Her daughter might rest. And this was the first night.

13 But when the darkness came, the Snake called to the waters and said: Waters, it is dark once more as it was in the beginning, and now you may come together, and all will be nothingness again. 14 And the waters heard it and began to flood the earth, and many were the creatures destroyed in that flood.

15 But the Mistress of All Things saw this and descended to the earth, placing Her heel upon the head of the Snake and bruising it. 16 And She flung the waters into the air that they might fall harmlessly to the earth in small drops. And this was the first rain.

Chapter Three

And as the rain fell, the light came again, and a rainbow appeared in the sky, shedding its light upon all things. 2 And whereas all things had been golden, now they took on every hue and colour, and the world was beautiful; but it was not so beautiful as it had formerly been.

3. And She set Her seven Powers in the firmament, giving one to rule each colour of the earth.

4. And She said to Her daughter: what you have done may not be undone, for you have acted with My Spirit, and henceforth shall time be divided into day and night that you may rest. 4 But I shall keep watch in the heavens by night, and there shall be silver light that there may never be complete darkness. 6. By this shall I govern the movements of the waters, that the earth may never again be flooded. 7. The golden light of day will bring all goodness, but it will be too bright for your eyes. The silver light of night, that you may look upon.

8. The Snake shall keep the form that you have given it, and you shall be set in governance over it; but remember that it will ever attempt to beguile and destroy you as it has this night.

9. I shall not live as close to you as before, but still I shall pour blessings upon you, and you may give Me gifts — not in every moment as before, for you have learned to tire, but My light shall give you signs in this matter.

10. And the Mistress of All Things withdrew Herself into the sky, until She seemed but a slender crescent of light. 11. And the first daughter of creation fell to her knees and wept. And these were the first tears shed upon the whole of the earth.

Commentary

In its current form, and in Telluria, this mythos would appear to be only about thirty years old, though its roots lie in the oldest Creation myth known in Europe. To Aristasians it represents the primal Creation Story of

Aristasia Pura, while by some it is considered the perfect rendition of the Creation for those who love Dea in the late Iron Age.

We shall not give here a verse-by-verse commentary, but shall seek to elucidate a few of the most important elements of the mythos.

The Divine Laughter and Dance are the primary elements of creation. While they may seem almost synonymous, they are quite distinct. Laughter has two important functions:

First it shows the creation of the cosmos through the primary medium of sound. Sound is the first of the sensible qualities, connected with Aethyr, which is often called the Fifth Element, but in terms of Creation is the First Element from which the other four are born. The divine female Voice (vac) as the primary cause of creation again goes back to the earliest Indo-European roots.

Second it indicates the divine lila or play. According to traditional doctrine, Creation is first and foremost the Divine Act of playfulness.

The dance, as always, represents order or harmony: *thamē* to use the Aristasian term. The dance is the Golden Order of the cosmos — and, as we have discussed elsewhere, the very word *cosmos* means order as opposed to chaos.

The description of Our Mother as “pure consciousness or energy”, again indicates two distinct things. As the divine Energy, or Shakti, the Mother is the creatrix of all being. She is not the energy or power of a “god” as in later patriarchal traditions, but of Absolute Deity, Dea-Beyond-Form, sometimes known as the Dark Mother. In the *Devi Gita* also, Dea is clearly shown as the divine shakti or energy, but not as any form of “consort”. She is the Uncaused Cause, the One without a Second. As one scholar has commented on the *Devi Gita*, She is “shakti of all and consort of none”.

Pure Consciousness (*chit*) is also a frequent designation of Dea in the *Devi Gita*. She is the sole consciousness of the cosmos, the single Self (*Atma*) of which all lesser selves are but fragments.

The “Golden Time” when all things were golden should not be confused with the Golden Age, or first era of worldly history (or of any major historical cycle) — although on a lower level, the Golden Age(s) do reflect the primordial Golden Time. Rather this “time” is literally “pre-historic” — the time before time itself. The first, perfect Creation. In this time maid saw things, but she saw them only in the light of Dea. She participated in the Divine creativity, taking part in the sacred act of Naming: for just as sound is the origin of Creation, so the primordial Names of things contain their very essences.

The Snake is found in both the Indo-European and semitic creation myths. The image of the Mother treading on the head of the snake is a part of christianity, just as it is of the earliest Greek creation story. In some texts, the snake is referred to as “he” — a designation clearly meaningless in *Aristasia Pura*. In *Telluria* the Snake is sometimes taken as a representative of the masculine principle (thus it is “barren”). the warning that it will “ever attempt to beguile and destroy you” has been seen as the threat of patriarchy. However this can also be seen as the false self, the tendency in each of us away from Dea and Truth. The two interpretations are not necessarily opposed, for every external conflict is but the exteriorisation of a deeper internal conflict.

The nature of the snake is complex. In the first place, it represents chaos the anti-cosmic principle: the revolt against being itself. At the same time it invites maid to rest “among the things that are”. It is said that in her lowest state maid sees only things and not Dea, in her intermediate state she sees both things and Dea, in her highest state she sees only Dea — or rather she sees Dea in all things, and all things in the light of Dea. The Snake here is tempting her to see things-in-themselves, outside the light of Dea, and this, of course is an illusion since things truly have their being only in Dea.

Thus there is an ambiguity about the Snake-principle. It is at once opposed to the Creation and tends to supplant Dea in the heart of maid with the Creation. In some sense, this might be seen as the opposite ambiguity to the true perspective in which creation is seen both as as an illusion and as the expression of Dea Herself. There is a Divine anti-cosmic principle, and that

is the Dark Mother who will in-breathe all creation at the Night of Time. The Snake, however is not this divine anti-cosmic principle, but an inverse parody of both sacred worldliness (if we may use that expression) and sacred non-worldliness. The Snake is a contradiction, for all that stands against the Divine is necessarily a contradiction.

From another, and complementary perspective, the Snake can be seen as the tamasic tendency.

By embracing the Snake, maid falls from the state of Primordial Maid, and the Creation from the state of Primordial Creation. From thence forward the different colours (varna) of the world are made manifest. the Powers (or Janyati) of Dea are seen as separate from Herself (though that separation is only apparent). The world is no longer golden, representing the direct emanation of pure Light, and both Dea Herself and Her representative, the sun, are now too bright for maid to look upon. The references to the moon prefigure the Daughter, who will mediate that light as Priestess of the World.

The giving of gifts is a reference to the practice of making offerings to Dea: bringing flowers to her shrine; offering up food before we eat it. Some also take it as a reference to the Rite of Sacrifice: the ancient practice of ritually offering bread or honey-cakes to Dea which is mentioned in the Book of Jeremiah and was practiced by the Collyridians in the early centuries of Christianity.

The Pillar of Light

1. Upon the Heaven are these words inscribed, the words of thy salvation. Upon the Heaven in signs of fire before the dawn of time. Upon the Crystal Tablet that passeth not away.

2. In the tongue of tongues are they inscribed, and in the tongue of Angels that was before all tongues. 3. What is your language of the earth, My children? What are the words of thy speech?

4. Are they not fallen from the first, the mother language? Are they not broken and impaired?

5. Yet I have brought to you a clear recital; a faultless sound of the celestial voice. 6. I have forged your words into a crystal mirror that they may reflect the Truth; and the words that are writ upon the Heaven are transcribed without fault upon the earth.

7. Gaze deep into the crystal mirror and thy heart shall be transformed; hearken to the clear recital. 8. For there is no other Truth than this, nor any way unto salvation.

9. Them that have seen these signs and do not heed them; ignorant they, and full of folly.

10. Hard are their hearts, like to ice that resisteth love's fire. 11. In the things of the world have they rested their trust; they seek Truth in the veil of illusion. 12. An hundred pursuits they pursue, and in them seek contentment.

13. Ask them: where shalt thou hide when the storm is upon thee, and wherein take shelter?

14. An hundred safe places there are and an hundred good havens; even so shall they answer. 15. An hundred most truly there are, yet but one is the Truth, and the ninety and nine are illusion. For this world shall dissolve and its splendours be vanished; its pain and its sorrows shall pass like the summer rain. 16. Life is not long, death is swift in the coming; and the ninety and nine thousand things shall be gone, but the Truth shall remain.

17. The world is but a shadow, yet it is a shadow of Truth; and at the ending of the age shall the world be redeemed. 18. Neither a leaf upon a bramble shall be lost, nor a blade of grass pass into nothingness. 19. But thou, My child, of all the world, thou alone hast power to choose; and thus art thou called maid, for maid is she that hath the power of choosing†.

20. Fix then your will upon the Truth and your heart on the Spirit My Mother, for by your love shall the world be redeemed, even to the last blade of grass.

21. In thy work praise Her and in thy resting, in thy speech and in thy silence. 22. For thou wert made one with Her, and this is thy true estate. It is good for a maid to till the soil, but it is better to live with her Lady. It is good to build and to weave, but it is better to live with her Lady. It is good to serve maids in every way, but it is better to live with her Lady.

23. She that liveth wholly with her Lady is the servant of all the world; no labour is so great as this, nor so greatly to be honoured.

24. She that has followed Me upon the mountain liveth wholly with her Lady and treadeth no step without Her. 25. She doth eat not to herself, but to her Lady; she moveth not nor drinketh to herself. 26. Hard is the path upon the mountain and narrow the way. Yet none know joy to its fullest measure save only them that tread it.

27. None shall call upon Me and be lost. Every cry of the world shall I heed; and when the whole of a heart cries upon Me, that soul shall I take beneath My mantle. 28. Cry and thou shalt have answer; love and thou art beloved, hope and thy hope shall be fulfilled, in this world and in all the worlds to come.

29. Hold fast to the Truth, for the Truth is a pillar; a steadfast pillar that all the world cannot shake. 30. Not by the breadth of an hair has it moved since time's dawning, neither yet by the breadth of an hair until time have its end. 31. From the uttermost height of the Heaven descendeth the pillar; descendeth it down as a glorious pillar of Light. To the nethermost depths of the hells it descendeth; nor the might of the demons can move it the breadth of an hair.

32. Like to a mist is this world that surroundeth the pillar; to a mist that is swiftly dispelled by the cold wind of death. 33. Hold you fast to the Truth, for the Truth, is thy shelter; sure refuge 'gainst which neither death nor the storm shall prevail. 34. This world shall be scattered like straw, and an hundred shall follow; and each in its turn shall be scattered like chaff on the wind. 35. The empires are born and decay, the stars live and perish, but the pillar of Truth moveth not by the breadth of an hair.

36. Like to a play is thy life, and the acting of mummers; like to a painted scene all the things of the world 37. The things of thy life and its acts and its purposes; where shall they be in an hundred score years from this day? Yet an hundred score years are no more than a breath in the measureless life of thy soul.

38. The things thou doest of themselves are nothing; the things thou buildest or that thou destroy; the things the foolish take for life's high purpose, are but painted scenes gainst which the play is played.

39. For the play is not on earth but in the Heaven, not in the body, nor yet in the mind, but deep within the heart.

40. Truly, the truth of the play is the dance of the soul; 41. her journey through forests and plains, over seas, over mountains; her restless and wearisome quest through the whole of the world; 42. and each step brings her nearer to That which she yearns for in secret; or else, in her ignorance, carries her further away. 43. Like a leaf on the wind is the foolish soul blown without purpose; the plaything of passions, the puppet of every desire; 44. knowing not whence she comes, nor yet where she is going; seeking substance in shadows and having no heed for the Truth.

45. All the glories of earth are but shadows of Heavenly splendour; all earthly desires but reflections of Heavenly love. 46. Hold you fast to the Truth, for the Truth is thy guide through the labyrinth. Hold you fast to the Truth and thy steps shall be led not astray. 47. Hold you fast to the Truth, and give heed to the lucid recital, for the pillar of Truth moveth not by the breadth of an hair.

NOTE:

† Maid is related to “may” and its conditional form “might”, which also, of course, means “great strength”. The two meanings are not unrelated. That which might or might not be is that which we have the power to decide. The same idea-cluster is found in Latin *potens* - that which potentially may happen or not happen is that which we have the potency to decide upon. Thus maid is the “powerful” — she who has the power to choose: maid, of

course, meaning humanity — the central or Axial being of the world-system.

Other related words to maid are Greek mega, Sanskrit maha, majesty, magnitude, May (the month — in the Old Aristasian Calendar Maia), and Maya the divine power of creation.

The Clew of the Horse

Earth moves, but Heaven is still. The rim revolves, but the Centre remains without motion.

2. Yet from the still point all movement comes; and Earth is the shadow of Heaven. 3. Space doth extend without limit, nor is there any boundary to the worlds, but the Point is without extension; yet from the Point alone all space proceedeth. 4. All manifest things are bound to the three times; of that which is, which was, which is to come; but the Moment is without time. It neither is nor was, nor ever will be.

5. Yet the Moment is seed and germ of time; the timeless spring wherein time's mighty river hath its rise.

6. The Point and the Moment and the timeless Centre; these three are One and the One is the Spirit. 7. Each manifest thing hath a cause, and each cause hath a cause before it, but the First Cause hath no cause before Her, for She is the Spirit.

8. She that acts not is the Cause of all action. She that is not is the Cause of all being. She that is still is the Centre and Source of all movement.

9. At the rim is the movement greatest; close unto the centre is it least. 10. Where there is no movement there is purity. 11. The Spirit in maid loveth purity, yet her mind doth distract her. The mind craveth peace, yet it is made mad by the poisons. 12. The poisons are three, and the first of the three is named folly. 13. Folly is that forgetfulness that doth stand between

maid and the truth, like to an hoodwink that darkens her eyes. 14. And even when her mind doth seize the truth is her stomach beglamoured by the veil of illusion. 15. Desire and hatred are the other twain; that which pursues and grasps the way of pleasure; that which avoids and shuns the way of pain. 16. These two must keep the wheel forever turning; the two blind oxen that drive it ever round.

17. Yet what can come of this but pain and sorrow? Whatever moves can never come to rest. 18. All things; once gained, must pass into the darkness, all things, once built, must crumble into dust.

19. Sickness, old age and death must come to all maids; what thing within this life shouldst thou pursue? 20. Thy fairest hopes undone bring desolation, or else, fulfilled, shall vanish in a day. 21. Life is a passing dream; of all its treasures, there is no thing among them shall endure.

22. Restrain thy soul from chasing bright illusions. Let her return to purity again. 23. Thus shall she come once more to the still Centre, thus shall she stay upon her Mother's breast. 24. Chasten thy soul with shame and make her humble; thus shall she come to peace and sweet repose. 25. When she has ceased from all movement, then she and the Centre are one.

26. In the lucid darkness, in the indrawn breath, from whence all comes, whereto all must return, there lie two: the one and the many. 27. The first is called by the name of wisdom, the second by the name of folly. 28. And still beyond these two is She that doth govern them both, like to a maid that breathes both in and out.

29. She rules both the rivers and the wellsprings, the wellsprings and the mighty sea. 30. When the Word was spoken and the worlds were born, She did observe in silence. 31. Her webs She did outweave; both longwise and crosswise did She spread them, to cover every corner of the field. 32. These will She draw together when that their time is come. 33. All the holy Ranyas are Her servants; the craftmaids are created by Her craft. Doth govern all, and all She will ingather when the worlds are rolled up like to a parchment scroll.

34. And even as the splendid sun, singing aloud in her brightness, doth shine unto the heights and to the depths, and all the four directions, so doth She govern all that hath come to birth.

35. She that doth unfold all things like to a rose from the seed of Her being; She that doth nurture unto fullness each thing that hath fullness within it; She that doth scatter the colours, 'tis She that doth govern the world.

36. But She that taketh the colours upon Her, that doth work the soil and also eat the grain; She doth partake of the fruits of Her working. 37. All shapes She doth assume, and every form and likeness; for She is of three strains† commingled. 38. Three paths She doth follow, and Her road doth wind according to Her works.

39. Like to the size of a maiden's thumb She is, and radiant as the sun, when thought and will have harbour in Her bosom. 40. But when knowing and being are all of Her workings, then She is like to another, no greater than the point of a needle.

41. Think that She is but a part of the hundredth part of an hair's tip, divided an hundred times. Yet She is like to all the manifest world. 42. No form She hath, nor colour, no scent nor any savour; yet all things that She doth enter, She becometh.

43. According to the acts that She performeth, and the choices wherewith they are directed;

44. by these She doth take on unnumbered shapes, and numberless conditions doth She enter.

45. She that hath no beginning nor any end; She that did stand in the heart of chaos and make all things harmonious, She that doth bear the worlds within Her hand; the maid that knoweth Her is truly free.

46. She that is the maker of being and of unbeing; She that is all that is and all that is not; the maid that knoweth her in truth hath left all worlds; hath left in truth the body and the mind.

47. Thou art not thy body, nor is thy body any portion of thee. 48. It is an estate which thou hold'st for a time, and after a time shall pass from thee. 49. Therefore, have thou governance of thy body, nor let it be in any thing thy ruler. 50. Keep it in purity as a temple built of earth and a place of devotion.

51. Thou art not thy mind, nor is thy mind any portion of thee. 52. It is an estate which thou hold'st for a time, and after a time shall pass from thee. 53. For longer than the body shalt thou hold it; and when the body passeth into dust, still it shall be with thee. 54. Yet in its turn shall it pass away, and in its appointed season. 55. But thou shalt never pass away; when all the worlds are dust thou shalt endure.

56. Therefore, have thou governance of thy mind, nor let it be in any thing thy ruler. 57. Keep it in purity as a temple built of air and a place of devotion.

58. Hard to govern is the mind, like to a proud horse that drinketh the wind, filled with its own desires. 59. Fain would it draw the rein from thy hand and carry you where it will; fain would it take the body for its mistress. 60. Like to a bird that doth hop from twig to twig, turning first to one fruit, then to another, without control or constancy.

61. Yet calm the mind and bring it to the garden of thy Lady; to the peaceful garden to rest by gentle streams. 62. By long training is it brought to contemplation; is it bridled that it may tread the heavens.

63. Let it be in harmony in all things. In the smallest actions, let its steps be measured. 64. Let the body obey her in her harmony, that all works show forth control, respect and courtesy. 65. As in a dance, the two shall act together, as in a dance where each doth know her part. 66. For if thy horse run loose upon the high-road, how shalt thou learn to ride among the stars?

NOTE:

† Three strains: i.e. the three gunas.



The Gentle Way

*“Offering everything to Dea, we can find
contentment in Her created world”*

A winter address from an East-Novarian Ranya, Mother Iulya

Winter is upon us. The harvests have been gathered in. In our little community we have passed through a tardy spring and a glorious late-summer. We have worked the land that our mothers have worked for a thousand years before us in almost exactly the same way that they have worked it. In sunshine and in rain, the fruits of the earth have Flourished,

and we have worked in harmony with their Creator and ours, according to Her law.

And now the year draws on to its night-time. Yet what a night is this. We shall see the chaste white blanket of the snow upon the land, and bright-cheeked children shall skate on icy ponds. We shall hear their crystal voices cleave the air with songs of a glorious festival; telling us the story of how Dea came to maid that maid might return to Dea. Bright fires shall blaze, old stories shall be told; good wine shall pass, sweet-scented lamps shall burn. These are the darkest days in all the year, and who shall say they are not beautiful?

As these thoughts pass through my mind, I recall how many times I have been taught and have taught others that this world is but a shadow, a valley of dust through which we pass on a brief journey; I remember also how many sacred teachings enjoin us to turn from the sense-pleasures of the world in the single-hearted search for Dea.

The first of these teachings presents no problem, of course, for we know that all the beauties and wonders of this world are but reflections of transcendent Reality. We know that it is the inner recognition (conscious or otherwise) of this reflection that makes us love all beauty.

But is it necessary for us to turn from all the beauty of the world In order to come to God? There can be no doubt that the path of asceticism and pure contemplation is the swiftest and surest way to Her. But for many this way is too hard; we may try, but continually we shall fall.

Dea sees our weakness and has compassion on us; and for this reason She has given us another way: the Gentle Way. “Love the world” She tells us “but love it for that it is an echo of Eternity” . She has given us fasts and joyous festivals; She has given us the traditional crafts and agricultural methods, each one a mirror of the divine Act of Creation, a contemplative path and a deeply absorbing vocation. In short, She has given us the means to make the whole of our lives a Sacrament.

How do we go about this? The answer is very simple — if we cannot follow the Contemplative Life, we can at least live contemplatively. The secret of this is to remember Dea as often as possible: to offer ourselves to Her throughout the day; to make little sacrifices to Her - perhaps getting out of bed a minute earlier than we need to, or doing some irksome task — in order to conquer our lower selves and submit our will to Hers. All the time we are doing this, She will be leading us along the Gentle Way — not stopping us from enjoying the beauties of the world, but showing us how to enjoy them through Her and for their true meaning.

The Gentle Way is the way of childlike love. We who are too little to bring to our Lady the tremendous spiritual gifts of the great saints and *helas* at least bring Her the little things we have. We gather flowers to decorate Her shrine, perhaps in summer we may rise half an hour earlier each morning to bring a fresh tribute of Her works of art to Her. We chant Her Name and sing to Her, perfecting our music as a perfect gift for Her. Even so do we perfect all that we do, that it may be worthy of our dearest Mistress.

But the gift which She craves more than any other is the gift of ourselves; and so, before all else, we strive to make ourselves a worthy gift to Her. We purify and adorn our souls that they may be clean and beautiful offerings to Her. How can we do this? Again, we have Her own words to guide us: “Speak words of love and innocence, of mildness and of hope, and you shall weave a raiment of peace about your soul and a veil of gentle light” and again: “Let your ways be gentle as the milk-white dove, and graceful as the gliding of the swallow.” For the Gentle Way is also the Way of Gentleness. Let our every action be controlled and graceful. Let our steps fall softly on the earth, nor our voices be raised unless it be in song. Let us banish all unkindness from our thoughts. There is so much for our Lady to forgive us; let us forgive our sisters freely. Let us approach all things joyfully and without complaining, letting energy and diligence for even the humblest tasks cast out idleness. Let “our souls be simple as the running deer, and our hearts as little children, filled with wonder”. If we can give to Dea a soul thus chaste and simple, She will receive it gladly.

I do not mean to pretend that the Gentle Way is easy. It is simple, but it is not easy. We shall be tempted often away from the path of gentleness and

simplicity; we shall be tempted away from kindness and purity and assailed by anger, greed, idleness, pride, carnality and the spirit of joylessness and complaining; and sometimes we shall fall. But if we pick ourselves up with meekness and humility and ask Dea to set us back upon the path, all the work of the grumms and darklings in tripping us up will have been for nothing.

The Gentle Way demands discipline and a strong will to overcome the lower self. But it is the way by which we may enjoy all the glories of the world; and the practice of moderation and a little asceticism will only make them the sweeter. As we live upon the world as our Lady's little child-servants, we begin to learn that there is only one Enjoyer of the world, and that is our Lady Herself. She who is perfect has perfect enjoyment, and therefore to enjoy the world through Her is the best way, and in the end the only way, to enjoy it. That is why She wants us to follow this way — because She loves us even more than we love ourselves.



A Sermon in Outerspace

There are several chapels aboard H.M.S.S. Imperial Princess, but before her last great voyage, a service was held in the Grand Auditorium, which is also used for concerts and important addresses. It was celebrated by Sai Althea Matikhinde, a Votary of the Golden Temple at Novarayapurh who is also Honorary Professor of thealogy at the University of Novarayapurh. I though you might be interested to hear it.

My Daughters, many of you are about to spend several months, perhaps even the better part of several years, in outer space.

And yet there are those among my sister-kin who question whether we ought to be in outer space at all. And I shall tell you why they question it.

Our Lady made the good earth for us to tread upon. She raised up the sacred mountains, upon each of which some people of our world have looked as on the centre of the earth. She has set the sun and the moon above us, and each of the seven planets, arrayed in her proper sphere. And looking on these things, we understand our place in the world She has made.

When we journey into outer space, those things no longer stand in the relation to us wherein Our Lady placed them. And the other symbols - the fundamental symbols by which we understand the pattern of the world are likewise taken from us. The four seasons in their regular rotation. The four directions, North, South, East and West. Even the four Elements are removed as we travel through the vast abyss of pure Aethyr.

Now each of these signs, my daughters: the seven planets, the four directions, the passing seasons; each of these and many like them were given to us that we might see in the world about us the outward signs of the true cosmos - the cosmos that was in the heart of Dea before a speck of dust was born and will be when all the stars are gone.

Our world, with the Sun as its great heart and the moon as its sensitive soul; with the planets in their right array above her, with the mountains and the valleys - our world is a miniature Universe, a model of the Cosmos that perfectly reflects the true structure of the Whole. However far we travel in space, we shall not see that Whole. For however much we see, we do not see all. We saw it when we stood upon the earth, if we had eyes to see. We cannot see it here.

Now each world inhabited by a creature akin to maid has also its Universe-in-miniature arrayed by Dea. And, so long as that creature, akin to maid, stays within her world, she can see the Whole. But there are worlds, and you may well encounter them, where this vision has been lost. It is not necessary to travel into space to lose this vision. Even an awareness of the existence of space may be enough to throw the world awry. Once a creature realises that her sun is not the only sun, her earth not the centre of the Universe, she may be pitched in her soul, into the void; her world become all accident and chaos.

My daughters, we have long known that one sacred mountain is not the only sacred mountain. We have known that others have sacred mountains also. We have known that each people regards her sacred mountain as the centre of the world and that each people is right. These are matters that a

schoolgirl knows. For there is but one Mountain, and every sacred mountain on the earth is but an incarnation of that mountain.

So there is but one earth, and one sun that is the heart and centre of the Cosmos. And every world that has a creature akin to maid is that earth, and every sun is that sun. One does not have to stand upon the earth to know these things. Neither has one to travel into outer space to lose them.

There are worlds, as I have said, that have lost the knowledge of these things. Worlds where the partial knowledge of the stars has severed the roots of maid upon the earth. Terrible are such worlds; for once the roots of maid are severed in her heart all else begins to crumble; until, in the worst of those worlds, the servant obeys not the mistress, the child obeys not the mother, the people obey not the princess. Order is gone and chaos prevails. In the worst of those worlds the people dress in mean rags, not because they are poor, but because they can no longer abide beauty and comeliness in themselves. When the harmony of the Cosmos is forgotten, all other harmony withers from the root.

Such is not your way, my daughters, for you have the wise to teach you and the hearts of children wherewith to learn. Such a path of folly lies not before you. Yet even so, it is a dangerous thing to remove a maid from the signs Our Lady has set about us. From the great sun at the heart of the Cosmos. From the seasons and the North and South. From the ocean and the wind. Maid was not born to live void of such signs.

That is why some among my sisters say that we should not come into outer space. And all things being serene, I should give them the right. Yet all is not serene in these last days. Dark things arise in the northerly parts of the earth, and in the black depths of space they arise, perhaps to menace the peace of the Celestial Empire. Yes, and in the very folds of time and space they may arise. And wherever the Celestial Empire may find an attacker, there must she place a defender; even in the darkest place. You knights of Vikhē need not a votary to tell you that.

And so, my daughters, for better or for worse, you are here in outer space. What then should your ghostly* mother bid you do? What signs are given to you who have travelled outside the goodly world of signs?

You travellers of the ether should think always of the Strivate** - the Thread-Spirit that joins all the worlds and all the souls as pearls upon a string. Know that wherever you travel and into whatever seeming emptiness, you are threaded always upon the Strivate, which is the very Breath of Dea. And know that however far you wander and whatever sights you see, and however far a creature may have fallen from Her, in the end there is no thing that is not Dea.

* Ghostly = spiritual

** Aristasian Strivate, cf. Sanskrit Sutratman



Nursery Rhymes: The Inner Meaning

The once-popular belief in Telluria that fairy tales are mere nonsensical fancies for children is losing ground. Among educated people it is generally accepted that they were not originally intended for children (although the fact that children, on their own level, can appreciate them bespeaks their universality), and that they contain depths of meaning far beyond what appears on the surface. Yet despite this rehabilitation of fairy tales (which, in itself, usually implies only the scantiest understanding of their true meaning, and often takes the form of outright misinterpretations based

upon the errors of Jung and Freud) there has been but little tendency to see in nursery rhymes anything more than pleasant childish nonsense.

The scope of the nursery rhyme is much broader than that of the fairy tale, ranging from lullabies and baby-games to some quite sophisticated story-verses. In Aristasia we find a wide range of verses, some of which are simply a child's first introduction to certain aspects of life, and familiar figures of the natural and human realms; others are proverbs concerning good conduct — but none of this is merely 'secular' in the modern sense, since the traditional way of life and view of life is being taught both in the verses themselves and in the explanations of them given by grown-ups; a view of life in which all earthly things are reflections of the Absolute. The obedience, grace, courtesy and uprightness taught by the proverbs are the very foundation-stones of the life of thamē — life within the harmony of Dia's earthly family and of Her divine Law.

Nevertheless, many of the rhymes have a far more detailed and specific inner meaning. As with fairy tales, many of them have direct equivalents in Telluria. Here is one which is known by both peoples and has long been treasured for Its beautiful, haunting quality:

*How many miles to Abolan?
Three score and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again.
If thy heels be fleet and light
You'll be there by candle—light.
(Open the gates as wide as you may
And let the Rayin's horses pass through on their way.)*

In many Tellurian versions, the Holy City of Abolan appears as the somewhat-assonant Babylon (though in other versions It is Edinburgh or some other city). This use of the Wicked City is a rather ironic, since it obscures the whole point of the rhyme. In Aristasia Abolan was the capital of the old Western Empire (Abolrai), and the name is related to Avala, the Western paradise or Isles of the Blest. Abolan is a type of the Holy City, and as such, the Heart, Centre and Temple of the surrounding land. The Journey

to Abolan is, therefore, maid's spiritual pilgrimage to the true Centre. Three score and ten, of course, is not a number picked at random, but is a symbolic length in folk-tradition for a human life.

Many of the critical junctures of life occur at the multiples of seven years: the attainment of reason at seven temple-entry in the East at fourteen, adulthood at twenty-one, the Grand Climacteric at 49 etc. 7x10 links human life to the historical cycle (symbolised by 10). The light of a candle is a traditional image of a single human life. Thus the road to Abolan is the spiritual journey of a maid's earthly life; a life lived in *thamē*, whose every activity, however apparently 'worldly' is related to the Centre, and whose reward is a coming-to-the-Centre. It is not, however, a reward won lightly, for she must exercise skill and speed in order to attain the Goal.

This idea brings us to the final two lines. They are placed in brackets because they are used only when 'Abolan' is played as a game. The Rayin (queen) represents the human soul, and her horses are the various powers and tendencies of the soul which must be disciplined and harnessed in order to attain the Goal. Two players (they may or may not be children) choose the names of 'opposites' such as gold and silver, day and night, and then hold up their hands to form a gate. The other players form a 'crocodile' (the Rayin's entourage) in front of the gate, and the rhyme is recited as an exchange between them and the gates. At the end the gates open and they pass through, but the gates come down in an attempt to trap the last player. This is the "perilous passage" motif so common in the fairy tales: the need to pass through all the dualities and oppositions of the world in order to attain the Absolute, the Oneness, which lies beyond them.*

The necessity of swiftness represents spiritual skill; if the player is too slow, she will be caught, and even if she succeeds her tail may be docked by the gates (often the soul is represented by a hare or a bird). The rest of the game reinforces the concept of the conflict of opposites which creates the flux of the material world and of the perilous passage: each child, as she is caught, must choose in whispers one of the two secret names, and, having chosen, lines up behind the gate to which it belongs. When all the players have been caught there is a tug-of-war between the two sides, and sometimes the losers

must run the gauntlet between the winners, who attempt to whip their legs with long grasses or thin sally (willow) switches as they pass through.

The riddle-rhyme:

*Old Mother Granya hath but one eye
And a long tail which she does let fly;
And every time she doth jump through a gap
She leaveth a part of her tail in a trap.*

refers obviously to the perilous passage motif. The answer, of course, is a needle, and it is connected also with the solar symbolism of sewing and the stritvatē or thread-Spirit. The 'one eye', as well as its obvious reference, is the 'single eye' which sees only the One Spirit and not the pairs of opposites. Of similar import are such rhyme-games as "Thread My Grandam's Needle" and "Through the Needle-Eye", both of which have actions related to that of "Abolan".

A different type of game is the acting-game of which "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" is the best-known example. Here one player stands in the centre while the others form a ring around her. During the choruses they dance round her like the planets about the sun, while in each verse she chooses and leads the action (this is the way we clap our hands, sow the corn etc.). In some versions she is a bramble-bush, but both the bramble and the mulberry are associated with forms of Dia**, and is a minor representative of the World Tree. In each case she represents the still Point at the centre of manifestation, the solar Spirit Herself, by Whom all the forms of manifestation are expressed in their perfect Essence and are reflected upon the rim of the wheel of being, (in the realm of movement and multiplicity)

There are many rhyme-games of this sort. Strictly (because of the perfect "obedience" of the ring) this one represents not the relation of hub to the rim of the wheel, but of the axle-point to the hub that is to say, of God Herself to the Angelic or Archetypal realm of unfallen creation. Competitive versions which turn upon the mistakes made by the players represent the relation of the hub to the rim the fallen world of matter, which mirrors the Spirit, yet is 'a broken and imperfect reflection' of Her.

Finally, let us consider a very different, though related, rhyme:

*I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.
The High PrIncess of Caire
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake
Of my little nut tree.
I skipped over the water,
I danced over the sea,
And all the birds of the air
Couldn't catch me.*

In Tellurian versions the High Princess of Caire is usually represented by The King of Spain's Daughter — a topical reference to the visit of Joanna of Castile to the English court in 1506 grafted onto an older rhyme. The tree, as is often the case, refers to the Axis Mundi, the central pillar of being, and the possession of it indicates oneness with the central or primordial human state.

A maid in such a state is said to be “in possession of her heart”. The golden and silver fruits are respectively the Spirit and the soul which meet in the heart and the two faculties of the heart: pure Intelligence and pure Love (as opposed to their lesser material reflections, reason and emotion), for the Pear is ruled by Sai Sushuri (Venus) and the nutmeg by Sai Mati (Mercury). The subtle interplay of these two ‘cordials’, explained earlier in relation to the symbolism of Wine and of the Chalice is inherent in the specific fruits used, showing them to be far more than mere random choices, for the scent of the pear has a certain airy, Matic quality (strongly apparent in pear-drops) as opposed to the more obvious choice, the apple, which is the Sushuric fruit par excellence. The scent of nutmeg, for its part, bears a resemblance to the highly Sushuric musk, as its name indicates (from nut + Old French muge = musk).

That the tree will bear nothing else indicates the same singleness of purpose as Mother Granya's one eye. The realisation of the Primordial State places maid in a situation more central even than the great ritual Centres of the sacred world; thus the High Princess of Caire (the Holy City of the ancient Celestial Empire of the East) herself the ritual representative of primordial Centrality, makes pilgrimage to she who has actualised the true Centre within herself.

The last two lines show her as a liberated soul, a mover-atwill. Her speed again represents spiritual skill; dancing or walking on water is a sign of spiritual perfection in Aristasian scriptures, as it is in those of the Buddhists and Christians in Telluria. It represents, among other things, the ability to cross at will between the hither and nether shores; between this world and the world beyond; between earth and Heaven, without need of the ritual 'bridges' used by the rest of (normal traditional) humanity.

Of course, the full doctrines which lie enfolded In the nursery rhymes are far too complicated for a young child to understand. As with the fairy tales, she begins by feeling only a sense of special magic about them. As she grows older, at least in the East and in the more traditional families of the West, she is slowly led deeper into the real source of this feeling — the inner mystery of the rhymes. Her childhood experience is not simply denied and written off as "childish" but confirmed, deepened and explained. This is a part of the bringing-up of all normal, traditional children, as opposed to the bringing-down which the abnormal Tellurian society inflicts upon its offspring — the systematic denial of all that is deep and true in their natural perceptions until, when they finally come of age after years of perverse "education", they, quite literally, have not the sense they were born with.

* The "active door" or "narrow gate" motif, comprised of two facing dangers, is probably best known in Telluria from the Homeric Scylla and Charibdis, but for numerous Tellurian examples from many cultures, together with a traditional exegesis, see Ananda Coomaraswamy's "Symplegades".

** Here again, there are Tellurian parallels - for example, in the Iliad the goddess Hera decorates her pierced ears with mulberry clusters and the mulberry is also sacred to Minerva; the bramble was sacred to St Bridget of Ireland (originally the goddess Brighde); the Chinese goddess Ma-Ku took land from the sea and planted it with mulberry trees. Many more examples can be found.



The Symbolism of the Fairy Tale Quest

The fairy tale opening, “Once upon a time”, sets the scene: as in all true mythology and folklore we are out of mundane history and mundane space, in a realm beyond that of everyday experience. We are in illo tempore “that time”, the primordial time of which it can be said that human actions were symbolic of Eternal truths and the spiritual quest was the daily task – when maid, true to her essential nature, occupied her true “central” position.

The reality of our state upon this earth, separated from the Spirit, Source of all life and joy, and seeking reunion with Her, is the most essential of the symbolic themes of mythology and folklore. Every prince seeking the princess, every child seeking her mother, every questing hero seeking the grail, the golden apples, the singing bough or the water of life – all ancient symbols of our Mother God – is the soul seeking Her.

Often the central character is not the only one to set out on a quest, but is one of three, the youngest and silliest. This “silliness” is a purity of heart and a humility (“the wisdom of spirit is folly to the world”) which listens to advice from old peasant women and talking animals. And the supernatural aid which rewards this humility leads to success in the quest.

Those souls not open to Spirit can achieve only on the human level, where they achieve at all. More often they are deceived by a pleasant but maleficent stranger (the illusions of the world) or lured into a wayside inn where they are pauperised or even killed; while the despised youngest, with supernatural aid, becomes the highest in the land.

Often it is simplicity, humility and obedience – which prompt the soul to the other virtues: courage, generosity (freeing trapped animals, sharing scanty food with strangers), wisdom (correctly solving riddles, performing impossible feats – helped or instructed by Spirit in Her various guises). For it is only through Spirit that Spirit is attained.



The Symbolism of Archery

In the beginning there was no war, for all things were one in Dea, and conflict could not arise. The descent into manifestation is inevitably, in one sense, a descent into war: that is, the primordial Unity of unmanifest Wholeness is broken, and conflict enters into the now-manifest cosmos.

Nonetheless, it is true to say that physical war was unknown until a very late stage in human history. War between maid and maid was quite alien to the vast majority of "matriarchal" human civilisations, as it is in Aristasia. In the first Golden Age, war raged continually, but it was waged directly against the forces of darkness on the psychic and spiritual levels. This is the authentic

archetype of war —the Vikhail, or true Holy War; and from this all the glory and nobility later associated with physical battle derives. It is still fought by every contemplative and mystic.

As time wore on and the descent into matter continued, the Enemy began to take on physical or quasi-physical forms. So also did the forces of good. It is from this period, many thousands of years ago, that the “mythological” creatures — dragons, centaurs, unicorns, etc. — found in legends throughout the world, have their origin. Later still, the forces of evil began to incarnate themselves in human civilisations — in the decadent "matriarchal" and proto-patriarchal states. It is in this period the Holy War descends fully to the physical level and maid first fights with maid. Finally, in the Kali yuga or Age of Iron, physical war becomes a condition of life. Kali yuga is known as the "age of quarrels" or conflicts. It is also the age when masculine images of Deity first arise and later become dominant over feminine ones.

Increasingly, all remnants of the true Holy War are lost, and war becomes merely a manifestation of the chaos and discord of the Age of Iron. This continual conflict is the inverse parody of the fact that the true soul is constantly at war with the discordant forces within her until she wins through to the primordial peace of Union with God.

There is an inverse ratio between earthly and heavenly war. The more strongly the true Holy War is fought, the more there is peace on earth among maids. The more peace is made with the forces of darkness, the more war spreads upon the earth. But there are times when the Holy War and earthly war are one. And here we may know the Holy War from profane war by the fact that its very heart is peace. Just as the heavenly war is fought in order to regain the Primordial peace of divine union, so the Holy War on earth is fought to end disruptions in the thamë or harmony of the world, and to restore the Chrysothemis, the Golden Order of earthly life lived according to Divine Law.

early greek depiction of Amazon archer and horsemaidAnd just as the Holy War ends in peace, so it proceeds from peace, for all the vikhelic (martial) arts of Sattwic civilisations are essentially contemplative disciplines. Skill in

the arts of war depends not upon physical strength, but upon the spiritual force generated by contemplation. It is a symptom of the descent into matter that patriarchal war has become increasingly dependent upon physical strength; first that of the body, and then of increasingly powerful devices, culminating in today's nuclear arsenals.

From the foregoing, we may expect that archery, like all traditional crafts, has a profound metaphysical significance. Indeed, archery, since it corresponds to the element of air and to the intellectual Path of Light is in many respects the most strictly metaphysical of all the martial arts.

The drawn bow is a paradigm of the peace from which the Holy War, and indeed all manifestation, proceeds; for all the tensions are held in equilibrium. Balanced in harmony are the three gunas, or cosmic "strains": the upward tension or tendency, called Sattwa — that which strives toward the light; the downward, called Tamas, which pulls toward darkness and obscurity; and the outward or fiery tendency of Rajas. It is from the interplay of these three gunas that all manifestation takes its rise. Thus the loosing of the arrow, in which the three strains are simultaneously released, mirrors the act of manifestation.

Envisaged from another and profounder point of view, the arrow is the "winged soul" of the archer, trapped within the contrary tendencies of matter. It is the task of the archer to wholly identify herself with the shaft in its flight toward the target, which is none other than the spiritual Sun Herself.

It may be noted that in the first symbolism, the World—Axis runs vertically through the bow, connecting Heaven (the extreme point of the direction of Sattwa) with Hell (the extreme point of the direction of Tamas); whereas in the second it runs horizontally from the archer, who is Primordial Maid in her central, or Axial, position, with the heart of the solar Target.

The virtue of archery has to do with straightness, or accuracy. To "hit the mark" is to be saved, while to miss is to deviate, to go astray, to sin. Archery has traditionally been the Royal Art, and the princess-archer mounted on her chariot is a familiar traditional picture. Thus the Indo-European and

proto-Aristasian root word *rju* meaning “straight” is the source of the Aristasian words *rayin* and *raia*, both meaning “queen”, and also of *ranya*, *rair*, and many words that we share with Telluria, such as *raj*, *Reich*, royal, regal, right and rectify.

The moving chariot being a symbol of the world, the royal archer leaves the flux of matter in her contemplative identification with the winged arrow and flies into the heart of the spiritual Sun. The bow itself may represent the duality of matter, its two arms signifying all the opposing pairs - light and dark, pleasure and pain etc. — between which the soul must pass in order to reach the Goal, while the grip represents the Middle Way, or narrow path through which she must travel. Of similar Significance are those tests in which the archer must shoot an arrow through a keyhole or “needle’s eye”, or else must split the first arrow down the middle with a second.

In other tests there are obstacles between the archer and target which must be penetrated. Here the symbolism is that of cleaving through ignorance, and hence the association of wisdom with “penetration”*. By the same symbolism, a strave (contemplative — cognate with *straff*: “straight”) on the Path of Light may be described as “far-shooting”, an epithet which compare with “Far-Darter”, a title of Artemis from Homeric times.

In certain royal ceremonies, the Rayin would shoot an arrow in each of the four cardinal directions, thus establishing her rule over the entire land in the Name of Dea. This Rite reflects the supernatural archery of Jana, the wonderful archer in which the four quarters are pierced by a single arrow. In this, the archer stands as the quintessence, or fifth element, at the centre of the other four, and the arrow, ringing the quarters, transforms the square (symbolic of matter) into a circle (symbolic of Spirit). The symbolic significance of this feat is closely related to that of a hemispherical dome surmounting a square building.

In some versions of this legend, a thread is attached to the arrow, recalling the passage which describes the Mother as “the Sun Whose ray doth bind us all like jewels upon a string”. The words “ray” and “rayin” are closely related, for the rayin is a straight “ray”, or manifestation of God’s Light on earth, insofar as she acts wholly in Her Name and in conformity with the Law of

thamë. The arrow is here associated with the needle, and its flight-end with the “eye”, the four quarters being “sewn together”. Thus we border upon the solar symbolism of the needle and of sewing, which takes us beyond our present theme.

Having briefly considered a little of the symbolism of the Royal Art, let us call upon one further legend to remind ourselves of the limits of this knowledge. When rivals wished to take Jana’s place as princess, each of them in turn was invited to draw her bow, and none could bend it even by a fraction, yet Jana immediately loosed four arrows to the four ends of the earth without the smallest effort. As in the drawing of the Sword of Truth, the requirement is not physical strength, but firstly purity, and most importantly a deep contemplative understanding and realisation. Without that understanding, and without having become wholly one with the winged arrow in its flight into the heart of the Sun, we can never hope to draw Jana’s bow, however great may be our theoretical knowledge of symbolism. But having achieved it we shall be able, like the Amazonian Ranya-archers of old, both physically and metaphysically, to cleave one arrow in two with another, at a distance of five hundred paces, blindfold.

* This has to do with the important metaphysical doctrine that “all learning is remembering” (cf *The Feminine Universe*, p. 63 note 5) and that the act of coming to know Truth is fundamentally a negative one — that of cleaving through the veil of illusion that keeps us from it.



The Cross and the Fora

An early piece from the pre-Elektraspace Archives

The cross, with its many variants, such as the fora, as well as being prominent in Aristasian heraldry, is one of the most fundamental of metaphysical symbols. It is universal, found in many diverse parts of the world. Since it is a symbol of such cardinal importance, there can be no question of our expounding the full range of its significances in an essay of this length and scope (René Guénon has devoted an entire book to the subject which the reader might profitably consult) but we may give some indication of its general meaning.

The cross by itself, as we have previously explained, depicts the Celestial Ray, or World-Axis (the vertical line), penetrating a particular level of material existence (we must bear in mind that matter strictly means “all that is not pure Spirit”, and that the physical is only one modality of matter). Now, since the forms of all things are Ideas in the mind of God, it is not until the divine ray of Her form-bearing Light touches the material plane in question that the matter of that plane can take on forms, and any thing can

exist. Once the ray strikes “the surface of the waters” (the term applied to a material plane in a state of non-differentiated formlessness) a world will develop. In the case of the physical plane, the world in question is the physical universe as we know it.

The fullest form of the cross is in fact a three dimensional figure with the three lines running north-south, east-west and up-down, all intersecting at the centre. In other words, we have a horizontal cross transfixed by a vertical line. In this three-dimensional figure, the horizontal cross corresponds to the full extension of the world in question in the four directions of matter (the four physical directions have their precise analogies on all non-physical planes), while the vertical line is the Celestial Ray or World-Axis. It is true that the cross is rarely modelled or pictured in this three-dimensional form; but every form of cross depicted in traditional usage is by implication either a “vertical” or a “horizontal” cross: although this categorisation is slightly complicated by the fact that just as everything “below” is a reflection of something “above”, so the horizontal cross is a “shadow” of the vertical cross, with its north-south axis playing the part of the celestial ray in a limited and reflective mode.

The cross of the four seasons, which we have discussed elsewhere, is a good example of the horizontal cross: there the solstitial (winter-summer) axis plays the part of the Celestial Ray, although the most important part of this cross is the centre, corresponding to the fifth and “transcendent” season of Moura. This is important, because it is clear that the centre is precisely the point at which the vertical axis transfixes the horizontal cross. Another important point illustrated by the cross of the seasons is that the horizontal cross is a rotating cross, subject to movement and change in the flux of material existence, while the vertical axis remains motionless and Immutable, and is the “still point” about which the movements and mutations of the changing world take place, and is the “unmoved mover” which governs all these fluctuations. This corresponds to the Scriptural dictum: “Earth moves, but Heaven is still”.

The horizontal cross is eminently a symbol of quaternary, four being the number of matter and corresponding to the four elements of the physical world (which have their analogies on other levels of material manifestation).

Here the centre of the cross corresponds to the fifth element of aethyr, which is actually the first-created, from which all the others proceed, and which contains in itself all the conflicting tendencies of the four in perfect equilibrium. It is for this reason that aethyr is non-differentiated and imperceptible, since the tangible manifestation of the elements is precisely due to their warring disequilibrium which maintains their continual flux and motion. Aethyr thus corresponds reflectively to the non-manifest point. It is for this reason that the fifth element is sometimes called spirit, and, in many contexts, symbolises the Spirit Herself.

In Chinese numeration, the cross represents the number ten, and the Latin X is only the cross placed on its side. Here we must note the relationship between the quaternary and the denary, expressed in the Tetrakys: $1+2+3+4=10$. Ten, of course, is the number of the historical cycle, whose four Ages are of rapidly shortening duration, the ratio being 4:3:2:1.

Various geometrical symbols relate to the fundamental meaning of the horizontal cross. The cross enclosed within a circle shows the extension of the four directions within a given world-system, and thus relates the horizontal cross to the wheel (discussed elsewhere), the outer rim being the most consolidated point of manifestation — “the world”, or, better, “the mold”, an Estrenne word designating “this material world”, as opposed to the cosmos. For this reason, this symbol has been used in astrology to represent the earth. The figure also implies the rotation of the horizontal cross, as does the svastika, which has half-lines tangential to the (undepicted) circumference, indicating directional motion — but in this latter case the reference is not to the movement of the world itself, but to the operation of the Principle upon it. The circle with a point at the centre, long used astrologically to represent the sun, corresponds to cyclic perfection — the integral realisation of all the possibilities inherent within a particular world-system: literally (or rather, pictorially) the alpha and the omega.

The fora is often considered to be only another form of the earth sign, but this is not so. The true significance of the fora can best be understood by recalling the first explanation that young Estrenne children are given: that it is a picture of Avala. Avala, the paradise of the Daughter, has the Tree of Life at its centre, and from directly beneath this Tree flow four rivers, down the

axial mountain, Caravalas, in the four cardinal directions. After the fall of maidenkind, a circular wall was placed about the orchard garden. Thus the cross of the fora represents the four rivers, the circle the wall, and the central point the world-Tree.

Now the tree is the World-Axis, and Avala itself, being unfallen, represents the realm of the Archetypes, where things are still perfect Forms, rather than the broken and imperfect reflections of them upon the world of matter (as such, it corresponds to the hub of the wheel, just as the Tree corresponds to the axle). The four rivers represent the extension of the Divine Ideas, first as perfect Forms in the Archetypal realm, and then out into the world of matter.

The whole movement of the last Ages is away from the Centre. Life in all its aspects tends ever more toward the rim of the wheel and immersion in the lowest and most material aspects of existence. The modern materialist civilisation approaches the extreme point of this tendency; but the tendency has been present for several thousand years, especially, in Telluria, since the collapse of the matristic societies. Even Aristasia is not immune from the tendency.

It was thus necessary for the people of the later ages to make use of a symbol which focuses upon the Centre to the virtual exclusion of the totality of the cosmic whole. The symbol has been used in all ages, but in recent millennia in Aristasia, its use has become more marked. It is seen in temples and displayed above them, and in public architecture. In the East it is seen upon the banners of legions and the flags of most localities. The multitude of civil uses of the fora, on everything from royal standards to the insignia of craft guilds, indicates the assertion that every area of life operates legitimately only insofar as it proceeds from its celestial Archetype. The Empress rules only as the regent of Dea. The craftmaid creates only after the Pattern laid down in the Real world of perfect Forms. The householder, the scholar, the farmer and every other maid perform a sacred function which can be rightly understood only in the light of its perfect and eternal Prototype in the Real world.

The constant reiteration of the fora has a profound ritual effect of centering and re-minding. It is one of the most powerful ritual influences for warding off the disintegration (de-centring) movement of the age for the longest possible time. And while the Western nations of Aristasia are no longer sattwic societies in the full sense, the use of the fora and the continued attachment to its true significance may be cited as an integral part of the reason that Aristasia has not suffered an Eclipse equivalent to that of the Tellurian 1960s.



Werde and the Power of Maid

Aside from the major distinction between being born into an Axial or a non-Axial state, are there differing degrees of opportunity for spiritual progression according to the precise nature of the Axial state one is born into?

Hindu texts speak of the rarity of the opportunity for liberation – not only the rarity of the human state itself, but then the rarity of being born into a brahmin family and of having other opportunities for liberation.

Applying this to our current situation, one may say that not only the Axial state itself, but the type of society we are born into, the level of intelligence we are born with, our natural propensity for spiritual endeavour; all these are factors determining the level of opportunity we actually possess.

And each of these factors is determined by our werde or karma. In other words, our level of opportunity is not simply a matter of luck, but is the result of our actions and choices in previous existences.

Maid is defined as “she who has the power of choice”. The term “maid” is connected to the words “may” and “might” — “might” in particular being a word that emphasises the close relationship between choice and power — a thing might or might not happen, and one has the might to choose. Among Latin-based words the close relation between potency and potentiality expresses the same thing. So, by definition, even the maid with the least opportunity still possesses some power of spiritual choice, which the animals and other non-Axial beings do not.

So take the maid who is born in the Pit — perhaps in a very unpropitious part of the Pit (for example, one with little recognition of God) — and with very little intelligence, so that her ability to criticise the Pit is virtually nil. Even so, she may choose to lead a good life, to do good deeds rather than bad ones; she may turn toward whatever form of God she encounters.

All these actions may ensure her not only an Axial birth, but a more propitious one in her next existence.

And let us also realise that actions which for another might be downward steps might for her be upward steps.

We can never judge the actions of another, nor can we make judgements based on her circumstances. Werde is a subtle and intricate matter, a weaving of many threads, of which we can see only the tips that touch our world.



Irrational Rationalism

It is important to understand that rationalism is not itself rational. Rationalism cannot be derived from the reason. It is an arbitrary dogma. And yet it is upon this dogma that the outlook of the post 17th-century Western world has based itself.

There is an old story told by Sai Platina in Aristasia and also by the great Tellurian teacher Plato. It tells of people who lie chained in a cave so that they are always looking at the wall of the cave. On that wall they see shadows and they spend their lives watching those shadows. One day a maid breaks free from the cave and goes outside to see the real things that are casting shadows on the wall.

Now that cave is the material world, and the shadows are the material things we see about us. Every tradition teaches that the material things we see are the shadows or reflections of higher things. Everything on earth has an

Archetype, which is its true and perfect Form, of which the material entity is only an imperfect shadow.

The world of shadows is also called the sensible world because the shadows are the material things that we perceive with our physical senses – we see and hear and touch them.

The real things seen by the maid who left the cave is called the intelligible world, because the Pure Forms, or Archetypes, are not seen with the physical eyes, but with the Single Eye of the Intellect. They are seen by great contemplatives and saints, and they are also told about in myths and sacred books.

Now suppose one of the people still chained in the cave said to the maid who had left the cave:

“You are lying, there is nothing outside this cave.”

“Why do you say that?” asks the maid who has left the cave.

“Because I have not seen it.” replies the rationalist.

That is precisely what the doctrine of rationalism consists of: the illogical and arrogant denial that anything exists outside the material world of the five senses. Has she any rational reason for denying what all tradition tells her to be true? She has not. She merely repeats: “I have not seen it, so it does not exist.”

That is why rationalism is inherently irrational: and, frankly, naughty. A world based on the rationalist denial of higher Reality is like a group of naughty children who have got together to deny what all the grown ups tell them because they have not seen it for themselves and cannot bear that anyone should know better than them.



The Pattern of History

Part I

One of the most notable points which separates the perennial philosophy – that is, the wisdom common to all peoples at all times with the single exception of Western Europe and its offshoots over the past three or four hundred years – is their belief about the pattern of history.

In all places and at all times it has been agreed that the direction of history is always "downward", from the Golden Age, or Garden of Eden to the Iron Age or Latter Days. The religions, philosophies and traditions of the world are unanimous in seeing not a pattern of progress, but of decline and degeneration.

If they are correct, then it follows from what we know about the "matriarchal" origins of civilisation that the highest and noblest and most

spiritual forms of culture must have been those primordial feminine ones, while masculine-dominated civilisations must have come into being as quite a late phase of the process of decline.

This view of history, is, of course, completely alien to that of the late-patriarchal world-view with which we have all been inculcated from the earliest age, and which places late-patriarchy itself at the pinnacle of a long process of 'human progress', relegating earlier civilisations to varying degrees of 'ignorance' and 'barbarism'.

Nevertheless, when one looks at the facts pertaining to the very medium of our thought itself – language, it is hard to deny that superior intellectuality lies with the past rather than the present. Every language we know is a debased and simplified "scaling-down" of some earlier language. The modern Romance languages, for example (French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Roumanian) are greatly simplified dialects of Latin. Many of the grammatical complexities have slipped away with time, leaving the language less expressive, less flexible, less capable of dealing with subtle ideas, but very much easier. Latin and Greek are a maze of case-endings for modern speakers, but as we go back further in time, to even earlier languages in the same Indo-European family, such as Sanskrit, we find language which makes Latin and Greek seem positively childish by comparison.

And wherever a language or group of languages can be historically studied, we find the same thing. The ancient forms of language require more concentration, more presence of mind, more sheer intelligence on the part of speakers than do the later forms. Language is clearly being progressively simplified for a simpler people.

These changes, as we might expect, also alter the character of language. It becomes less and less an instrument for expressing subtle spiritual and metaphysical concepts and fine shades of meaning, but it becomes increasingly well adapted to handling physical phenomena and the material world.

Now this change is precisely what we should expect according to the traditional philosophy. The movement of the historical cycle, from beginning to end is from the pole of Essence toward the pole of Substance (see Essence and Substance), from the domain of quality to that of quantity. Of course all material phenomena are compounded of both Essence and Substance, but the movement of the historical cycle is from the greatest possible predominance of the qualitative or Essential at the beginning of the Golden Age (Skt. Satya Yuga to the greatest possible predominance of the quantitative or substantial at the end of the Iron Age (Skt Kali Yuga). This is true both in the human psyche and its culture and in the cosmic environment itself (the two things being by no means as separate and distinct as the modern mentality supposes).

We may express this another way, by saying that the earlier ages are dominated by the vertical dimension of being — that which connects maidenkind with higher levels of being — while the later ages are increasingly dominated by, and lived within, the horizontal dimension — that which relates only to the physical and individual domain.

When we understand this, we may understand also how, toward the late stages of the cycle, the notion of a "progress" becomes possible, blatantly inverting all that has been known and thought in earlier ages. This is because, at a certain point, the vertical dimension becomes all but lost to sight, and history, thenceforward is interpreted purely in the light of what has happened on the horizontal plane. From this point of view, it is natural that progress in purely material aims and achievements should seem to be the only thing of importance: and, indeed, that such "progress" was all that earlier civilisations were groping for and only "we" have fully achieved. It is forgotten that there ever were any aspirations but material ones, or else relegates them to the margins of civilisation; when for every civilisation but that of the modern West, they have been the centre.

To complete this brief introduction, we must understand that Essence is the feminine pole of being, while Substance is the masculine: therefore it is natural that as society becomes more quantitative or "materialist", the masculine principle becomes increasingly predominant. The further we go back, the more purely feminine is the orientation of civilisation, and the

further we come forward, the more purely masculine it becomes. The patriarchal revolutions were a stage on the way, but they were neither the first nor the last stage, and in the attempts of the last few decades to destroy femininity entirely; to remove it from woman herself — taking away her special characteristics and making her merely an equal working "person" (person, in a patriarchal context being conceived always on the male model), we see the ultimate triumph of patriarchy.

Whether this triumph is final; whether it is the inevitable conclusion of the historical cycle, or whether it is an historical aberration: whether, indeed, there can be a new dawn of the feminine qualities an ailing and unbalanced over-masculinised society so desperately needs are questions that we must leave to another occasion.

Part II: Primordial Maid

We have seen how the perennial philosophy, in all places and among all peoples, sees history as a process of decline from the first Golden Age to the final days of the Cycle; we have seen also how in the earlier human civilisations the feminine principle rather than the masculine was predominant: leaving us with a picture of degeneration from the earliest and most feminine civilisations to the latest and most masculine ones — ending with those recent decades in which femininity has been attacked and largely eradicated even in its last stronghold: the heart of woman herself.

Now we must look a little more closely at the concept of the Historical Cycle. According to the traditions of the Indo-European world (though the same concept can be found as far afield as the Americas, despite the fact that no cultural contact between the two worlds had taken place for millennia), the Great Cycle or Manvantara is divided into four Yugas, or Ages. In the Hellenic tradition, which is the direct ancestor of modern European civilisation, the ages were termed the Golden Age, the Silver Age, the Bronze Age and the Iron Age (these last two should not be confused with the similarly-named Ages of modern archaeology).

The duration of these ages accords to the pattern known as the Tetrakys; that is, ten units of time are arranged in the ratio 4:3:2:1; the Golden Age being the longest Age and the Iron Age the shortest. Precisely what length of

time is involved is not known, but the most conservative estimates of the Iron Age put its length at over 6,000 years, many put it much longer. Part of the reason for the variation is undoubtedly that this macrocosmic pattern of the Historical Cycle is repeated microcosmically at various levels of historical movement. The greatest of all "Great Years" is that in which material manifestation – the entire universe itself – is manifested, developed and comes to an end. Within this, the life of maid on our planet is but a small sub-cycle, yet the Historical Cycle of which we speak is, if we may put it thus, a sub-sub cycle, a cycle within the greater cycle of the duration of humankind, and perhaps another cycle within that, nested several cycles deep. These things it is not given us to know. All that matters is that we should understand the fundamental nature of the cycle and know that microcosmically one cycle stands for all. So, if we speak at times of our Historical Cycle as if it were the entire cycle of manifestation, that is entirely legitimate, for it is the perfect mirror thereof and obeys the same laws.

It should be noted that even in the case of the smallest sub-cycle, the period of patriarchy occupies only a part of the Iron Age: thus, for the vast majority of history we are speaking of feminine civilisations.

What, then, was the Golden Age? Let us recall that the movement of the Cycle of manifestation is always from Essence to Substance; from the subtler and more refined to the grosser and more consolidated. In the earliest ages, maid was not manifest as a physical being at all. This is recognised by all traditions (the Semitic religions, for example, including Christianity, speak of humanity inhabiting Paradise before descending to earth).

As the Golden Age continued (and here, we are speaking of the primordial Golden Age of this earth), maid became increasingly earth-bound and materialised and her Intellectuality declined, though not, of course, to anything approaching the low level of later ages.

Here it is important to define what we mean by Intellectuality. Intellect is a faculty very different from mere reason (although the two have become increasingly confused in late patriarchal times). Its organ is the heart, which, in the human microcosm, corresponds to the sun in the cosmos. Here we

are speaking of the True Heart, the spiritual centre of the human being, rather than the mere physical organ which represents it on the plane of matter (just as the true or Supernal Sun must be distinguished from the ball of fire that represents Her on the earthly plane).

Heart-Intellect is that which sees pure Truth directly. Plato (who transmits a portion of the Primordial Tradition carried by Socrates from his female teacher, Diotima of Mantinea) speaks of the cave of the world, where the things about us are but shadows cast on the wall. He speaks of the soul who transcends the cave and sees the Real Things, the celestial Archetypes of which earthly things are but shadows. This soul, escaping from the cave and seeing the Real World, is exercising the faculty of pure Intellect. As maid declines from her primordial state, this faculty becomes more and more difficult of attainment, and rigorous disciplines of contemplation and meditation are required to lift even a corner of the veil of matter. But in the Golden Age, the vision of pure Intellect was as natural to her as seeing physical objects is to you or I.

What she saw of the material world we cannot say, for she scarcely lived there,

The Taoist sage, Chuang Tzu writes:

"The knowledge of the ancients was perfect. How perfect? At first they did not yet know that there were things (apart from the Tao, the Way, which signifies the Eternal and Infinite). That is the most perfect knowledge; nothing can be added. Next they knew that there were things but did not yet make distinctions between them . . ."

As the golden age wears on, maid becomes more rooted in the earth. Both she and her physical environment become more consolidated (though still extremely subtle as compared to the materiality of later ages), and she turns increasingly from the higher faculty of Intellect to the lesser faculties of memory, imagination and reason. Just as Intellect is the Solar faculty, so these are Lunar faculties (the very words "mind" and "mental" are connected to "moon", Gk. mene). They have no light of their own, but reflect the light of the Solar Intellect in a lesser mode, and they act upon the 'things' of

which Chuang Tzu speaks: that is, the shadows on the cave of the world — material objects and events, (but still perceived primarily in the light of their underlying Archetypes). For the mental faculties, like the moon herself, stand ever between the sun and the earth; sometimes dark like the earth, sometimes bright like the sun, mediating between them.

Much later in her downward course, various things became necessary to man: language (first spoken, much later, as memory deteriorates, written) was one, art another (and all the crafts necessary to material existence — for the distinction between art and craft, and the divorce of both from spiritual symbolism belongs only to the later Iron Age), and in each case, the development was not from crude beginnings upward, but from the highest level downward. Language, as we have seen, rather than describing an upward course from 'primitive' squeaks and grunts, becomes ever more complex as we go backwards, and we have heard a distinguished professor of linguistics forced to the conclusion (much to his own surprise) that the earliest spoken languages must have been akin to poetry.

In his book *Palaeolithic Art*, the art historian Paolo Graziosi writes: "Undoubtedly the most perplexing aspect of the art phenomenon when it appears to us for the first time is the high degree of maturity shown in the earliest expressions. The sudden appearance of stylistically evolved works of art takes us completely by surprise, with a marvelous eruption of aesthetic values . . . even the examples which belong unquestionably to the earliest phase . . . are works of amazing artistic maturity."

It must be understood, moreover, that these Primordial artists and craftmaids were not trying to 'imitate nature' or make realistic copies of material objects, but were depicting, in a highly subtle artistic language, the Archetypes — the Real Forms — behind those objects. This was true of the art of every civilisation until the European 'Renaissance' (with the exception of the Western 'classical' period, where Plato rebuked the artists for making 'copies of copies': that is, 'naturalistic' representations of material objects which are themselves only copies of the Real Forms), but these first artists did it most purely.

The renowned art historian and metaphysician Ananda Coomaraswamy tells us: – "The characteristic pronouncements of anthropologists on the 'primitive mentality' . . . are often very remarkable, and may be said to represent not what the writers intended, the description of an inferior type of consciousness and experience, but one intrinsically superior to that of 'civilised' man and approximating to that which we are accustomed to think of as 'primordial' . . . Dr. Macalister actually compares what he calls 'the Ascent of Man' to Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, not realising that the poem is a description of the descent or materialisation of consciousness."

R.R.Schmidt in Dawn of the Human Mind writes: "In 'heathenish' popular customs, in the 'superstitions' of our folk, the spiritual adventures of prehistoric times, the imagery of primitive insight are living still; a divine inheritance."

Dr. Coomaraswamy comments further: "We say that what seems to 'us' irrational in the life of 'savages' and may be unpractical since it unfits them to compete with our material force, represents the vestiges of a primordial state of metaphysical understanding, and that if the savage himself is, generally speaking, no longer a comprehensor of his own 'divine inheritance', this ignorance on his part is no more shameful than ours who do not recognise the intrinsic nature of his 'lore' and understand it no better than he does. We do not say that the modern 'savage' exemplifies the 'primordial state' itself, but that his beliefs, and the whole content of folklore, bear witness to such a state."

As the great American scholar John Ellerton Lodge has said: "From the stone age until now — quelle dégringolade [what a degeneration]".

In short, modern scholarship, often to its own surprise and consternation, finds itself continually making discoveries that undermine the evolutionist prejudices with which it approaches its task, and confirm again and again the wisdom handed down from the earliest times: that Primordial Maid represented not a lower, but an immeasurably higher state of humanity and that her increasing involvement with the world of matter, the progressive 'consolidation' of herself and her environment, while leading to ever greater

developments on the horizontal plane — from language to art, from art to cities — was bought at the cost of a steady decline on the highest plane of all: that of pure Intellect and spiritual vision.

But let us recall that in these relatively early times — let us say, the period of maid fully acclimatised on earth in the first Silver-Age cities — we are still speaking of a state of spiritual refinement, of subtlety and beauty almost inconceivable from our position toward the dark end of the historical cycle. The life of maid, as all traditions agree, was much longer than the hundred years or less enjoyed by the people of the Iron Age, and her wisdom, though descended from its primordial pinnacle was yet majestic. Her vision, while now fixed upon 'things' rather than the Principle, was far subtler than ours, seeing always, though at an ever lower level, the immaterial essences behind material manifestation. Much of what later ages achieved by material force, she accomplished by subtle means which a later age might call 'magic'; and the essential harmony of her being with nature as a whole (being at one with the essence behind it) allowed her to live with but minimal "struggle for existence" and great concentration upon the higher things.

What might strike a modern visitor most about life in these early times would be its beauty — especially if she were enabled, as the people of those times were, to see the subtle forms as well as the outward physical shell of such a civilisation. Beauty has always been considered primarily a feminine quality, and as the patriarchal age progressed has been more and more relegated to the position of an inessential and trivial part of life: increasingly the first thing to be sacrificed when 'serious' practical or economic considerations conflicted with it, yet, until very recently, preserved carefully and at times fiercely by the female sex, in her surroundings, her home and her personal appearance.

Plato, so often the spokesman for the traditional consciousness to the early patriarchal West, by no means thought beauty trivial or unimportant. He used to *kalon* — the Beautiful — as a term for the Absolute, expounding the primordial knowledge that all earthly beauty is such only because it participates in the absolute Beauty of the Divine. Beauty is not, as the modern dogma would have it, a mere subjective product of the human

brain, but a universal quality that predates the very existence of earthly humanity.

Beauty is the mark of Essence or Form. Only insofar as the Essences or Archetypes are imperfectly reflected in matter can there ever be ugliness in this world, and above this material world, ugliness cannot exist. To make life beautiful is to bring it into conformity with its spiritual Source.

Thus the first ages, just as they were ages of femininity, were also ages of beauty; while, as the feminine orientation of civilisation diminished, its beauty diminished likewise. The patriarchal ages were in many respects ugly, though almost always they retained a reverence for beauty. Only after the seventeenth-century 'Enlightenment' do we begin to see beauty formally written off as a matter of no serious importance, and not until the twentieth century itself do we see a cult of deliberate ugliness manifest itself in human life — an ultra-masculine sensibility which actually prefers the deformed, the lopsided, the odd and the low to things high and noble and fair of aspect. In the early part of the century this perversion was confined to certain distorted 'intellectuals', but after the cultural Eclipse of the 1960s it increasingly invaded the everyday sensibility of the entire culture until the point when (to take one highly significant example) a large proportion of late-twentieth-century women deliberately dressed in a manner that was as unkempt, drab and masculine as possible, and human culture had reached the complete inversion of the Golden Age.

Woman had capitulated and accepted completely the masculine scale of values against which she had for so long been the bulwark and the 'reminder' of a higher mode of being. She was now at the furthest remove from the feminine majesty of Primordial Maid.



The Forces of Darkness

What exactly are the Forces of Darkness?

This is a question that goes very deep indeed. Every tradition has always taught about the “Adversary” – the force or forces that oppose goodness and light. In the Scriptures we have the Snake of the Creation (who opposes Creation itself and wants all to be darkness and nothingness) and the Dark Queen of the Mythos of God the Daughter, who sends her minions to torment the Daughter and finally slays Her.

Sai Vikhē is one of the Seven Primary Powers, because conflict is an inevitable part of manifest existence. Metaphysically, it is the constant tension between the four material elements that prevents them from resolving back into the primal element of Aethyr.

Each one of us has a true self and a false self. We all have bad tendencies that we must combat as well as a pure and perfect nature to which we can aspire (the little angel and devil on the shoulder is a humorous depiction of something that isn't too far from the truth).

This is the overall cosmic perspective. But on a lower level – in certain places, like Telluria – there is also a conflict between the primal Feminine and the forces of an unrestrained Masculine (in other worlds the masculine does not exist and the conflict may take different forms). This certainly does not mean that “men are bad”. Men may be on the side of light. However, our particular mission is one that only maids can effect.

In Telluria the unbalanced rise of the masculine principle has taken the form of excessive materiality, violence, and human conflict. The masculine principle has to do with consolidation and matter, and also with conflict and combat. These are not necessarily bad things in themselves (we are in combat with the forces of darkness, and that is the true “Holy War” intended for maid). But when being able to manage material existence ends in a belief that matter is “all there is” and when combat is turned against humans rather than dark forces, it becomes unbalanced and dangerous.

Now all this is part of a greater cosmic conflict between light and darkness, and the Motherland's role in Telluria does not directly concern Telluria itself, but a greater cosmic balance in which Telluria (but not only Telluria) is playing an unbalancing role.

That – in strategic terms – is why Operation Bridgehead was needed in Telluria and why Aristasians have been sent to work here. Our work takes place on a spiritual level. We are certainly not here to fight the Tellurians, but our work does bring us into direct conflict with some of the darker forces of Telluria.

It is important to recall that, despite the Tellurian doctrine that the material plane is the only one, actually the material plane is not only one of many but also one of the lowest. What happens on the material plane is always a reflection of what is happening on other planes.

The Tellurians themselves have no idea who we are or what we are doing, and even if we tell them they (fortunately) cannot understand. On the other hand the guiding “demons” of the patriarchal-materialist revolution do recognize us and want to stop us.

There are two conditions in which they typically appear:

- When we are making good forward progress and they want to disrupt it.
- When they see a weakness that they can exploit.

The first of these is the most frequent, and indeed we often see attacks by the Forces of Darkness as a sign that we are doing well! They often seem to “panic” when we are making good progress and launch all sorts of assaults on us.

That is one way of defending against them – realizing that their attacks are actually accolades. They show we are making headway. This is important because the intention is often to demoralize us, or knock us off course. So it is important to take strength from an attack, and to know it is usually a sign we are on the right course.

The second case is when we are weak or unwell, or when a particular person has bad qualities (jealousy, anger, resentment etc.) that can be exploited. The Forces of Darkness are opportunists and will jump in where they see an opening has been left for them. They love to use our less admirable qualities against us and against our friends.

The best defenses against them are:

- Prayer and trust in Dea.
- Friendship of sister believers. One thing they will often attempt to do is isolate us. Encourage us to “go into our shell” and not

communicate with our sisters. If they can find ways of isolating us, we are much more vulnerable.

- Laughter. They hate being laughed at. Darkness can never really overcome the light, although they can hurt us and inconvenience us. In the end their power is all a big bluff. Calling that bluff is what they fear most. In this case laughter is a far distant echo of the laughter of the Mother that created the world. It is a peal of joy about the power of Light and against the sheer absurdity (in the end) of the minions of evil.

Some important things to realize about the Forces of Darkness:

- They are forcefully drawn to light, almost like moths. The fact that we turn to Dea and the fact that we make good progress are both elements that seem to attract them.
- They feed on light, as they have none and wish to destroy it out of hate and jealousy.
- They are very persistent. They will try over and over using different approaches to try and hurt a maid. If deflected in one area, they will try to find another weak spot. We can win by standing firm. They will win some rounds inevitably, but if we stay firm in our faith and resolution they will not win overall. Their whole purpose is to shake our resolution and turn us away from the light. That way they could win if we allow it.
- They have many agents through which they do their work. Some poor souls may not even know they are being used. In the Pit culture there is a very considerable streak of embracing darkness which allows certain individuals to be used quite easily. People can sometimes be used without necessarily being full-time agents of darkness. Their weaknesses can be exploited on particular occasions for particular purposes. Tellurians have become especially vulnerable to this, because unlike more

traditional people they are mostly unaware of spiritual forces, good or bad, and take no precautions.

- Vigilance is needed in dealing with them. It is necessary to remain watchful of their influence and presence and take measures to counteract their attacks as soon as they become apparent . Being aware of our spiritual surroundings is important for protecting ourselves.

A Suggestion from Miss Trent on how to deal with Forces of Darkness:

A thought on how to turn the personal attacks around. If your own bad qualities are triggered or hooked by some person or event, say envy or unpleasant thoughts about someone, one can think, Aha! my weakness is being exploited, but I will take it as a sign that I need to work on this, or be humble about that, as the case may be. Then the Fs of D are defeated because you have turned towards the Light.

Appendix



The 2004 Miss Martindale's Letter to Fans

This letter was written in 2004 to the Weekend At Miss Martindale's fan group on Yahoo Groups.

I should like to thank you all for the kind attention you have given to the documentary made eight years ago.

Many things have changed for me over those years, and as you will know, I am not so actively involved in the day-to-day work of Aristasia.

Other people are now doing much of that work, and even using the name "Miss Martindale" with my full blessing. The name was never the property of an individual, but the title of a function. That is one reason why I refused to answer personal questions. While I brought my own particular style to the role none of us have ever felt that it is the individual who matters.

Our job, now as then, is to bring a message to the world: a message of truth and dignity; goodness and kindness; solid traditional value.

As you have said, the changes in the "Pit" over the last eight years (and I can't say I have noticed many - it is still the same old Pit, just taking things ever nearer to their logical conclusion of complete collapse) make the message we have always brought more relevant than ever.

As for gentlemen. Of course I hope that they will find ways of seceding from the Pit. Aristasia is a feminine way, but there must be other possibilities. Part of the purpose of writing for magazines like The Chap is to help pave the way for such developments; as well, of course, of helping new girls to find Aristasia.

The Pit may seem to be all-pervasive. It controls people by what they see, what they wear, what they think. Most people are fundamentally sound, but they give way before the onslaught; not in all areas but in some areas.

But to deny the Pit control over yourself, you just have to say “no” and you have struck a blow, have driven the enemy back a few feet. The Pit shall not control your life, your clothes, your speech. And since its aim is to control everyone, each person, each family, each couple who makes this decision pushes the Pit a little further from its goal of total dominance.

These are early days, but very slowly the spirit is growing. Aristasians are getting together and saying “no”. Other people may begin to do the same.

I look forward to the day when people begin to realise that the way we dress, the way we speak, the way we conduct ourselves are the things that matter. They are the battleground where we shall make our stand, which up till now has been overrun by the Enemy and his mass-media.

I look forward to the day when people become sufficiently conscious of what is happening to look at anyone in T-shirts or tracksuit bottoms and say:

Don't you know there's a war on?

Miss M. Martindale

The Three Gunas in History

A Chapter from The Feminine Universe

IN CONSIDERING the three types of society mentioned toward the end of our last chapter, it will be instructive to bear in mind the Hindu doctrine of the three *gunas* or cosmic tendencies.

This important aspect of traditional science has been preserved in its most explicit form to the present day in the Indian branch of Tradition.

The three gunas exist at every level throughout cosmic existence, and may be seen at work in all beings and phenomena.

The three gunas comprise: *Sattwa*, the *upward* tendency, which is conformity to the pure essence of being — light, knowledge and purity; *Rajas*, the *outward* tendency, which constitutes the natural urge to expansion on any given plane of being; and *Tamas*, the *downward* tendency, which is darkness or ignorance. From the human point of view, Sattwa is that tendency which leads us to higher spiritual states, above our earthly, human condition; Rajas is that which urges us to expansion on the worldly and human plane, while Tamas is that tendency which leads toward states below the human.*

We may readily see that the *Traditional* mode of society is oriented to states above the human and earthly. Every aspect of the life of a Traditional Society is lived in the light of Heaven. Its art, as we have seen, strives to depict not the earthly shadows of things, but the celestial Archetypes that lie behind them. Its crafts are not mere means to the manufacture of physical commodities, but each craft is a spiritual path, each operation performed in accordance with a sacred symbolism. This is why the factory system and the ‘industrial revolution’ could not happen until the traditional form of society had disintegrated — not because earlier civilisations ‘lacked the intelligence’ to bring about such innovations, but precisely because they were *too* intelligent to attempt them. They realised that such changes, while they might bring benefits on the purely material level, would destroy the deeper purpose of the human crafts, both for the producer and the consumer. For the producer, as we have said, the craft was a spiritual path into which she

was initiated — and this was true in Europe until the destruction of the guild system at the time of the Renaissance. Not for nothing were the techniques of a craft called its ‘mysteries’. For the consumer, on the other hand, whether the object be a decorated clay pot, a bridge, a chariot, a house or a garment, the symbolism of its construction and decoration was also a support for contemplation, constantly leading her heart upward beyond the confines of the purely material. Traditional manufacture had as its object “to serve body and soul together”.

Similar comments could be made regarding every aspect of the life of a Traditional Society, which thus is directed primarily by Sattwa, the upward tendency.

When we come to the *Normal*** or Rajasic, form of society which followed upon the break-up of the integral spirituality of Traditional civilisation, we see a social order directed almost exclusively to the aims and purposes of this world. It is true that ‘religion’ continues to be followed by most people, but the very concept of ‘religion’ in the modern sense is new. It refers to a particular and specialised department of life which is the only one now specifically oriented toward things beyond this world and beyond the human state. Everything that is not ‘religion’ is now wholly mundane.

In many respects the Normal Society allows for expansion in areas wherein it was not possible before. As we have said, the industrial revolution with its attendant development of ‘technology’ becomes possible only in a Normal Society, as does the unfolding of a purely material ‘science’. And, as we have discussed in an earlier chapter, many things become possible in the sphere of the arts now that it is no longer oriented toward things that transcend this world. The purely human and physical plane, now seen as the sole sphere of artistic endeavour, may be explored and developed in ways that were not possible to an upward-directed people, and the tremendous outward thrust of such a society is the most notable characteristic of the Renaissance period — one thinks of the Elizabethan era in England — and continues to be the guiding principle throughout the Victorian Era and in the Great American Century, which we would elate from the Civil War to the early 1960s.

Since earthly things are a reflection of Heavenly things, the Normal Society, directed by earthly, Rajasic tendencies, is by no means devoid of a spiritual dimension. Its great art often has a spiritual quality, though always even

when it is 'religious' art at second-hand rather than in the directly spiritual manner of the arts of Traditional civilisations. The pursuit of beauty, in whatever form, can never be other than the pursuit of the absolute Beauty of the Divine for there is ultimately no other source of beauty. The love and development of all the good things of human life: the family, the home, the bonds of love, all these are things that reflect the Heavenly order. In many respects, the Normal Society, though limited and unambitious from a spiritual point of view, continues to tread, at least in shadow-form, the Way of Heaven. It makes possible the realisation of many of the lower and more material possibilities of the Historical Cycle, and thus is doing what is necessary; and in many respects. doing it well. This is the nature of a society directed by the outward tendency of Rajas.

What then should we expect of a society directed by the downward tendency of Tamas? Surely it would invert all those aspects of the Rajasic or Normal Society that still point upwards and partake of Sattwa. Its art will no longer seek to embody beauty and harmony, but will deliberately conform itself to whatever is ugly, misshapen and grotesque. In dress, rather than seeking to be neat and attractive, people will prefer to be sloppy unkempt or ridiculous in appearance. Rather than the highest elements of society setting the tone and being emulated by every one else, the tone will be set by the lowest classes, other people increasingly coming to speak and act like them, Rather than attempting to support and maintain family life and personal loyalty,. the propaganda of a Tamasic or Inverted Society will deliberately seek to break down the family, promoting a cult of 'personal independence' which cuts each soul off from those about her in an atmosphere of mutual distrust: each one is isolated in the prison of induced selfishness.

These are the things we should expect of a Tamasic society, oriented to darkness and seeking neither to raise us above the human state (as does a Sattwic or Traditional Society) or to develop to the full a healthy human normality (as does the Rajasic or Normal Society); but seeking in every way to drag human life down toward the infra-human— toward the grotesque arid the monstrous, the miserable, the isolated and the vainly-grasping: toward the character of the demonic realms depicted in the lore of every traditional civilisation.

These are the things we should expect, and these are the things we find in the Inverted civilisation that has developed since the Eclipse or 'social revolution' of the 1960s.

Needless to say, we are not unaware that many of these manifestations were in evidence before the 1960s — the pursuit of the grotesque and 'shocking' in art, for example, was developed in certain circles early in the 20th century—but these earlier manifestations were of strictly limited influence. What is important in the 1960s is that they became increasingly general and rapidly displaced the normal and healthy instincts of society as a whole. Beatniks may have dressed like ludicrous monstrosities in the 1950s, but within a decade or two after the Eclipse, ordinary people, including grandmothers, were doing so.

It is also interesting to note that, in the Rajasic or Normal Society, looking at things purely in its own terms, we may see many signs of a continuous material 'progress'. Education becomes increasingly widespread and effective. Adult literacy is virtually total, except among the ineducable, and we may chart its rise and spread from the late 19th century through to the 1950s.

Crime and violence drop off dramatically in normal conditions. In the late Victorian era murders took place daily in London. By the 1950s the national murder rate for a whole year was in low double figures.

In the 1950s the sight of a beggar in the streets of England was virtually unknown and would have seemed a strange throwback to the Victorian era.

It is true that many of these evidences of 'progress' were in fact merely the elimination of evils created by other Rajasic 'progresses' such as the Industrial Revolution with its attendant development of a large, depressed urban proletariat. Nonetheless, by the standards of a purely Rajasic, materially-oriented society, things were getting better and better. The benefits of Rajasic industrialism were being increased while its evils were being eliminated, and an observer in the 1950s might reasonably have expected, as most people did, that all these tendencies would continue in the same direction, and that society would become happier, more peaceful and better educated as time went on.

It is now very clear that such was not the case, and that most of the rising curves on the social progress-graphs of the 1950s turned suddenly and sharply in the opposite direction in the 1960s and continued downward for the ensuing decades.

By the 1990s, adult illiteracy was widespread, and even among the 'educated' section of society, University lecturers freely admit that the average undergraduate cannot spell, knows very little grammar and in general is rather less capable of expressing herself on paper than the average shop-girl in the 1950s. Most people of humble birth are back to the state of literacy that would have been theirs in the Victorian era. Violent crime, of course, has soared since the Eclipse. Murder, which was a rarity in the 1950s, has returned to late-Victorian levels and is rapidly escalating far beyond them. Beggary has returned to the streets.

In short, much of the progress of the later stages of the Rajasic or Normal Society has been destroyed by the Tamasic or Inverted Society. But, of course, it is not true to say that the Victorian era has returned, for while many of the evils of that era may be returning, none of its good qualities are; and whatever may be the outward social losses of the post-Eclipse period, they are as nothing compared to the impoverishment of soul; the loss of human loyalties and human dignity; the eradication of beauty and innocence from every department of human existence; the destruction, in sum, of all the things that make life meaningful and worthwhile.

It is important to note that the periods of time occupied by the three types of civilisation are very much incommensurate in length — much more so even than the four great Ages of the Historical Cycle, for the Traditional Society occupies almost all of the Historical Cycle, with the Normal Society only appearing briefly at the end, and the Inverted Society still more brief.

It is not, in fact, quite as simple as this. Normal Societies — that is outwardly-directed Rajasic societies which have lost sight of the true upward aim of life — have existed at other periods of history, Ancient Rome is one example, although the Classical world was by no means so purely this-worldly and lacking in metaphysical underpinning as the post-'Enlightenment' period of the modern West. There have also been

earlier eras in which the worldly direction of a Rajasic period would tend toward the psychic rather than the material domain, giving an excessive importance to sorcery (much more effective in less ‘consolidated’ periods of history) much as the modern world gives an excessive importance to ‘technology’ — and perhaps such phases of civilisation made possible the realisation of certain ‘lesser fruits’ of the Historical Cycle proper to their own time, even as the Normal Society recently deceased in the West has done in ours.

It is possible even that these ancient Rajasic eras tailed off into brief periods of Tamasic degeneration akin in some respects to the post-Eclipse period of our own time. One thinks, for example of the madness and degeneracy of late Rome with its carnivals of slaughter and cruelty in the arena; and one cannot but be struck by a horrifying parallel in the increasingly explicit, near-pornographic depiction of violence, not only in fictional films but in television newsreels in the post-Eclipse world. It seems that at a certain stage in a Tamasic period, the thirst for death, carnage and suffering as a public spectacle inevitably makes itself felt and demands satisfaction.

Nonetheless, Rajasic periods are to some extent aberrations within the normal course of the Historical Cycle, occupying, even when all are aggregated, a very small portion of the whole. Tamasic periods, being times of utter degeneration, and having no legitimate principle of existence whatever, necessarily represent a very much tinier proportion of the whole. By their very chaotic and unstable nature, they cannot be more than the very briefest of interludes historically speaking.

Traditional, Sattwic societies are the historical norm, and the end of such Rajasic or Rajasic-Tamasic interludes as we have been discussing is generally a new revelation of Truth, or a new adaptation of an existing tradition to the consolidated conditions of a new era. One thinks of the Christian revelation coming at the end of the Classical period.

It is also to be noted that all three gunas are necessarily present in all worldly things. Even the Sattwic perfection of the Golden Age must have had some admixture of Rajas and Tamas, and as time goes on and the World becomes ever more ‘consolidated’, Rajasic and Tamasic elements become increasingly prominent. The patriarchal revolution of the early Iron Age [meaning the Kali Yuga: not the archaeological usage of this term — *Editress*]

is one result of this tendency, which obviously had become very marked by such a late stage of the Cycle.

Now similarly, we may divide the history of femininity into three stages, corresponding to the three gunas. These stages do not directly coincide with the three discussed above, except that the last, Tamasic, stage also begins with the Eclipse. The first, and by far the longest, is the Sattwic stage of femininity, or what is called the ‘matriarchal’ period. This lasts for the whole of the first three Ages and for a small part of the Iron Age — in other words, for more than nine-tenths of the historical cycle. This is the period in which femininity is recognised as the highest principle both on earth and in the higher realms: as that principle which leads beyond this world to the higher levels of being. All evidence points toward the universality of the feminine principle in human art, society and worship. Whether women were the material rulers of civilisation we cannot say for certain. The ingrained prejudice of a masculine-dominated society reacts strongly against such an idea; but there is no reason why it should not have been so, and since in all known traditional societies there was a strong analogy between the earthly monarch and the Heavenly power, it seems overwhelmingly likely that such was the case.

Whether it was or not is, however, of relatively small importance. What is vital is the fact that femininity and the feminine image was clearly the supreme and governing *principle* of this vast period of human history — throughout the Golden Age, longest of the Ages, when human spirituality and intellectuality were at their highest; throughout the long decline of the Ages of Silver and Bronze — still periods immeasurably superior to our own, and even into the early years of the Iron Age itself. Femininity is the natural ideal of human civilisation. Only by a very late revolution in the last, shortest and most inferior Age did the cult of superiority of the masculine become established.

A typical comment of the modern mind upon ‘matriarchy’ is to say that it must only have been patriarchy the other way round, But such is very far from being the case. As we shall see in a later chapter, femininity has very definite characteristics that are a part of the metaphysical nature of things. To say, for example, that if men are considered the active, forceful, even

violent sex under patriarchy, women must have been considered the same way under matriarchy, is founded on a complete misunderstanding of the nature of femininity, both in its metaphysical essence and in its biological reflection on earth.

In a 'matriarchal' or we had rather say, a feminine society, women as the leading and most revered sex, are revered precisely for their feminine qualities, which do not change whether in feminine or masculine societies. They are always the 'passive' sex in the sense of being the one less oriented to outward activity, and in this, in feminine societies, they are assimilated to the Principle itself, which causes motion without itself moving. This is not to say that women did nothing, either in feminine or patriarchal societies, but that symbolically the qualities of serenity, peace and contemplation are considered superior to dynamic outward activity, Or rather, the latter is said to depend upon and be always subordinate to the former.

This, indeed, is understood even in patriarchal societies, where, for example, in the Hindu Tantrik tradition the male principle (the god or deva) is considered to be the superior and therefore the serene, unmoving principle, while his female counterpart (or shakti) is his outward activity or energy. This is rather curious according to most later patriarchal thinking about the nature of femininity, just as it was to matriarchal thinking. But the reversal was necessary in order to preserve metaphysical truth and patriarchal doctrine at the same time. In Tibet, which remains closer to the original matriarchal tradition (polyandry was until recently practised there), the position is reversed — that is to say, normal — and the serene Deity is female while her shakti or outward energy is male. Similarly, in Tibet, in the case of the complementary principles of Wisdom and Method — representing the Essential or Spiritual principle and the substantial or material respectively — Wisdom is female and Method male.

The Hindu Tantrik tradition notwithstanding, in general patriarchy has not attempted to alter the relative qualities of masculinity and femininity. Rather it has re-valued them in metaphysical terms, associating feminine serenity with the passivity of matter and male activity with the relatively 'active' power of the in-forming Spirit or Essence. And, insofar as patriarchy is a legitimate tradition, albeit one belonging purely to the inferior state of

the Iron Age, this can be accepted as one of the permissible permutations of the expression of Truth.

Nonetheless, throughout the patriarchal period, the feminine continually shines through in its true glory, despite all ideological opposition. From the great Goddesses of various traditions, who so often overwhelm their appointed Gods in the hearts and souls of the people, to the Blessed Virgin Mary who rapidly adopts the titles of supreme Deity — Seat of Wisdom, Rose of the World, Queen of Heaven.

The worship of femininity breaks through again and again — in the chivalry of the Middle Ages, so ignorantly dismissed by modern people as a “subterfuge for the suppression of women” (as if such subterfuges were in any way necessary!) but which was in fact nothing short of a spiritual cult of the feminine image.

This, then, was the second, or Rajasic age of femininity; much shorter than the first or Sattwic age. Instead of being exalted, as in the Sattwic age, femininity is pulled this way and that; sometimes vilified, sometimes revered, but always recognised for what it is, always kept alive by the very nature of woman herself and by the inherent beauty and divinity of the feminine principle.

Once again we must ask, since we understand the Sattwic and the Rajasic ages of femininity, what should we expect to occur in its Tamasic age? Surely we should expect the eclipse of femininity itself — the banishment of the feminine principle from the earth as far as such a thing is possible. In the Sattwic age femininity was exalted; in the Rajasic age it is buffeted this way and that, but remains always essentially itself. In the Tamasic age it must be darkened, obscured, and even destroyed.

And what do we see after the Eclipse of the 1960s? Precisely that. Femininity is not only trivialised and despised, but its very existence is denied. According to the ‘official’ dogma of the post-Eclipse world, femininity is nothing but the product of ‘social conditioning’. It is something to be thrown off by modern women as a vestige of a superstitious past. Women are trained to think like men, talk like men, act like men and dress like men; to have the same ambitions and exteriorist preoccupations. They are trained to regard femininity as weakness, and conformity to the masculine model as

‘liberation’. They are trained to regard masculine values as right and normal and feminine values as something to be avoided; something — most ironic of all absurdities! — invented by men for their oppression.

The post-Eclipse world has seen, in a few short decades, the ultimate triumph of patriarchy; something not dreamed of by the ultra-patriarchal ancient Athenians or by any of the most extreme masculinists of history. The post-Eclipse world has seen the complete destruction of femininity and its extirpation from the one place that would have seemed its safest haven and ultimate sanctuary — from the soul of woman herself.

And for the first time in history, we inhabit a world where femininity is dead; a harsh, barren totally-masculine world.

* This can best be understood in the light of the ancient cosmic symbolism of the Cross, found in all cultures. “The upright beam of the cross is the World-Axis or Divine Thread which links all worlds. The horizontal beam represents a particular world-system or plane of being. Maid is the Axial creature of our world-system. Thus, while animals, fairies and other beings exist purely on the horizontal level, maid, being on the Axis, has the power of choice and may also move either upward or downward, transcending her earthly state or falling below it. Thus, while the three gunas operate in all creatures as part of the mechanism of manifestation, in the activities of maid they may also have a special and more fateful significance. It is this that we are considering throughout the course of this chapter. The reader should also note that wherever the terms vertical and horizontal are used throughout this book, they are used with reference to this symbolism: for the World Axis is also the Beam of the Light of Essence which strikes and in-forms the horizontal plane of material manifestation.

** By Normal, it is clear that the authoress does not mean “In accordance with the Celestial Norm” or even the true Human Norm, either of which would imply Primordality, but the establishment of a this-worldly human “norm” as opposed to the *abnormality* of a Tamasic society. Here “normal” refers to a set of values that would ordinarily be virtually tautologies — such as that beauty is preferable to ugliness, goodness preferable to badness, order preferable to chaos, the high superior to the low and so forth. Such statements are simply normal as opposed to abnormal, and it is in this sense that the Rajasic society is termed “Normal” — Editress

Origins of the Filianic Scriptures

An interview with one of the first Filianists.

Q. You were there at the very beginning of Filianism, or Madrianism as it was then called?

A. Yes, that is correct.

Q. What name did you use?

A. Sister Julia. A lot of early articles appeared under that name.

Q. Probably the most fundamental question any one interested will ask is: Where did the Filianic Scriptures come from?

A. They were written in the 1970s, mostly in Oxford over a period of a few years.

Q. Do you know this for certain?

A. Yes.

Q. How?

A. I was heavily involved in the writing of them.

Q. You wrote some or all of them?

A. Yes.

Q. Was this channeling?

A. If channeling means deep trance states or voices from above, then no. They were written quite consciously. They often have clear and intentional influences from traditional sources. Some – possibly all – were written in a

very slightly altered state of consciousness. However this may be no more than is common in intensive creative writing.

Q. So you rule out any supernatural influence?

A. I do not feel I am in a position to either claim it or to rule it out. Even if I did, my opinion is nothing more than my opinion.

Q. Were any drugs involved?

A. Absolutely not.

Q. Were any fabricated origins claimed at the time?

A. Yes. It was claimed that there were secret communities in Britain that had carried the tradition down the centuries from pre-patriarchal times. Those claims were quietly dropped later. I don't think many people have even heard of them these days, fortunately.

Q. Why were such claims made?

A. To give some sense of background and tradition to the Faith. It was a foolish thing to do but sometimes one does foolish things.

Q. Was this done in a cynical way? Were you trying to deceive people?

A. On a purely factual level, of course it was a deception. It wasn't in any way cynical or ill-intended.

For my part I had done a quite a bit of reading around ancient and modern religious traditions. It seemed that there had been many occasions when texts were attributed to great teachers etc. without having been objectively written by them. I don't think this sort of thing was "fraud" in the sense that modern people would see it as being, with their heavy emphasis on things like individual authorship. It would mostly have been a matter of declaring one's filiation to that tradition and a belief that one's own individual

authorship was of no importance. That is hard for the modern mind to accept, but it was the kind of thinking behind these claims.

We were aware that we had no living tradition. We believed, or hoped, that we were representing something not too unlike – or at least a rendition for the modern mind of – a feminine spiritual tradition that we postulated to have existed in the past.

The Adventure of the Crystal Staff

A piece of often-shared Aristasian fiction, a detective story set in an all-feminine world.

The great bell struck the quarter-hour. Fifteen minutes to tea-time. Annalinde was the name of the bell, although many people assumed it to be the name of the clock on the tallest spire of Queen Mayanna House. Dear old Annalinde. Lady Carleon loved her, as she loved every inch of the beautiful college.

She sat in her deep leather armchair and watched two Glides (as the Q.M. maidservants were called) setting out plates of small delicate sandwiches and a fine coffee and walnut cake. The chrome Art-Neo tea-kettle was placed by the little chrome flame-boiler and a stone pitcher of water placed by the side of the table. Lady Carleon herself would make the tea in the traditional manner. In other parts of Trent the servants might have made the tea, but this was too near the Novari border for such untraditional behaviour.

Every day at four, when she was residing in College, Lady Carleon had tea. It was a small tea – not sufficient to spoil dinner – but very charming. Her lovely eggshell-china cups from Tokoranji; the tea itself, imported specially from Chen Avitsene; the wonderful bakery items from the little shop in town run by a baxter-mistress from Ladyton and delivered to her rooms each day; and above all the splendid conversation, all went to make Lady Carleon's afternoon teas an event to which an invitation might have been a coveted honour. But in fact the invitation was completely open. Any girl in the College was free to wander in at four o'clock and partake of tea.

In actuality, it was not quite so simple. So little is in Trent. It was an unwritten rule that a girl should attend no more than once in a term unless she was invited back. Lady Carleon, of course, would always say some such thing as "I hope that you will honour us again with your presence." Less would have been ungracious; but this meant no more than that the girl might attend next term. Something more explicit like "I do hope we may have the pleasure of seeing you next week" conveyed an invitation to come sooner. Sometimes a specific day would be mentioned, for Lady Carleon

had “particular days” – days when girls of an especial type or area of interest were brought together so that the tea would have – not anything so vulgar as a theme — but a certain tint. Tint seems the proper word to apply to these gatherings. Dinner in the great panelled Dining Hall had conversation that was clever and often colourful, but the conversation of tea-time should be in delicate watercolour shades.

Lady Carleon was not an academic. She was in fact a writer who had published a few very fine books, and something of a traveller, especially in the East, and in the far north of Vintesse and Quirinelle, thus terms sometimes went by when she was not in residence at all. Her position at the College was that of a scholar, but this term requires a little further explanation which will be made clearer by an examination of the nature of the college.

Queen Mayanna House is what is known as a Lay College. There are many of them in the West, and the main reason for their existence is the same as the reason for the many Brunettes’ Clubs and in recent times Blondes’ Clubs too as well as small residential hotels and pensions. In times past, and still in the East, when a maid was unmarried (as maids often are in Aristasia since the procreative need is rather smaller for such a long-lived and harm-resistant people) she stayed with her extended family or, if she were a magdalin, with the mistress to whom she was apprenticed. In the West, with the decline – though by no means death – of the guild- and apprentice-system and with so many of the more modern type of unmarried girl preferring to place some distance between themselves and their families, new places grew up in which such a girl might live.

To take a flat alone is not unheard of, but it is very rare. Aristasians have been rather disrespectfully described as pack-animals and it is true that individualism of the late-schizomorph kind has made little headway in the Motherland. Even if they move away from some of the more traditional ways of life, Aristasians require an in-group in which to live and move and have their being.

The Clubs create one such group. They often have particular activities associated with them such as fencing or poetry, and they may meet other

like-minded clubs for contests, exchanges of ideas or joint exhibitions of work. Another is created by the Lay-Colleges, some of which have filial ties to the great Universities, others of which are simply small private establishments. As they are primarily living places, their courses of compulsory study are often small. Queen Mayanna House simply requires one essay or major poem per year as a condition of membership: but these essays and poems have often taken their place among the most admired literature in the Western World, for the Annual Opus (as it is called) stimulates the best efforts of some of the finest minds in Trent and Novaria.

Queen Mayanna is a daughter-house of Goldcrest College, Milchford University, and nearly all its members are Old Goldcrestiennes. This gives the college a somewhat cosmopolitan character as girls from all over the Western Empire, and some from the East go up to Milchford, and a few of them move on afterwards to Queen Mayanna House; so while the College has a largely South-Trentish and West-Novarian character, it does contain girls from many different lands. Lady Carleon herself was a Chelvertonian from Quirinelle who had every intention of moving back into Leontine Place, the family seat, when she came into her inheritance, or perhaps even taking up residence in the town-house in Chelverton before then. For the present, though, Queen Mayanna House suited her admirably.

A knock came at the door. Achira opened it. Achira was Lady Carleon's own personal maid: a girl from Marenkhe, Novaria. She ushered Miss Verice Ayakhani into the room. Lady Carleon stood up and Miss Ayakhani revered deeply. Lady Carleon made smaller reverence.

“Rayati,” she said. “You honour my poor chambers with the radiance of your youthful presence.”

“Rayati,” Said Miss Ayakhani. “I blush to place my ungainly foot in such a temple of beauty and wisdom.”

Miss Ayakhani was a young daughter of one of the noblest houses in Miralene; a pure Estrenne who spoke the Westrenne dialect more perfectly than many Trintitians* and who might one day become the Archduchess of the Duchy of Miralene.

“Honour me further by taking this chair and drinking some of the poor tea that I shall make.”

“I have taken your tea before this, my lady, and if I were able to make a drink one half so perfect, I should consider myself an accomplished person.”

“Your kindness is too great, as is sometimes the way with generous persons.”

Miss Ayakhani partially hid her face with her fan in a traditional gesture of shyness.

“There will not be many here today,” said Lady Carleon. “It is the High Feast of Rosa Mundi, and many have gone to be with their people.”

“That is true,” said Miss Ayakhani, “the poor college is almost deserted, but how lovely the summer gardens are with only the singing of birds and not the chatter of maidens. It is a charm that has a wistful loneliness, but is no less beautiful for that.”

“You think so too?” said Lady Carleon. “We feel so many things alike.”

“This poor child has learned fine taste from a great lady,” said Miss Ayakhani, hiding her face again.

The two sat talking and sipping tea from the exquisite cups. Achira knelt by her mistress’s chair, assisting the ladies, passing the tiny sandwiches, but never pouring the tea, which was the ritual function of the hostess. Lady Carleon had invited no one specifically today except for this delightful Estrenne, she had felt that Miss Ayakhani might be somewhat lost at the House during the de facto vacation (there are no official vacations at a lay-college, but there are times when the College does become very vacated). She had also been hoping for a chance to know her better and to enjoy her company alone, for she was a girl who receded shyly when others were present.

Another knock came at the door. Lady Carleon sighed inwardly. Today was not to be that opportunity.

Achira opened the door and Lady Carleon and Miss Ayakhani stood. The visitor was an unexpected one. It was Dr. Catrin Meldonshire, the Mistress of Queen Mayanna House. Both girls revered very deeply. Achira fell to her knees and touched her forehead to the floor. At just under forty years of age, Lady Carleon was still a girl in Aristasian terms, and naturally had the appearance of a Tellurian girl in her early twenties. Before the 130-year-old head of the college, both felt very young and small.

“Rayati, ma’am,” they said in unison. Many things are said in unison in Aristasia. Things that are the only thing that can or should be said.

“Rayati, children,” said Dr. Meldonshire. “Please forgive this intrusion upon your charming company.”

“Your presence overwhelms us,” said Lady Carleon. “Such an honour is unknown.” This was almost true. It was more than rare for the Mistress of the College to visit a scholar in her room. “Please have a seat, Ma’am, and please allow me to make fresh tea.”

“Pray do not discompose yourself. I shall drink what is in the pot.”

“No, ma’am. It is bitter now. I must make more.”

“Make more! Make more!” Demanded a high voice. “Tea, tea, tea, tea, teeeeeee!”

“Oh dear,” cried Dr Meldonshire. “Reep-reep has come with me. I am sorry.”

“Please do not apologise, ma’am,” said Lady Carleon. “Reep-reep is most welcome to take tea with us.”

Reep-reep was a chenkireet – a creature something like a long-haired rabbit walking on its hind-legs with little monkey-like hands. She could talk, as

most domesticated chenkireets could, though her understanding of the language was somewhere between that of a parrot and that of a small child.

The Reep-reep incursion had somehow relieved the tension of surprise. Dr. Meldonshire was seated, Achira resumed her place kneeling by her mistress's chair, Miss Ayakhani was ushered to a new chair (Dr Meldonshire now taking the seat of honour) and Reep-reep knelt by her mistress's chair in imitation of Achira.

"Please forgive me if I come directly to the point," said Dr Meldonshire, who was little influenced by Estrenne ways. "Honoured Founders' Day – the great Queen Mayanna Festival – as you know, will begin our new term."

"I look forward to it, ma'am," said Lady Carleon. It will be my first.

"You know that the Crystal Staff of Queen Mayanna is central to the ceremony?"

"Yes, ma'am – the great Constructive Staff with which Honoured Queen Mayanna herself is said to have raised the very rocks on which the College stands into the great central towers."

"That is certainly true. Those towers have no foundations in the ordinary sense. They grow as if organically from the rocks below. Though of course the Staff has no such constructive powers in this late age – certainly not so far west. But it is still regarded as one of the High Treasures of Trintitia."

"I had the honour of seeing it earlier this year, ma'am, when it was on loan to the Centennial Exhibition at Trintitiana. It is truly a beautiful thing – a spiral-patterned staff of pure crystal that seems at times to have a subtle light from within. I have been looking forward to seeing it again at the Queen Mayanna Festival"

"I fear you may not do so, my lady. The Crystal Staff has been stolen."

"Stolen – but how can that be, ma'am?"

“That I do not know. The Staff rests always on its pedestal, in its special chamber, across the hall from my own room. That chamber has no windows and only one door, which is locked at all times, except on the few occasions when the Staff is taken out for ceremonial purposes.”

“A lock can be picked, ma’am.”

“Indeed, but this door is sealed with the seal of Queen Mayanna, presented to the College at its foundation, and also with my own personal seal. Neither was broken when we opened it this morning.”

“How remarkable, ma’am.”

“I thought you might find it so. The question is, can you solve the problem, my lady?”

“I, ma’am—?”

“But of course. It is well known that you have solved several celebrated mysteries.”

“Well, I just happened to be in the right places at the right times and to have had a few inexplicable intuitions. There is nothing really systematic about it, ma’am.”

“You are in the right place at the right time now, my lady. Without the help of one of your inexplicable intuitions, I fear we may have to celebrate Honoured Founders’ Day without the Staff, and there will be no Staff for the Townspeople at the Great Queen Mayanna Festival. A tradition of some eight hundred years’ standing will be broken for the first time.”

“I shall do my best, ma’am. I only hope it will be enough.”

“Thank you so much, my lady. I cannot ask more of you than that.”

“Perhaps you would be so kind as to allow me to examine the room in which the staff was housed, ma’am.”

“By all means. Would you care to come now? Miss Ayakhani, you are most welcome to accompany us if that pleases you.”

“I should be thrilled, ma’am,” said Miss Ayakhani.

They walked down the long oak-panelled corridor and out into the quad. The midsummer heat felt like a solid thing as they left the house, for these Southren houses are built to stay relatively cool. The College had an air of desertion. Many who had not left for their homelands were extending their zitronels – the afternoon sleep that is common especially over the border in Novaria. The extended zitronel at this time of year was often accompanied by a very late night. The College would spring into a very limited version of its usual life at dinner-time and the conversations, word-games, pool-bathing and other diversions would continue long into the night. It was a habit of which the somewhat strait-laced Westrenne College-Mistress had never fully come to approve, and yet she has to agree that it made the best use of the cooler (though still sultry) night-hours.

The white stone of the College glittered in the sunlight; the barley-twist towers, echoes of the Crystal Staff which was said to have fashioned them, soared high into the azure sky “as the soul ascends, like the lark, directly to Dea.” The College was founded at midsummer and was replete with the symbolism of the season of Fire and Rose. It was beautiful at all times of year, but at Midsummer it was at its very best, lit, as it seemed, not only from without by the light in which it was raised from the depths of the earth but from within by the light of its native spirit.

A door opened, and a figure issued into silent quad which enhanced yet further its atmosphere of white, sun-sanctified purity; a figure robed in white from veiled head to white-sandalled feet. It was Matri Carmaline, the College Chaplain.

All three made deep reverence to the Matri who signed her blessing upon them.

“Has the Staff been found, College-mistress?” she asked.

“I regret to say, Matri, that it has not,” replied Dr Meldonshire.

“Have you done as I advised and lit three candles to Sai Mati?”

“Not as yet, Matri.”

“You should do so, my child. Do not underestimate such simple traditions.”

“Matri, with respect, if all who supplicated the Angels in the traditional manner received the boons they asked, there would be but little unhappiness in the whole of the East. None would ever lose a loved one or lack for anything she wanted.” The College-mistress, though devout in her Westrenne way, was the closest thing to a sceptic about the old traditions that one finds in Aristasia.

The old priestess smiled. She was a blonde who was near to her two-hundredth year, yet her face had the childlike clarity of a Votary. Like many of these unworldly old-style Haiela she would doubtless sail serenely into her third century even though few worldly people lived so long.

“The will of the Angels is unsearchable, my child,” she replied. “If it is ordained that the Staff be lost then it shall be lost. If it is ordained that it be found, it shall be found. Yet for all that we do not cease to take action. You will seek the Staff and believe your seeking may have effect. Why, then, not pray for the Staff and believe your praying will have effect? For I tell you that praying and seeking are both nothing; and yet they are both everything.”

“These ancient riddles were made for wiser heads than mine, honoured Matri,” said the College-Mistress. It was a polite dismissal of the priestess’s words, yet a dismissal nonetheless.

“Then pray to Sai Mati and let your head become wiser,” said Matri Carmaline. Only a priestess could have issued such a rebuke to the College-Mistress. It was a neat one, for Sai Mati, who, on a simple folk-level is regarded as the finder of lost things, is also the very Angel of Wisdom herself.

Dr. Meldonshire revered, accepting the rebuke. “I should do so, Matri. I shall do so – some day.”

“No day shines fairer on the soul than this day, my child,” said the priestess, her ancient-yet-childlike eyes smiling kindly.

The College-mistress revered again and, giving her Rayati, passed on. Her small party (including Reep-reep) made deep reverence to the priestess, gave Rayati and passed on also.

They entered the main house and made their way to the High Corridors where the academic staff lived. These people were lay-academics who had a far lighter schedule than the full-time academics at a full University, yet most were engaged in their own research projects. Each could have been – or had been – a full member of the staff of Goldcrest and each was an expert in some particular field of study; Lady Carleon had learned many things on subjects ranging from nether-Estrenne dialects to the history of the child-votaries at the nearby Temple of Sai Candrë at the lectures given in the College’s Great Hall and on the occasions when she had had the honour of being invited to dine as a guest at High Table and take part in the conversation of the Elder Sisters of the College.

They came to a door that looked no different from any of the other large oak doors. Dr Meldonshire unlocked and opened it. Unlike the other rooms, the walls were still bare white rock as they had been on the day the building was raised. The floor was covered in wooden parquetry and in the centre of the room rose a pedestal of the same white rock as the walls, which looked like an organic part of the room.

“The room has not been changed since 2489,” said Dr. Meldonshire.

“So many centuries,” said Lady Carleon almost to herself. She felt somehow trivial and out of place in her black-and-white triangular-collared art-neo jacket and black skirt with white-lined long-triangular darts. Dr Meldonshire, in her classically-styled Trintitiana suit never felt out of place

anywhere. To her the ways of the modern West were the perfect redaction of the primordial tradition.

Lady Carleon walked quietly into the room, looking carefully at all the walls.

“A room is essentially a cube, ma’am,” she mused. “If entry has been made it must have been made through one of its six sides.”

“As you see, my lady,” said the College-Mistress, the walls are fashioned from the solid rock.”

“Yes. And the ceiling too, ma’am?”

“The ceiling too.”

“I see, ma’am. I had wondered if someone might find her way through lath-and-plaster, but hardly through the living rock. And beneath this wooden flooring?”

“Rock again.”

“I thought so, ma’am. No chance of any secret passages or false walls, I suppose.”

“Is it likely, child, that when a great queen raises towers from the solid rock, she will be incorporating secret passages or false walls?”

“Most unlikely, ma’am, and since that time the living rock and this room in particular were regarded as near-sacred. No one is remotely likely to have tampered with them.”

“That is so.”

“There is a slightly musty smell in here. Is that usual, ma’am?”

“Why, you are right my lady. And I do not think it is usual.”

Miss Ayakhani spoke up shyly. “Musty smells are sometimes associated with ghosts and certain sprites, they say, ma’am.”

“Sprites—” repeated Dr Meldonshire. “Really that is not something—and yet this disappearance does seem beyond the power of human agency.”

“Has Reep-reep ever shown an aversion to this room, or an excitement about it, ma’am?”

“Not that I am aware of.”

“Has she at any time in recent weeks shown unusual excitement or agitation with no apparent cause?”

“Not at all. Her moods can be extreme, but they have always been quite normal for a Chenkireet. She has behaved recently just as she always behaves.”

“What about these white stains on the floor?”

“They are very slight – I had hardly noticed them. You could ask Vayashti if you think them important. She is the maidservant with special responsibility for the Staff. She always takes it out and puts it back, polishes it and prepares the room. Normally she would have cleaned any stains in the room, but I suppose she was rather taken aback by this turn of events.”

“A hereditary post I suppose, ma’am?”

“That is correct. The Vayashti are a paxit family. They have been Staff-Wards, I believe, since the beginning.”

“Splendid, ma’am. Are there any other families associated with the staff?”

“Well, the Maybridge family, of course. They were hereditary Mistresses of the College until relatively recently and were the Keepers of the Staff. None of them still lives in Maybridge County now though.”

“Even though they are Countesses of Maybridge?”

“I blush to say that I am not much au fait with the local history. As you know my specialisation is in Modern Letters. You should ask Professor Calvers if you consider any of this relevant to your enquiry. She is an encyclopaedia of local tradition.”

“One never knows, ma’am. One more question and I shall cease to trouble you for now. What is directly above this room?”

“Curiously enough, Professor Calvers herself occupies the rooms above here.”

“I wonder if I might be possible to speak to her, ma’am.”

“It is a shade unorthodox, but in the circumstances you might visit her rooms.” Dr Meldonshire produced one of her own cards, scribbled a few words on the back and gave it to Lady Carleon. “Present this to her. She is certainly in residence and she may well be in her rooms now.”

“You are more than kind, ma’am,” said Lady Carleon, making reverence. “Oh, and just one final tiny point occurs to me. I take it that Vayashti put the Staff back on its pedestal after it returned from Trintitiana.”

“Of course.”

“And you watched her do it.”

“Certainly I did. Then I locked and sealed the door.”

“I take it she wore gloves to handle the staff, ma’am.”

“Of course. It is highly polished. It is necessary to avoid getting finger-marks on it. If I may ask, my lady,” said the College-Mistress, “how do you plan to proceed?”

“I shall have a few words with Professor Calvers, ma’am, just to get a little background information – and then I think I shall light three candles at the shrine of Sai Mati.”



A short time later, Lady Carleon knocked respectfully at Professor Calvers’s door and presented the card with deep reverence.

The Professor was a delightful lady of a hundred and fifty, though she looked not a day older than a hundred. She wore a fine embroidered silk house-robe of traditional design.

“Lady Carleon,” said the professor, returning reverence. “You asked some extremely interesting questions at my recent lecture-course, I seem to recall.”

“Thank you, professor; I found them fascinating.”

“You are more than kind, my lady, and to what do I owe the honour of this visit?”

“The College-Mistress flatters me with the suggestion that I may be of some help in the matter of the Crystal Staff.”

“It is a distressing affair, my lady. And utterly perplexing.”

“It does seem so, ma’am. Would you humour my childish curiosity by answering a few questions?”

“By all means, child. Your questions are always most intelligent, and your reputation as a detective is not unknown to me.”

“You are too kind, ma’am. To begin with, can you think of any possible motive for anyone’s stealing the Staff?”

“I fear not. Apart from the rather obvious matter of physical impossibility, that is the most perplexing aspect of the affair. The Staff is far too famous to have monetary value. It simply could not be sold. There are many people with a great affection and even fascination for the Staff, of course. Some travel here to the Queen Mayanna Festival each year in order to see it, but I cannot think that any of them would wish to remove it from its proper place. After all, its setting in the Great Tower here is an essential part of its value.”

“Could you tell me a little of the history of the Staff? Dr Meldonshire seemed a little reticent on the subject.”

“Reticent,” the professor laughed, a charming silvery laugh that rather surprised Lady Carleon. “Ignorant you mean! Oh, pray forgive me. That was very ad lib*. But really – how a renowned scholar like Dr Meldonshire can be Mistress of this College and care so little for its history is beyond my reasoning, it truly is.

“But the history. You know, of course, how honoured Queen Mayanna raised up the towers by means of the power of the staff. That was not so very unusual in those days as you will be aware, but few of these artefacts remain to us this far west.

“The Towers were originally a Votary-House devoted to Sai Mati and the Rose of the World. As well as raising the House, honoured Queen Mayanna endowed it very richly. The House was devoted to the Path of Light: pure contemplation as well as study of ancient texts. Over the centuries, the work of the Order took on a more academic colouring, though not to the exclusion of contemplation. Then, about the time when the border was drawn between Trent and Novaria, leaving Maybridge on the Trintitian side, some of the more contemplative Sisters left for a sister-house in Novaria, while some of the sisters from that house came here. The reasoning was that the academic and contemplative aspects had gradually grown further apart and that one House would now specialise in each aspect. Within another hundred years, the Order of Sai Mati at Queen Mayanna House began to accept non-votaries as scholars and eventually even as College-Mistresses.

“As you know, the Order was much involved with the founding of Goldcrest College and there had always been ties between the two. Eventually this College became a daughter-house of Goldcrest and ultimately a lay-College as it is now.”

“And what of the Maybridge family, ma’am?”

“The Maybridges were originally part of the western branch of the Vixen Clan. They founded the town here, and when it was renamed Maybridge, in honour of Queen Mayanna, they became the Maybridge family. They were benefactresses of the College and the family had all its daughters educated here. The sisters taught them and the children of a few other prominent local families. The first non-Votary mistresses here were Maybridges and eventually Eglantine Maybridge became the first non-Votary – and therefore, of course, the first Raihira – Mistress of the College. Before long the post became an hereditary one, always held by a Maybridge.”

“So the Maybridges were both Mistresses of the College and Countesses of Maybridge County.”

“Yes. Occasionally the two roles were combined in the same person. Eglantine, the seventh Countess, was perhaps the most famous Mistress we have ever had.”

“Were they all called Eglantine, ma’am?”

“There was at least one Eglantine in each generation and she often became either Mistress or Countess depending on her aptitude.”

“Yet now, ma’am, they are neither Mistresses nor Countesses here.”

“That is so. The family became much reduced. Fewer children for several generations. In the last century young Eglantine left the country and became involved in what they called the ‘wild life’ of Vintesse. When she came into her inheritance she began selling off assets to support her extravagances. The estate was hopelessly mismanaged. She refused her administrative duties because she did not wish to return to what she

considered the dull life of Maybridge. A sweet but very incompetent sister became Countess and the government was, in practice, in the hands of an old Goldcrest friend of hers. Ultimately, with her permission, and that of Lady Eglantine – who really did not care and apparently received some financial consideration – the friend, Melestrine Eveston, became Countess and the Evestons have been Countesses since. They are splendid people who have brought many improvements to Maybridge while remaining wholly sensitive to its traditions.”

“What about the Maybridges, ma’am?”

“Constance Maybridge was Mistress of the College when Lady Eveston became Countess. She was a true devotee of Sai Mati – a throwback to the old half-Haiela days and a close friend of our present Chaplain. She lived to a very great age. She had no children and was the last Maybridge of any consequence to live in the County. When she went to the Jewelled Island, the post of Mistress was offered to a very clever young academic at Goldcrest, Catrin Meldonshire.”

“Are there any surviving Maybridges?”

“Yes, the direct Countess-line is now in Vintesse. The current Eglantine is a birthright-Countess – that is to say, she is not Countess of Maybridge, just Countess Maybridge. She is an academic and a very clever one too. She went up to Milchford, but she attended Sai Mati College, not Goldcrest. An interesting choice don’t you think? A tribute to the family filiation to Sai Mati, but not the family College. I wonder why. Perhaps because she could not afford to keep up with the social life of Goldcrest.

“When she came down from Milchford there was a movement in this College to invite her here as an academic. She was unable to pay the rather steep residency fees. It was suggested – I should be frank and say that I suggested, though I was certainly not alone in the view – that the fees should be waived in view of her family connexion with the College. With her ability, she would quickly have become a Senior and not subject to fees in any case; why not anticipate that? Dr Meldonshire – also not alone – opposed the idea and it was dropped.”

“Where is Lady Maybridge now, ma’am?”

“She founded a College called Nimwë Hall in Southwind, Vintesse. Another lay-College .”

“Like this one?”

“Not at all. A little place for working-girls apparently.”

“It all seems a little unfortunate for the family, ma’am.”

“It is. Most unfortunate. Many families suffer a ‘bad generation’, but usually, if a better generation follows, it can begin restoring things. Sadly, too much was lost during the lapse for that to be possible for the Maybridges.”

“And, if I may ask, ma’am, who is the true Guardian of the Staff?” The question was asked in Lady Carleon’s polite, diffident manner but it had its impact on the professor.

“A deft question, if I may say so, my lady.”

“Oh, not deft, ma’am. I just need to consider every aspect of the situation.”

Professor Calvers smiled and shook her head slightly. There are those – especially in the Town – who hold that the Maybridges are the true Guardians of the Staff. It is even said that if The Maybridge (as they call the head of the Clan) were to call the Staff, it would come to her wherever she was.

“That would account for its uncanny disappearance from a sealed room, wouldn’t it, ma’am?”

“I suppose it would.”

“But the idea had not occurred to you, ma’am?”

“I am not a disbeliever in legends, my lady, and the power the Staff once held is indisputable. Nevertheless the explanation seems unlikely to me.”

“There was a musty smell in the room, ma’am, which is apparently sometimes associated with ghosts and the like.”

“But not with High Magic, my lady.”

“Are these rooms normally damp or musty, ma’am?”

“As you know, the atmosphere here is warm and dry most of the year. If there were any damp it would certainly not be in this season. The rock of this tower is like an impermeable vault. I really do not see how it would become damp.”

“And yet you do not believe that the Staff was, shall we say, spirited away?”

“What about Reep-reep?”

“Yes, ma’am. I had thought of that. Chenkireets react very strongly to anything supernatural. That certainly poses a problem for any such theory.”

“I am sorry not to have been of more assistance, my lady.”

“On the contrary, ma’am, I have found this interview not merely a great pleasure and a profound honour, but also every bit as useful as I had hoped.”

True to her word, Lady Carleon lit three candles at the shrine of Sai Mati in the Great College Chapel, which was also the Temple-Cardinal of Maybridge District. She knelt quietly in the coolth of the high-vaulted place of worship formed from the living rock, thinking over what she had learned and praying for guidance. Ideas moved in her mind and came slowly into place. She was certain of nothing yet, but at least she began to know where to look next.

She went to her rooms and changed, and rang a bell which caused her red convertible Sepharilla to be driven into the main driveway, polished to a glitter in the sunflood, fuelled and ready to go. She drove into town and visited the main taxi office and the railway station. She came home and had

dinner and then she went to the Paxit-Chambers and asked for Vayashti, the Staff-Ward.

Vayashti occupied a room high in the Main Tower, small but very charming with leather armchairs and a curtained-off bed. There were several family photographs and two paintings made long ago of former Staff-Wards. There was a charming shrine to the Mother and another smaller one with a curious fox-like statue.

Vayashti revered deeply. “You honour me greatly, my lady.”

“The honour is mine, Staff-Ward. I fancy your family is more ancient than my own.”

The Staff-Ward invited her in and gave her a traditional Southren wine.

“My family has warded the Staff since the foundation of this great House, my lady.”

“Before the Maybridge Mistresses, then.”

“Indeed, my lady. We were paxit to The High Vixens, who became the Maybridges. The first Maybridge assigned us as Staff-Ward to the Sisterhood of Mati that then ruled this House. When the Maybridge Mistresses began, we returned to the family, uniting service to the Maybridge and to the Staff.”

“And now both are departed.”

“So it would seem, my lady.”

“You must be distressed.”

“I am so, my lady, but I keep faith.”

Lady Carleon made deep reverence to the Vixen-shrine. “A shrine to Shearwind, the fox-yerthing of Sai Nimwë. That is not a thing one sees often these days, or so far west.”

“It has been in my family these long years, my lady.”

“And Sai Nimwë guards you, I am sure. May she guard you ever and bring your barque safe to shore in this time of trouble.”

Vayashti revered very deeply.

Lady Carleon admired the portraits of Vayashti’s Ancestress Staff-Wards and also a fine vixen-statuettes on the mantel-shelf.

“This is honoured Shearwind also, I think.”

“Yes, my lady. My lady will know the old hazel tree that grows in the Front Courtyard.”

“Indeed. It is said to be as old as the College itself and sacred to Sai Mati.”

“In one of the great storms that we have here, a large branch was torn off. I cut a section from that branch, my lady, and carved this likeness of the Vixen.”

“It is a very fine piece of work. The great Wind, from whom you are named cut down a branch from Sai Mati’s tree and you have fashioned it into her yerthing.”

“Indeed, my lady. It is pleasant to talk to one who understands these things.”

“Tell me, I pray you, what do you think of this story that the Staff might return of its own will to The Maybridge?”

“I do not countenance it, my lady.”

“It would explain much that seems otherwise inexplicable.”

“The Staff has no will in these days, my lady. I am her keeper and may say that. Such things could happen in the old days, but not, I think, today.”

“Tell me what you know of the white stains on the floor of the Staff-chamber.”

“I should have cleaned them before the Staff returned.”

“But how did they come there?”

“That I cannot say, my lady. It is a peculiarity of that room that certain white stains appear from time to time on the wooden floor. They are easily removed, but whether their cause is worldly or other-worldly, that I cannot say. I have never been able to explain them.”

“How very curious.”

“It is that, my lady. But there are many strange things in this place.”

As she was leaving the Paxit-Chambers, Lady Carleon was accosted by an elderly servant.

“Your pardon, my lady,” she said, making deep reverence.

Lady Carleon acknowledged her.

“You are looking into the matter of the staff, my lady. Is that not so?”

“It is so,” said Lady Carleon.

“Then I must tell you of a queer thing that occurred three weeks back. A lady came here and asked to see the Staff. She was a Raihira lady, ma’am, but she came here to the Paxit-Chambers. I told her the staff was sealed in its chamber and she asked to see the chamber. I took her there – I hope did right, ma’am – and she examined the seals, then she gave me a crown and went away.

“Well, that was a bit queer, wasn’t it, ma’am? But the queerest thing was, I knew there was something odd about that lady, ma’am. I knew I had seen her before somewhere. So I looked at the portraits in the Great hall and I

saw her. She was Eglantine the fourth Countess. She was in modern clothes, ma'am, quite northern-looking, but she looked just like Eglantine the fourth Countess.

"I don't know if that is helpful to you, ma'am. I hope it is. She gave me a crown, she did."

Lady Carleon gave her informant another crown since she was so obviously hoping for one. She made deep reverence.

"That is very helpful," said Lady Carleon. "Very helpful indeed."



Lady Carleon went to bed that night not in her lovely high-ceilinged bedroom overlooking the gardens, but in a small stateroom of an international airliner. She could have had more spacious accommodations by taking the zeppelin, but she considered that the case should be concluded quickly, and the Araminta – the ship she was now on – would be in Vintesse by morning.

She sat up in bed reviewing some correspondence on her ordinator and chatting idly to her blonde sister, Lady Susan, who was giggling over some nonsensical episode that had happened at Leontine Place that morning

"I don't know how you can buzz about on these aeros," said Susan, "aren't they fearfully uncomfortable?"

Lady Carleon looked about the tiny room. It was very neat, compact and orderly; not luxurious, certainly, but Lady Carleon rather admired the way everything necessary was compacted into a small space with a spare but pleasing Art-Neo aesthetic. She found it charming, but she knew that her sister, who had rarely spent a night away from Leontine and was

passionately attached to all her 'pretties' would probably have considered such sparse accommodations barbarous.

The stewardess came in with the night-time drink Lady Carleon had ordered.

"I hope it is to your liking my lady," she said with deep reverence.

"Perfectly delightful," said Lady Carleon. She admired the girl's neat uniform. She savoured the drink. Life was so full of delightful things if one knew how to appreciate each thing at its own level. She felt a little sorry for Susan, which was silly. Susan was happy enough. Each to her own and all that.

She closed the ordie and lay down, planning to go over the case in her mind; but her head had hardly touched the pillow before she was fast asleep.



Morning in Vintesse. Cooler than Maybridge, though still very warm and summery. People were brisker and brighter here. Tradition sat on them like a light, fluttering cape rather than a full-length velvet cloak. That was rather good, thought Lady Carleon. She made a note of it in her little commonplace book. She might well use it in her Annual Opus.

"Lady Carleon?" shouted a brunette loudly from the seat of a white Sepharilla convertible that had just pulled up. She got out and shouted again at the top of her voice: "Lady Carlee-on!" The lack of ceremony would have seemed shocking even in Chelverton.

Lady Carleon walked to the car and threw her little overnight bag into the back seat. The driver made reverence in a rather jaunty manner and handed Lady Carleon a card and a small ink-pad. She printed the card with the

seal-ring on her finger and wiped the ring with the little alcohol-saturated cloth which the driver had taken out of its sachet for her.

“Travel in safety, my lady,” said the driver, making reverence again in speeded-up-kinnie time, and left her with the car. Lady Carleon watched her trotting back to her depot, or wherever she was going, long-legged, short-skirted, swinging her outsize string of cheap beads. She supposed one must get used to Vintesse manners if one lived here long enough.

Lady Carleon slipped into the driver’s seat. She adored Sepharillas, but could never quite decide whether she liked them best in red or white. She had a red one, so she always hired a white one when she was travelling.

It was a long journey, lightened considerably by the music of the Dinky-Doos and other Vintesse musicians on the car’s wireless. She could have plugged in her own music-module, but she generally preferred to listen to the local wireless when she was travelling. It helped one to get the feel of the place.

A little before lunchtime she came to the town of Claremont, a busy commercial centre in mid-Vintesse. By sheer luck, as it seemed, she came quickly upon a house bearing a sign saying:

NIMWË HALL
Founding House of Nimwë College

It was a tall, gaunt building in a row of old houses. She parked the car and walked up the stone steps to the front door. It seemed at first a little like a cheap hotel. There was a reception desk and Lady Carleon approached it.

She made a little reverence and asked the girl: “May I see Lady Maybridge?”

The girl giggled and reverenced. “I don’t think you’ll find her here, miss. I can ask. You can wait in the Common Room if you like.”

The Common Room was surprisingly airy and well appointed. Jinky music was playing on the gramophone and a number of girls were chattering;

some eating sandwiches – evidently having dropped in for lunchtime from their places of work.

“Hello,” said one of the girls. “You new here?” she made a tiny reverence with her head only. Lady Carleon mused that the famous Vintesse Bob did not only refer to hair.

“This is my first time here,” said Lady Carleon.

“Are you going to join the College?”

“Actually I have a College already.”

“I shouldn’t want to encourage you to be disloyal, but really, Nimwë Hall is by far the best College in Claremont. We have such marvellous times here, and it is getting bigger practically by the day.”

“Really?”

“Oh, absotively! I love it so much I even pop back for lunch. Lots of the girls do. They do serve proper lunch, but I just come in here for a sandiepoo and a chat. Save the proper meal for dinner I say. Dinner is the event here. You know, you’ll learn so much here and do so many things. I’d drop the other College, truly I should!”

“I really think I must be loyal,” said Lady Carleon, “though it does sound very tempting.”

“Nimwë ray’
Nimwë hay’*
Nimwë till the day we die!”

Shouted several of the girls spontaneously.

The receptionist came in. “Lady Maybridge is at the main House, miss, but I doubt if she will see you without an appointment.”

“I thought this was the main House,” said Lady Carleon.

“No, miss. This is the founding-house. The one first established by Lady Maybridge. The College has opened several Houses since then, all over town. The main one is Rose House – that big place just outside town on the Hazeldene road.

“Could you give me directions? I am new in town.”

“Well I can, miss, but I really don’t think you’ll get to see the Mistress without an appointment.”

“I’ll just tootle over and see,” said Lady Carleon. “No harm in that, what-what?”



Rose House was a much bigger affair than the Founding House. Clearly the College was growing rapidly. Lady Carleon drove the car in and walked up to the main building. Unlike Queen Mayanna Hall at this time of year it seemed quite busy. Girls were playing tennis, walking arm in arm, sitting under trees and reading. It certainly had not the air of a working-girls’ lay-College, quite apart from the fact that nobody looked as if she were working.

Two girls carrying tennis racquets approached her. “Rayati. Who are you?” asked one of them, making the most respectable reverence she had seen thus far in Vintesse.

“Rayati,” said Lady Carleon returning reverence. “I was just taking a look at this lovely House.”

“It is fine, isn’t it?” said the girl. “But you can’t just wander in here, you know, it’s private.”

Lady Carleon revered deeply. "Please forgive my enormity," she said. "It is so beautiful that I was attracted like a poor moth to a radiant light. I beg you to forgive me."

Even in Vintesse, a formal and traditional apology is understood and calls forth both courtesy and generosity.

"You are so kind to our little College," said the girl, making reverence. "Pray do not think me officious. I am a prefect here and must maintain proper order. But let me show you about."

"You are more than generous. And a prefect, no less. I thought this was a lay-College."

"Such things are not unheard of. In any case, our Mistress has her own ways of doing things. She has built this great College from nothing in a few short years. These are the tennis courts."

"She must be a most remarkable person."

"Oh yes, she is. The formal gardens are over there. One day they will be the finest in Vintesse."

"I had thought Nimwë was a working-girls' College."

"It began that way. The Houses in town still are. But this House attracts Raihiralan* girls. It is becoming quite a centre of culture. The Mistress will never desert the working-girls' Houses though. Their members can come for summer-schools and things here. They are given free tickets to our theatrical performances, and sometimes get up shows of their own that are put on here. The Mistress is making a new type of College. Something that could only exist here in the North, she says."

"How very fascinating."

A great cheer rose from a little way off. Several voices in unison:

“Nimwë ray’
Nimwë hay’
Nimwë till the day we die!”

“Our longsword fighters are having a tourney,” explained the prefect. “We shall take on Sai Mati next term.”

“Sai Mati College, Milchford?”

“Yes.”

“They have the best longswordsmen in the west.”

“Wait till next term and see if you can say that.”

“I like your spirit, I must say. Whom should I see to arrange to meet Lady Maybridge?”

The prefect laughed gently “One doesn’t see the Mistress just like that.”

“I think she may see me. Would you know how to get her a message?”

“Is it important?”

“Yes, it is rather.”

“What is the message?”

“If she could be told that Lady Carleon is here from Queen Mayanna House. I have come about a Staff. I think she will understand.”

The prefect reverenced deeply. “My lady I am sorry; I did not realise –”

“It is I who should apologise,” said Lady Carleon. “I have been slightly deceptive, but had I not been so I should not have had your charming company, and I assure you that I have valued it greatly.”

The prefect made reverence again. "Thank you, my lady. Please sit in the rose garden here. I shall come and fetch you shortly."

Lady Carleon made a little reverence. "Thank you," she said.

The rose garden was truly charming. The shouts and laughter of girls floated on the summer breeze. The College was very different from Queen Mayanna House but it had a life and vibrancy that was quite palpable. It seemed young and energetic, like Vintesse itself.

After a time a tall lady approached the little wrought-iron bench on which Lady Carleon was sitting. She was wearing an academic gown and a long frock, in contrast to the short skirts that Lady Carleon had almost ceased to be shocked by, which were seen everywhere in Vintesse. The lady was elegant and yet slightly aggressive in her movements; she had an air of command, and she looked exactly like the portrait of the fourth Countess of Mayridge.

Lady Carleon rose to her feet and made reverence.

"Rayati, my lady. I am Lady Maybridge."

"Rayati. You do me great honour, my lady. I was not expecting you to join me out here."

"I like to do the unexpected. Very un-Maybridge-like, no doubt. But then I am disinherited and I do as I please."

"You have done something very wonderful, if I may say so, my lady," said Lady Carleon looking about her at the College.

"I am supposed to say that the College is but a poor place and I am embarrassed to entertain you here, not so? Well, I am proud of it. Thanks to my dear scholars, it is a fine place."

Lady Carleon was slightly shocked at the bitterness of Lady Maybridge's words. Considering all that she had achieved and was achieving, Lady

Carleon had expected her to be more confident, more independent of the blows that fate had dealt her family. Still, a thousand years of tradition is not easily replaced, and the very presence of a visitor from Queen Mayanna House may have touched a raw spot.

“Forgive me,” said Lady Maybridge, reverencing stiffly. “I am a Northren barbarian as you see. I was born here, you know. Please tell me how I may serve you.”

“Very simply, my lady, by giving me the Crystal Staff of Queen Mayanna.”

“What makes you imagine that I possess the staff?”

“I do not imagine, my lady: I know. And I understand why you believe it is right to keep it. I know that you came to Queen Mayanna House and examined the seals on the door of the Staff-Chamber—”

“And I suppose you think I was preparing to steal it.”

“Quite the contrary my lady. I know that you could not have taken the Staff from the Chamber on that day, because it was already gone from the Chamber by that day. It was precisely that action that made me certain you were honourable.”

“So – if the staff were here – you would know how it came here.”

“I do indeed, my lady.”

“You know that nobody could either have forged those seals nor gained entrance to the room without breaking them.”

“Nobody did.”

“And if the Staff returned through a sealed door across a thousand and more miles to the True Guardian —”

“If so, then whatever the law says it would be not only the right but the duty of the True Guardian to retain it. I think even a court would uphold that – at least in the South. That is why you examined those seals, isn’t it, my lady? To make sure that the Staff came to you by no natural means and that you had the right to retain it.”

“It is an interesting theory, my lady,” said Lady Maybridge.

“But suppose I could demonstrate how the Staff really came to be here, and that it happened by perfectly natural – though misguided – human agency. Would you not then be bound in honour to return it?”

“I am intrigued,” said Lady Maybridge. “Pray continue.”



“I took your advice, Matri” said Dr. Meldonshire. “I did light three candles to Sai Mati.”

“Good girl,” said Matri Carmaline. “And how soon afterward did Lady Carleon telephone to say that the mystery is solved?” The two were sitting in Dr. Meldonshire’s austere but supremely tasteful drawing room.

“As a matter of fact, it was within the hour. But do you really think Lady Carleon’s wits would have been less sharp if I had not made that prayer?”

“It is never that simple, College-Mistress: but if this whole matter resolves itself well, do not imagine your prayer played no part. Harmony in the heart becomes harmony in the world, my child.”

There was a knock at the door.

“Our visitor, I believe,” said the priestess.

Lady Maybridge entered and made deep reverence. A servant, following her, placed a large, leather-covered case on the table.

The College-Mistress made deep reverence.

“Lady Maybridge, you honour us. As a poor interloper I am humbled in the presence of the True Maybridge.”

Did Lady Maybridge raise a cynical eyebrow? She nevertheless remembered her manners. She revered again.

“The ages pass, and old things give place to new. I am more than fortunate that one so gifted and so renowned continues the work of my poor disgraced family.”

“My lady, if a little misfortune were sufficient to disgrace a family, mine were long-since annihilated. Seeing you here, in this tower, I know that I am but a barbarian before you.”

Lady Carleon felt that she heard a certain ease in Lady Maybridge’s voice as she replied. Perhaps for the first time in many long years, Eglantine Maybridge was realising that words such as these are not mere empty forms but rituals that can, at certain times, bring a degree of healing. Dr Meldonsire was speaking again.

“A thousand thanks for restoring the Staff to its resting-place. May I be so forward as to ask how it came to be so far away?”

“Perhaps my travelling companion Lady Carleon had best answer that, madam. It was she who unwove the tangled skein of this mystery.”

All eyes turned on Lady Carleon.

“How did you do it, my lady?” asked the College-Mistress.

Lady Carleon tried not to shuffle and look childlike. Surrounded by these great ladies in conclave, she did feel rather childlike.

“It was just one of those random intuitions really. No, I suppose that isn’t true. It was mostly a matter of logic. I think we all agreed that the seals on the Staff-Chamber could not have been tampered with and that a supernatural disappearance was somewhat unlikely.”

“We had, my lady,” agreed the College-Mistress.

“So I had to consider the problem: setting aside the supernatural, what other explanation could there be? Clearly there was no means by which the Staff could have been removed once the seals were applied, so the logical conclusion is perfectly obvious. It was never there in the first place.”

“But,” said Dr Meldonshire, “I saw it placed there with my own eyes, just seconds before I locked the room and sealed it.”

“With respect, ma’am, you did not. What you saw placed in the room was a likeness, a simulacrum: something that resembled the Staff sufficiently to satisfy you that it was in the Chamber.”

“But when I removed the seals and unlocked the Chamber this – this simulacrum as you call it – was no longer there. With respect, my lady, does that not leave us where we started, with an impossible mystery? Are we not back to the supernatural?”

“We are not, ma’am. You see, the simulacrum was still in the Chamber. It had simply changed its form to one you did not recognise—”

“Magically, my lady?”

“No, ma’am, perfectly naturally. The only perceptible traces of that simulacrum by the time we entered the room were a slightly musty smell and some faint white stains on the floor. You see, the staff that was placed in the chamber by Vayashti was carved from ice. Left locked in that room in summer, it naturally melted and became a puddle on the floor. Then the puddle evaporated, leaving only a few stains. The room smelt musty, because, as I was told, those rooms are like sealed vaults. Any damp in there

remained trapped in the warm southren atmosphere of the Chamber until the door was opened.”

“But how did you know all this?”

“In the first place because, leaving aside the supernatural, it was the only possible explanation of what had happened. Secondly because each small bit of evidence we had pointed to the solution – the white stains, the unaccountable damp in atmosphere, the fact that Vayashti is an excellent amateur sculptress—”

“Yet, this sort of cunning,” said the priestess, “this is not usually characteristic of the Paccia Estate.”

Lady Carleon revered. “That is true Matri. It is a subtle objection to my thesis, but actually the best one. I thought about that too. But have you considered the tutelary genia of the Vayashti?”

“But of course! How foolish of me!” cried Matri Carmaline. “Shearwind the Vixen. The trickster aspect of Sai Nimwë the Enchantress! The spirit of honoured Shearwind guided the hand of the Staff-Ward in what she believed to be a noble act of trickery.”

“Exactly, Matri. And that answers the other difficulty. Surely a true and hereditary paxit like Vayashti would never betray her mistress. But Vayashti did not see Dr Meldonshire as her true mistress. Her hereditary loyalty is to two things: The Staff and the Maybridge. Her duty, as she saw it, was to reunite the two. That was not possible whilst the Maybridge seemed aberrant, but when she learned that Lady Maybridge was now Mistress of a fine College in Vintesse—”

“But,” said Dr. Meldonshire and her eyes seemed just a little tearful, “if she had no loyalty to me, had she none either to Queen Mayanna House?”

“I do not know the answer to that, ma’am, but I fancy she would believe that with the Staff and the Maybridge reunited, they would not be long in returning to their rightful place in the Towers.”

“Perhaps I am an interloper,” said Dr Meldonshire quietly. The priestess smiled.

“By no means, ma’am,” said Lady Maybridge. “My family left their post untenanted. I am more than grateful to you for taking our place and doing the duty we have so shamefully neglected. I confess that I might once have thought otherwise, but I see with clearer eyes this day.”

“And now—”said Dr Meldonshire, her voice faltering in a way that the priestess had never heard it falter before.

“Now I have been given my vocation in the high lands of Vintesse. My work there is hard, but it is deeply rewarding, and I know it is the work I was born for. I confess that my false self* is sorry to relinquish the Staff, for it has brought great blessings on my work.”

“Is that so?” asked the priestess.

Lady Maybridge revered deeply. “Indeed Matri. My work went well before, but when the Staff came to me it was as if a new spirit entered me. I prayed each day to Sai Mati in my gratitude. Everything seemed to work as it had never worked before, and the weight that had long lain on me seemed somehow lifted.”

“Perhaps your prayers had as much to do with that as the Staff,” said the priestess.

“Perhaps, Matri,” said lady Maybridge with a small sigh.

“But how did the Staff come to Vintesse?” asked Dr Meldonshire.

“Oh that was a very mundane matter,” said Lady Carleon. “The disappearance of the Staff was, I fancy, a work of sheer Vixen-genius. That must have been planned long and carefully. The conveyance of the Staff to Vintesse was, by contrast, a rather clumsy affair. Vayashti simply took it by train. Not only that, but she booked a ticket all the way from here to the

little station at Hazeldene – the nearest one to Rose House. It is cheaper to book the full ticket, of course, but she really should have thought of buying several separate tickets at stations along the way. The transaction was still on the ordinator at Maybridge Station. The famed economy of the Paxit Estate, I suppose.

“It didn’t really tell me anything I did not already know, but I fancy it helped to convince my Lady Maybridge of the truth of my theory. After all, a train-booking all the way from Maybridge Station to Hazeldene Station – how many of those are there in a decade? One on the very day that the Staff ‘appeared’ in Lady Maybridge’s rooms at Rose House was really beyond coincidence.”

“What shall we do with Vayashti?” asked Dr Meldonshire sadly. “I understand that she meant well, but it is clear that she is not loyal to me or to the House. Perhaps my Lady Maybridge would care to take her.”

“May I make a suggestion, College-Mistress?” asked the priestess.

“By all means,” said Dr Meldonshire.

“Vayashti is the Staff-Ward. She should not be separated from the Staff. The Staff belongs here at Queen Mayanna House. The True Guardian of the Staff is, I firmly believe, Lady Maybridge. There was no supernatural demonstration of the fact, but I ask you, College-Mistress, now that you have seen her, can you doubt it?”

“I cannot, Matri.”

“My suggestion is, then, that Lady Maybridge be appointed Guardian of the Staff. It will be a ritual rather than an operative position. She has her work in Vintesse, but she will perhaps honour us by being present on those formal occasions when the Staff is removed from the Chamber. If this is done, College-Mistress, I assure you that both you and Lady Mayanna House will have the absolute loyalty of Vayashti.”

“It certainly makes sense, doesn’t it?” said Dr. Meldonshire.

“It makes something higher than sense, College-Mistress.”

Dr. Meldonshire made reverence first to the priestess and then to Lady Maybridge. “Would you honour us by accepting this post?” she asked.

Lady Maybridge made deep reverence. “The honour would be mine,” she said.

“I am thinking, my lady,” said Dr Meldonshire, “that I should like to come and see Nimwë College. Perhaps we should be thinking about sister-ties between the two Houses.”

The priestess turned to Lady Carleon. “Shall we let the College Mistresses discuss their business, my lady? Perhaps you would care to walk me back to my rooms.”

Out into the blazing southren sunshine stepped the priestess, escorted by Lady Carleon as she might escort any blonde. Her calling aside, thought Lady Carleon without a trace of irreverence, the two-centuried priestess was also a very fine blonde.

“You know,” said Matri Carmaline, “Dr Meldonshire could not see how her prayers to Mati might have any bearing on the solution to this mystery. She is so terribly Westrenne sometimes. The word ‘solution’ took on a very narrow meaning in her mind. Now you are a detective – an amateur* one I hasten to add – and one from Quirinelle at that. But I think you understand a little more about solutions.”

“Solve et coagula, Matri,” said Lady Carleon.

“Solve et coagula,” repeated the priestess.



***NOTES**

Trintitia is the older, and still more formal, name of Trent. Trintitiana is the Capital City of Trent.

Ad lib = "Not in the script" - unexpected, and therefore impolite. The expression is based on the understanding that what is said is to some extent ritual in nature and that rudeness consists in departing from the set ritual "form".

A yerthing means a coming-to-earth, usually of an Angelic influence. The concept is akin to the Hindu avatar, but holds less importance, since the earthly incarnation of such influences is not central to Aristasian thealogy. Shearwind the Vixen is a legendary form taken by Nimwë the Enchantress, who in turn is a lesser form of Sai Mati.

Vaya = wind, and especially the Wind of the Spirit. It is associated with Sai Mati and with inspiration.

Ray' and hay', short for raya and haya, are in this context used as cheer-words. Both rhyme to "die".

The nearest equivalent to the word Raihiralan (used in this sense) in Telluria is perhaps "gentlemanly". People described in the West as Raihiralan constitute something like an upper and upper-middle class, consisting of people of Raihira, Haiela and high-Magdala Estate. In more traditional areas, such as Maybridge, they would be known by their Estates, but here the Estate system is considerably weakened. The raihiralan girls at this College are likely to belong to that group which is neither wealthy nor aristocratic and does not usually attend the prestigious Milchford Colleges or their equivalent, but nonetheless is often leisured and considers itself part of the great Raihiralan class. [Note that Raihiralan is also the colloquial name of the dialect spoken in parts of Novaria and the hither-East.].

Several schools of Aristasian psychology or Thealogy (the two are not distinguished as wholly separate sciences but are properly continuous one from another) speak of a True Self and a false self. The latter is the passional

and worldly self, the former is sometimes thought of as one's "better self" but ultimately it is much more than that: it is the supreme Self or Atma, the Self in each of us that is identical with the Solar Spirit.

Amateur = one who does something "for love". For a Raihira of independent means to be "professional" would be considered demeaning, at least in more traditional circles. While "amateur" has become a term of derogation in the commercially-oriented world of late-Telluria, in Aristasia its associations are with high estate rather than ineptitude.

An Aristasian Glossary

A glossary of Aristasian terms, divided into three main sections:

I. Raihiralan (pure Aristasian) words

II. Aristasia-in-Tellurian words

III. Slang terms

Section I

Raihiralan Words

Words in, or derived from, the Noble Speech of Aristasia Pura.

AMITY: Since this is (perhaps somewhat deceptively) also a Tellurian word it could have gone into the Aristasia-in-Telluria Glossary: however, we place it here because a) it is a fundamental Aristasian concept, and b) its intensive form, mayamity, is clearly Raihiralan-derived. Amity is the bond of love that unites Aristasian societies and groups. It is the affective counterpart of thamë. The Janyati Sai Thamë and Sai Sushuri (the ruler of amity) are said to be sisters, and the two Aristasian sexes are ruled by Sai Thamë (melini) and Sai Sushuri (chelani) respectively. Thus the Amity/Thamë principle is fundamental to all Aristasian life and culture.

ANNYA: The Janya of Fire. Also fire called by personal name in the East (some traditional Estrennes refer to the hearth-fire as "Sai Annya" as if she were a person).

ARKADYA (often "Tellurianised" to Arcadia): Eastern province of Aristasia corresponding (primarily) to the Victorian and Edwardian Eras. The tutelary Janya of Arkadya is Sai Rhavë (pron. Rah-vay and corresponding to the Tellurian planet Saturn, Aristasian planet Rhavë). Its Queen is the mature chelanic Viktorya (not to be confused with the young melinic Queen Viktorya of Novaria).

ATHAMË: The reverse of thamë: disorder, chaos the breaking of the Golden Harmony. An act which disrupts the Golden Order in any way is athamë. A

person who is in disobedience to her lawful superiors is athamë. Athamë always contains an element of "ritual impurity". Causing disruption in a holy place is a form of athamë that most Tellurians will readily understand. It should be realised that much the same feeling attaches in Aristasian life to disruptions of order and harmony even in "non-religious" contexts.

CHALWĚ: Word of salute - usually accompanied by a physical salute in military contexts. It performs the function of signifying the acceptance of an order (like the Tellurian naval "aye aye"). It can also be used in place of a salute where one is not physically present. In some Elektraspatial rituals it is used to signify an act such as stepping forward and in non-physical classroom contexts is used as a request for the teacher's attention, equivalent to raising one's hand in a physical classroom.

CHARA: Teacher. It is used as a suffix for one's teacher or for any learned person. It may also be used in order to acknowledge a temporary pupil-relationship (rather as ma'am can be used to acknowledge the superiority of another in some particular context). For example, a blonde being instructed on driving by her brunette, or a brunette having some philosophical point explained to her by her blonde might respond to her as (Name)-chara.

CHEI: Honorific suffix, often equivalent to "Miss".

CHELAN: The child-bearing sex among Aristasian (and other intemorphic peoples). In Sai Herthe, Chelani have fair hair (even among dark-skinned peoples) and so are colloquially called "blondes". Chelani outwardly resemble Tellurian female humans.

CHEN: Dialectical variant of chei.

CHENYA: Intensive form of chei/chen, meaning something like "most honoured".

CHERI: Affectionate honorific suffix, often used to children.

CULVERINE: The first month of the year (21 Mar - 17 Apr)

DEA: God (naturally seen in Her original Feminine Form). The term God is also used in Aristasia, with the same meaning.

ESTRENNE: (Person) of Eastern Aristasia, usually including the whole of "Amazonia" and the eastern two-thirds of Arkadya. Estrennes speak different languages and have different cultures from Westrennes. The nation of Novaria and the Archduchy of Jenilow (in South-West Arkadya) are regarded as semi-Estrenne and contain large elements of Estrenne language and culture.

FILYANA/FILYANI: (Blonde/Brunette) Follower of the Trinitarian religion of the Solar Mother and Lunar Daughter (Westrenne: FILIANIST). Filianism is the majority religion in most of Westrenne Aristasia and widely adhered to by Aristasians in Telluria. In Telluria Filianism is considered as a form of Déanism (the worship of Our Mother God). In Aristasia all religion is Déanic, so that term does not exist.

HAIELA: 1. n. The first Estate: priestly and scholarly. 2. adj. Holy as in lhi Haiela Cantre (the Holy Chantress), traditional title of Sai Suanti.

HAIEL' RAIHIR, LI: The Holy Empire.

HAYA: Ancient ritual word signifying in-breath and then out-breath and thus - at the highest level, the expiration of the cosmos from the Spirit and its inspiration back into Her at the end of time. Now often used as a sort of cheer, as in "Haya Vikhë!"

HAYANA: The Single Estate of the Golden Age, before the division of the Estates into four. Also used honorifically for the "Fifth Estate" (more strictly known as Stravë) - those who have renounced Estate and left material life to pursue the absolute Spiritual path.

HERTHE: Sometimes spelled Hertha. With either spelling it is a two-syllable word (final "e" is pronounced and sometimes marked with an umlaut). The "th" represents is the "hard" Aristasian "th" sound. The word has the following meanings: 1: The Janya of Hearth and home (not one of the

seven Great Janyati). 2: The planet on which the Aristasian Empire exists. As with the Janya, the word in this usage is usually prefixed with the spiritual-honorific Sai. 3: The eleventh month of the year (Dec 26th to Jan 22nd). Vide Sai Herthe

HIERESKHINDI/HIERESKHINDA: Literally "heart-child" (brunette/blonde). A common term of affection for a child and sometimes an adult loved one.

INFRAQUIRINELLE (abbr. INFRA): Large island to the West of Quirinelle. It is a protectorate of Quirinelle, ruled by Queen Elspeth. In external style it bears some resemblance to the less degenerate elements of the Tellurian 1960s.

JANYA: An Angel or "Goddess" - the embodiment of one of the Divine Aspects. Plural: Janyati.

KADORIA: Western nation of Aristasia, with a long coastline on both the Golden Ocean and the Sea of Doves. Kadoria is ruled by the brunette Queen Francesca. In external style its culture and style resemble that of the Tellurian 1940s. Its tutelary Janya is Sai Vikhë (corresponding to Tellurian planet Mars, Aristasian planet Vikhë).

KHINDI/KHINDA: Child (brunette/blonde). Plural khindri.

LI/LHI, LIA/LHIA Li/lhi is the definite article "the" in Raihitalan. Li is the melinic/neuter form and lhi the chelanic form, used to refer to chelanic beings. Lhi is pronounced "hli" with a sharp, somewhat hissing aspirate. Lia/lhia is the possessive form, meaning "of the".

MA'AM: One of those words whose hermeneutic qualities transcend simple etymology. In Raihitalan it is connected with the primary ma etymon meaning "mother" and with mam meaning breast, so the original sense is mother/nourisher. However the title is used in the sense of Menamatri below, meaning one who is set above one in the Golden Chain of Thamë. While its Aristasian/Raihitalan usage is not unlike English, it also has the special sense of affirming hierarchical obedience, and so may be used to

signify the acceptance of an order or a temporary state of deference even toward someone who is only one's superior in a particular respect.

MAGDALA: (Pron: my`dla) The third Estate. Literally "makers". Includes craftmaids and merchants of all types.

MATRI: Mother. Title of a priestess.

MAYAMATRI: Great Mother. A title of Dea.

MAYA MENAMATRI: Great Little-mother. A title of the Empress (or sometimes of the Queen of a nation). The Empress is the greatest of the Little-mothers, or earthly superiors.

MELIN: The non-child-bearing sex in Aristasia. In Sai Herthe, Melini have dark hair and so are colloquially termed "brunettes". Melini outwardly resemble Tellurian female humans.

MENAMATRI: Little-mother. Used of a superior within the Chain of Thamë, who is a surrogate of the Mayamatri, Dea.

MOURA: 13th month and fifth season of the year (21 Feb to 18 Mar - 17 Mar on leap years). This is a spiritual and penitential period, especially for Filyani. Also known as Kala.

NOVARIA, NOVARYA: Southern nation of West Aristasia, with coastline on the Sea of Doves. Novaria's climate varies from Continental in the north to Sub-Tropical in the south, with its southernmost extension just reaching the tropics. Novaria is, in some respects, the most traditional of the Western Provinces, having been settled by Estrenne peoples. Novaria is ruled by the young brunette Queen Viktorya. Its tutelary Janya is Sai Mati (corresponding to Tellurian planet Mercury, Aristasian planet Vathë).

PACCIA: (Pron. pak-sia) The fourth Estate. Literally "bonded ones". In traditional societies (less often in the West) a paxit is bonded to her mistress by a traditional and formal bond which entails profound obligations on

both sides. The paxit is bound to complete obedience, the mistress is bound to care for her paxit physically and spiritually in sickness and in health.

PAXIT: (Pron. paxt) A bonded maid of the Paccia Estate.

QUIRINELLE: North-Westernmost nation of Aristasia with coastline on the Golden Ocean. In some externals the style of Quirinelle resembles that of the Tellurian 1950s. Quirinelle is ruled by the blonde Queen Elspeth; the tutelary Janya of the province is Sai Sushuri (corresponding to Tellurian planet and deity Venus, Aristasian planet Sucri).

QUIRRIE: Short for Quirinelle, but only in its adjectival sense. One talks of Quirrie music or Quirrie respectability, but to say "I live in Quirrie" would be unidiomatic.

RAIHIR: Empire.

RAIHIRA: The Second, or Noble, Estate.

RAIHIRALAN: 1: Noble, knightly, ladylike, high-born. In the West, where the Estate System is weakened, it often refers to people of Raihira, Haiela and High Magdala birth seen as a broad "upper class". 2: Various closely-related nether-Estrenne dialects, known as "The Noble (Raihiralan) Speech" - also the older language that preceded them.

RAIHIRANYA: Empress. The word is made up of raihir + ranya and thus means "mistress of the Empire". However, bearing in mind the full meaning of ranya, the implication is something like: "She who guides the Empire in the Way of Thamë".

RANI: "Little Ranya" - often a governess or schoolmistress.

RANYA: A teacher, usually a Spiritual Mistress or Mistress of a Spiritual Art (traditionally all arts have a Spiritual basis). Somewhat akin in implication to guru.

RANYAM: Realm, Queendom.

RAYA: 1: Lady (in the "lord" sense - there is no specific word for this in English). 2: The Sun, and the Janya of the Sun. Always prefixed with the honorific Sai.

RAYALINI/RAYALINA: "Ladylike/noble one" (brunette/blonde). There is no real equivalent in English. It means a person of noble standing, though not normally titled (in which case it would be raya). Pl. rayalini. "Mel rayalini" ("my ladylike/noble ones" is a standard address to an assembly of educated people.

RAYATI: The standard greeting for both meeting and departure, normally accompanied by a reverence or a small bow. Rayati is actually the salutation-form of Raya and means literally "Hail to the Sun" - the implication being "Hail to the Sun (or Divine Spirit) in your Heart".

RAYATI RAIHIRANYA: Formal and military greeting, meaning "Hail (as an incarnation of the Sun) the Empress". Used regularly by military and some diplomatic personnel and by others on formal occasions ranging from State visits to school assemblies.

SARA: Sister.

SARACHENYA: Honoured sister. Respectful form of address to an elder sister, by blood or bond.

SARACHENYACHERI: Dear honoured sister, a term of affectionate respect to an elder sister, usually by bond (and usually a personally-bonded rather than a group Elder Sister). Somewhat colloquial, but generally accepted as a legitimate term where the circumstances allow it.

SARACHERI: Dear sister. Affectionate form of address to a younger sister, by blood or bond. It could be used to an elder blood-sister in circumstances where her seniority was not "active".

STRAVĒ: (Member of) the "fifth Estate" - actually renunciates who have taken up a wholly spiritual life and passed beyond Estate. Cf. HAYANA.

STRIVATĒ: The thread-Spirit: Dea Who joins all things "as pearls upon a string". Comparable with Sanskrit sutratma.

SUCRISHI: (One) following the way of Love. When applied to individuals, Sucrishi is the brunette/plural and Sucrisha the blonde form. Adjectivally it is usually still Sucrishi but can be Sucrishilan.

THAMĒ: As a common noun (spelled with a small t, as opposed to the name of the Janya), thamē is represents a concept untranslatable in modern English. It can be translated as "order" or "harmony", but it fully implies "the Sacred Order of the Universe with Dea at the head and all things in their proper place" or "the perfect Order of Being through which all things are united in a music-like harmony and all beings are saved".

The concept of thamē is central to Aristasian culture. The order and formality of Aristasian life attempt to attune maid's existence to the music of the spheres. The hierarchical and monarchical structure of Aristasian societies both reflects and continues the Order of the Heavens. The striving for grace and beauty in every area of life is founded on thamē. To an Aristasian bad manners, and even doing things in an incorrect or uncustomary way are considered equivalent to what Tellurians would regard as venial sin, since disruption of the Grace and Harmony of life is disruption of the Divine Order. Aristasian culture is based on tradition, form and the belief that there is a right and proper way to do all things.

TRENT: Trent is the largest and central of the five Western Nations. It has a small coastline on the Sea of Doves and its climate ranges from decidedly cold Temperate in the north to Sub-Tropical in the south. With an external style similar to that of the Tellurian 1930s, Trent is looked upon as a centre of fashion and sophistication, especially by the more "home-like" Quirinelle. Queen Eleanor is the ruler of Trent and Thamē (pron. Tah-may and corresponding to the Tellurian planet Jupiter, Aristasian planet Thamē) is the tutelary Janya of the province.

VATHE, SAI: (pron: vaat-hay) Another name for Sai Mati, usually implying her higher or celestial aspect, as the Divine Intelligence.

VAT'HE: Insane - but originally in the sense of "Divinely inspired".

VAYA, SAI: Janya of Air or Wind. Sometimes a name for the Breath-Spirit.

VAYABONDI: Itinerant tribes who wander according to certain celestial indications read by tribal elders. Their wanderings lead them all over Sai Herthe. The name means "those bound to the Wind(-Spirit)".

VIKHELI: 1. A member of any of the Armed Services. A warrior-maid. 2. A Vikhelic practice, as in: "Two-sword fencing was my main vikheli in High School".

VIKHELIC: Having the quality of Sai Vikhë, therefore on many occasions equivalent to Tellurian "martial" (as in "vikhelic arts"). It can however have a much broader implication - for example the unbalanced Vikhelic tendency (of discord and opposition) lies at the basis of a patriarchal civilisation.

VIKHAIL: Holy war, whether spiritual (the war against the false self or the forces of darkness) or material (war against an enemy of the Haiel' Raihir [Holy Empire]). The inner and outer Vikhaili are not truly separate.

VIRVA: Estate (in the sense of one of the Four Estates of the Aristasian social order). Pl. virvi, as in "li kadri virvi" - "the four Estates".

VINTESSE: Northern nation of Westrenne Aristasia and the only one that is wholly landlocked. In external style it resembles that of the Tellurian 1920s. Vintesse is noted for its jinky music and its Pippies. Vintesse is ruled by the moon and protected by the Janya Candré.

VYASUCRI: The Way of Love. The love-approach to Dea. Cf Skt bhakti marga.

VYATHAMĒ: The Way of (ritual) Works. Cf Skt. karma marga. As compared to Vyasucri and Vyavathë, the Way of Light and the Way of Love respectively.

VYAVATHĒ: The Way of Light (or Intelligence). The Intellectual or Contemplative approach to Dea. Cf. Skt jnana marga.

WESTRENNE: (Person) of Western Aristasia, usually considered as the five Western Nations plus Western Arkadya. The nation of Novaria and the Archduchy of Jenilow are sometimes considered, however, to be more Estrenne than Westrenne.

Section II

Non-Raihiralan Terms

These are words used in Telluria that are either not used in Aristasia or are used in Telluria as well but with a different meaning or implication. Words followed by an asterisk are not in use in Aristasia Pura in the senses given here and should be understood to be specifically Aristasian-in-Tellurian words.

AGORA: The world outside the home: as opposed to the hestia.

ALL SERENE: Used in both military and civilian contexts to mean "all is in order". On the surface it means "there is no trouble", but at a deeper level it means all is in thamē - that is, all is in harmony with the serene, unmoving Centre.

AMBI: One who has personae in both sexes, chelan and melin. An ambi will almost always have one primary and governing sex. As opposed to a plenary blonde or brunette.

ARISTASIA: The name of our Nation itself is not used in the Motherland. The designation is one that is needed in Telluria to distinguish Aristasia as a whole from Telluria. The Westrenne Empire is variously called Nevcaire, Abolraihir (by Estrennes) or more usually (in the West and in Estrenne nations loyal to the Western Empress) simply the Empire, the Celestial Empire or li Raihir. The "world" in which Aristasia exists is called (Sai) Herthe.

ART NEO: Broadly this term may be translated as Art Deco, but only those parts of Art Deco that are theatrical, feminine and sound. The bleak-and-barren blockish styles that are sometimes included in Art Deco are not Art Neo. Art Neo is considered primarily the art of Novaria which has spread to other nations. The philosophical reasons for this, and for the use of the term are too complex to enter into here. The term is explained more fully in *The Encyclopaedia Aristasiana*.

ATOMISATION: The divide-and-rule tendency of the Pit, which seeks to isolate each individual by the clever use of the doctrine of "personal independence".

COLONY: The term has been used differently at different times in Aristasia-in-Telluria. It can mean:

- a) An Aristasian household (or 'settlement of Aristasians') which normally contains more than one person and fulfils public functions within the District (q.v.) - such as that of a cinema, a library, a restaurant, a night-club, a school, etc. The colony is the fundamental building-block of the Empire.
- b) a District or group of households. More recently it has sometimes been applied to an Aristasian community within Elektraspace.

The 1996 book *Children of the Void* while defining only the first sense in its Glossary, recognises both senses in the text. The term has different senses in the Motherland.

CULVERIA: Culveria is a term coined by Aristasians to represent the real America as opposed to the America of the Pit. It is also sometimes used for "Aristasia-in-Tellurian America"; for example, Aristasians living in America might refer to themselves as Culverians. Culveria is not, as has sometimes been implied, a province or colony in Aristasia Pura.

DEFORMISM: The moral and aesthetic inversion of the Pit.

DERACINATION: The process of cutting off an individual and a society from all natural roots; of creating a rootless, atomised type of humanity which, by its divorce from, and induced forgetfulness of, all normal standards and values, lacks dignity and self-respect

DISTRICT: Administrative area consisting of colonies (sense a) and households, controlled by the District Governess. Usually a group of Aristasians in regular social contact will form a District. *Children of the Void* is a story of the daily life of the semi-fictional District of Maryhill. A District can also be an administrative unit in Aristasia Pura.

EARTH: In Aristasian usage, Earth has all its usual Tellurian meanings, but can also mean: 1. One of the four material Elements, which, together with the Aethyr compose the primary substances of material existence. 2. The "earthly plane", meaning that of material existence. This does not necessarily - or even usually - refer to the planet Earth. It can as easily refer to any other world (such as Sai Herthe). Even interplanetary space can be referred to in this sense as "earth" - meaning "the world of things palpable".

EAST AND WEST: Just as the sun rises in the east and sets in the West, so the East corresponds to dawn and the West to Sunset. In Aristasia the most Easterly provinces correspond to earlier times in Telluria, and the Western ones to later times. So also Eastern Trent would correspond to the early 1930s and Western Quirinelle to the late 1950s.

ECLIPSE, THE: The cultural and spiritual collapse of the early 1960s. According to Aristasian Telluria-criticism, Tellurian civilisation proper ended at this time and the Void (or the Pit) took its place. The process, obviously, was not instantaneous, and some elements of civilised life remained throughout the First Decade of Darkness and even into the Second, among the population at large, as opposed to the mass-media. Some hold that a second Eclipse took place at about the turn of the Second and Third Decades, after which deformism and moral inversion were complete and spread rapidly to every level of the populace, leaving very little intact.

ELEKTRASPACE: Aristasian term for either "the Internet" or "the Aristasian portion of the Internet". The term is used in both senses. "Internet" is not a term generally used by Aristasians.

ELEKTRAPOST: Email.

EXILE ARISTASIANS: Aristasians in Telluria who come from the Motherland (despite having been born in Telluria), who feel out of place and alien in Telluria and often have "memories" of the Motherlands. Exile Aristasians do not consider themselves to be schizomorphic women in spirit even though they are physically such in body. They are chelani or melini not merely by adoption but in essence.

FAMILIA: A term used for the Aristasian Empire (or an Aristasian nation) viewed as a large family with Dea as the ultimate Mother and the Empress (or Queen) as the representative of our Mother on earth. According to this view, all persons in authority are in the position of "elder sisters" or family elders in relation to those under their care, and the aim of felonial law is to return offenders to the heart of the Familia.

HESTIA: The home, regarded in its sacred aspect as the "Temple of Sai Herthe". Often as opposed to the agora.

INTEMORPH: Aristasians are an intemorphic people, meaning that they have two feminine sexes (chelan and melin) which are complementary rather than opposite. The term "intemorph" is contrasted with "schizomorph".

LESBIAN: Aristasians in Telluria who are sufficiently committed to regard themselves as honorary (or, in the case of Exile Aristasians, displaced) intemorphs do not regard themselves as lesbians but as - at least in principle - heterosexual chelani or melini.

MAID: The Aristasian term for "people in general" (as opposed to the Tellurian "man". Maid also has a philosophical importance in Aristasia, meaning "she who has the power of choice". To an Aristasian, the defining

characteristic of maid is not her power of speech or of reason (which are shared by other beings), but the power of choosing her spiritual direction.

OUTLANDER: Non-Aristasian.

PIT, THE: The world of the late 20th century following and to some extent including the 1960s. The "current world" of Western post-civilisation outside Aristasia: the psychotic de-feminised pseudo-reality created by the Eclipse. See VOID for a fuller definition of this term.

PLEENIE: Hybrid word made up of "Plenary Teenie". One who is teenaged in all personae.

PLENARY ARISTASIAN: Literally one who is Aristasian in all personae (i.e. not having a non-Aristasian Tellurian self, even though she may not advertise her nationality in all company). More generally one who is completely or primarily Aristasian and whose sole allegiance is to the Motherland. As opposed to a Law of Manifestation Aristasian.

PLENARY BLONDE/BRUNETTE: One who is blonde or brunette in all personae, as opposed to an Ambi who has personae in both sexes.

PHYSICALIA: Physical life as opposed to Virtual Reality. (Often used where an Outlander might use the deprecated and philosophically questionable term "Real Life").

RACINATION, RACINATED: Racination is the reverse of deracination. It is the process (or rather processes) by which we can undo the damage that the Pit has done to us, regain our stolen innocence and revive our trampled joy and wonder.

REAL: Authentic, not mutated by the Pit. Real cars and real films are what bongos would call old cars and films. One would also say of people in up-to-date films: "they look so real". As one comes to understand the complete inauthenticity of the Pit and all its manifestations, this expression takes on deeper and more piquant meaning.

REVERENCE: A bow made on various occasions: when greeting (accompanying the salutation "Rayati"); thanking; apologising; acknowledging a compliment and on numerous other occasions.

SCHIZOMORPH: Tellurians are a schizomorphic people having two sexes, only one of which is feminine. The nature of the other is termed masculine and is one possible deviation (along the Vikhelic line) from the original femininity of maid. The two schizomorphic sexes are termed opposite rather than complementary as is the case with intemorphic peoples like Aristasians.

SOUND: Decent, healthy, in keeping with the essential rightness of things.

TEENIE: Teenage persona (informal but not slang).

TELLURIA: The Earth: the world where men exist. Telluria is not the same as the Pit, as there is also real-world Telluria.

"TH" SOUND: The "hard" Aristasian "th" sound occurs in words such as "Thamë" (also the common noun thamë - "harmony") and "Herthe". In earlier Westrenne scripts it is represented by a separate letter. It is pronounced midway between the standard "t" sound and the unvoiced "th" in "thin".

UP-TO-DATE: This term usually means "manifesting the Art-Neo sensibility" - while Arcadian styles are considered old-fashioned, post-Eclipse ones are considered degenerate and often referred to as "out of date". Expressions like "up-to-date music" often refer specifically to pre-Eclipse Tellurian music.

VIRTUALIA: Currently usually refers to the Second Life grid, but essentially means any form of Virtual Reality in which Aristasia is deployed. Sometimes as opposed to Physicalia.

Section III

Slang Terms

Slang terms, marked with "a" to signify that these are terms adopted from the Motherland or "t" to denote specifically Tellurian words unknown in the Motherland.

AVVIE t: Avatar. One's "virtual body" in virtual environments. While slang is usually regarded as "less respectable" than formal speech, some Aristasians prefer this abbreviation because they consider the use of the full word avatar (a Sanskrit word normally referring to the manifestation of Deity on a particular plane of being) a little profane.

BIFURCS t: Bifurcated garments - i.e. pants or trousers.

BONGO t: 1 noun: A dweller in the Pit, particularly one deeply affected by the ethos of the Pit. 2 adjective: Of the Pit, having the qualities of the Pit.

CUSHION a: Used as a simile, often for laughter, as in "to laugh like a cushion". Any variant may be used as an intensifier - striped cushion, tasseled cushion, velvet cushion, etc.

EMBIE t: Embassy.

FIZZERS t: Physicalia - Physical as opposed to Virtual life. Cf. Virchers.

FLAVVIE t: Flesh avvie (avatar). One's physical body regarded as a means for one's manifestation in Telluria rather as a virtual avatar is a means for one's manifestation in Virtualia.

FLEEM t: Abbreviation of flea-market. Sometimes used as a verb: "They've been fleeming this afternoon." Fleems are a cheap source of up-to-date articles.

FROG a: To lie.

FROGGER a: Liar.

FLOEP t: To disappear suddenly from Elektraspace (whether through hurry or technical fault). The word is a Dutch "disappearing" sound-effect.

G'DOINKER a: Fool. "Rough" slang. Almost exclusively used by "rough" brunettes.

G'DOINKING a: Foolish, foolishly. See previous entry.

GERBIL a: (Milchford and general). To steal someone's drink. The game of gerbiling or surreptitious drink-stealing is popular among some (particularly brunette) undergraduettes. From the mysterious gerbil who is said to have taken the drinks.

GIRLY-GIRL t: 1. A homosexual femīn. 2. A homo-emotional femīn who is not heterosexual. 3. An adoptive intemorph (adoptive intemorphs do not regard themselves as "lesbian").

GONK t: Male, (usually "discipline"-obsessive) who poses as female in Elektraspace (esp. for the purpose of attempting to associate with Aristasians). Gonks are normally spotted and ejected almost immediately.

GUZZ a: To look. Rather "rough" slang.

HYACINTH a: To "give someone the hyacinth" is to refuse to speak to her.

JINKY a: Frivolous, jaunty, gay. Applied to people, activities, music, etc.

KINNIE a: A motion picture. ("Kinema" in more formal Aristasian speech.)

LEKKIEPOST t: What bongos call "email".

LEMON a: To "sleep like a lemon" or simply to "lemon" or "be a lemon" means to sleep during the day. It is probably related to the Novarian term zitronel, meaning a siesta.

MOME a: Moment. Abbreviations of this type are quite common and sometimes coined ad hoc, but "mome" is almost universal.

MOMELY a: Very soon, as in "I shall be back momely".

OLD TARRY ROPE, THE a: (Tarry rhymes to "sari", not "marry"). Usu. in the expression "Don't come the old tarry rope with me", meaning usually "Don't pretend to knowledge or experience you do not possess" but sometimes more generally "Don't give me any of your nonsense". It can be used positively as in: "do you think she knows what she is talking about?" "No, she was just coming the old tarry rope." or "Do you think you will pass the exam?" "Only if I can get by with the old tarry rope".

ORDIE a: Ordinator (Personal Computer).

PETTE t: A girl. Considered by some to have been originally short for 'chapette'; although this shade of meaning is probably less present in its usage than the pun on 'pet'. Its nuance, at once jaunty and ultra-feminine, is unique and purely Aristasian-in-Tellurian. A "pette", like a '20s "flapper" or a '60s "dolly bird" is a phenomenon specific to her time and place. The word also, with its overtones of ownership and obedience, stresses the ethos of ferocious group-independence and equally ferocious revolt against the false divide-and-rule Pit-cult of 'personal independence'.

PIPPSY a: A bright young thing.

PLIP a: To go. "I'll plip off now", "they were plipping all over the place", "I think she plipped to Ladyton", etc.

PLUMBING t: The elimination and reproduction mechanisms of schizomorphs, usually when taken as the main source of coarse language/"humour" etc. in Telluria. For instance: "Her talk was awful. Full of plumbing references", or "Can't these creatures forget their plumbing for five minutes?" Sometimes the word is used alone: "She became abusive, and, having no vocabulary, started plumbing". There is undoubtedly a degree of pun on "plumbing (the depths)" here.

PLUMBER t: An Outlander who swears. A coarse or lewd Outlander.

POP a: To break, destroy or disappear, literally or figuratively. "Don't pop that window". "I had a job at the library, but it popped".

POP t: To post on a forum or other online location. "I have just popped the notes on our meeting".

PROING a: To poke or penetrate: "She proinged the balloon and it popped".
A hypodermic injection: "I had to see the doctor for a proing".

REPARTEE a: Cheek, backtalk, argument. It also has the normal sense, but in this sense is used in such phrases as "Don't give me any repartee" or "All I got from her was a lot of repartee".

RIVERMOUTH t: A speaker of Estuary English.

SCHIZZIES a: (Pron skitsies) Schizomorphs.

SHINY a: An optical disc. Kinnie Shiny: a kinematic optical disc.

SILLY MONKEY t: S/M.

SNAPSIE t: A photograph.

SPLOT a: To throw or flick a messy substance so that it splatters on someone or something.

SUISPLOT a: "To commit suisplot" = to spill or drop something messy on oneself.

SWOGGLE a: to steal.

TEENIE t: A teenaged persona.

TROGGIE t: An interrogative lift - referring to the bongo habit of ending sentences that are not questions with the rising inflection that would normally signify a question. This also gives rise to the verb to trog, as in: "she was trogging all over the place."

UP-TO-DATE a: From the Western provinces, but especially from Trent, Vintesse and Novaria. We speak of up-to-date cars, songs or films (a bongo would make the gaffe of calling them "old"). Arcadian ones would be "old-fashioned", and bongo ones "outdated" or "obsolete". Things from Quirinelle can be up-to-date, but never quite ultra-modern or up-to-the-minute as things from Vintesse might be.

URSIE a: Short for Ursie-doll or Ursali-doll. Aristasian equivalent of a "Teddy-bear".

VIRCHERS: Virtualia. Aristasian deployment in Virtual Reality. Cf. Fizzers.

WINDIE a: (Wind rhymes to mind.) A magnetic tape. Kinnie Windie - a videotape.

YEEK, THE t: Colloquial, but now very frequent, term given to Pit-england - from the Pit-english habit of saying "the U.K." rather than "England" or "Britain" , and the Pit-british ("Rivermouth") pronunciation which corrupts the "oo" sound to "eeoo" or "ee".

ZIPPY a: Neat, nifty. Often seen as a direct equivalent to the Tellurian word "cool". Mostly used by teenagers.

